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CLARIODUS;

A

METRICAL ROMANCE:

PRINTED FROM A MANUSCRIPT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

EDINBURGH:
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2275

THE FIRST BUIK

OF

CLARIODUS.

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Bricht as ane angell ſchyning in his weid,
With force of ſpeir, upon his mightie ſteid;
Rycht large of ſtatour, ſtrong and corpolent,
Lyke God of armis Mars armipotent,
Wode, burning, full of coũrage and deſyre;
For to behald he was ane awfull ſyre.
Everie man meinit Sir Clariodus;
Bot maiſt of all, the mone was pitious
Of his four fellowis, his daith dreiding ſore.
Ane of them buir his bricht helme him before,
Ane uther his ſpeir buir unto the feild,
The thrid his ax, the fourt his nobill ſcheild,
Into the cloſe in midis of the palice,
In quhilk devyſit was the fighting place.
Beholding on the ſtairis by and by
The King, the Queine, with mony fair lady,

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When he was armit, fair, cloſe and juint,
Upon his ſteid aſcendit at all poynt;
His lance he faikit manlie lyke ane knicht,
As lucent lamp ſo leimit he of licht;
Manheid at Mars he neidit naine to borrow;
He ſchynit as dois the bricht day-ſtar at morrow,
With cirkill of gold about his hèlmit cleir,
All birnand full of bricht ſtonis deir,
Circumferit with roobies radious,
Betwixt ilk firkill bricht and glorious,
With goldin ſchaikeris abone his plumes greine;
His ladyis abone all mycht be ſeine
Ane courtche of pleſance, of gold all browderit bricht,
Quhilk waifit lyke ane ſtreimer caſtine licht:
The michtie bardis of his nobill ſteid
Of bricht gold gleimit as ane gleid:
Of redolent ſtonis ſchynit his weid royall:
It was maiſt lyke ane thing ſeleſtiall
Him to behold, ſo angillyke of hew.
Toward the Lumbard knicht he did perſew,
Full of aſſuirit manheid and deſyre,
In thriſt of knichtheid birnand lyke a fyre.
As furious lyounis eiger to the field,
Anone quhen ather uther can behald,
Thair is no mair, bot loud gois up the ſoundis
Of ſilver trumpits and of clariounis;
Togidder gois the knichtis in thair weidis,
In gois thair ſpurris in ſydis of thair ſteidis;
Furth gois the ſpeiris ſtraicht as ony lyne,
Forward they preike with heartis leonyne;
As dreidfull dragonis thay togidder drave,
Quhyll baith thair ſcheildis in peices clave,

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And baith thair ſpeiris in peices brake,
The palice reirdit lyke ane thunder crake:
Abake from uther they ſtakirit with ſic forſe,
Quhill at the grund baith lay man and horſe.
Clariodus was delyver and ȝing,
And up he ſtart without abaſing,
And pullit out his ſword delyverly.
The Lumbard knicht ſtill efter him could ly;
His fute ſadly throw the ſtirrip ȝeid,
And throw the feild traillit him his ſteid;
Quhom followit Sir Clariodus ſo faſt,
That he the ſteid reinȝeit at the laſt,
And him reſcourſit wounder manfulie,
Saying, Sir Knicht, defend ȝow hardily.
With ſwordis ſcharp thay can at uther dryve,
Whill baith thair helmis bludy war belyve.
Thus war thair ſtraikes baith ſad and keine
Betwix thir knichtis wounderfull to ſeine;
As rugend lyounis ramping ferce and wode,
Withoutin mercie ſcheding utheris blude
So furiouſlie, that ferlie was to ſee
Undantounit beine thair nobill heartis hee;
As foaming boares, in thair melancholie,
Thay bet on utheris birnies cruellie,
So long induiring without diſconfitour,
That ferlie was to everie creatour
That them beheld and ſtud them about,
How thay micht ſtand under ſic ſtraikes ſtout.
Clariodus ſo knichtlie he him baire,
That everie wicht him praiſit that was thair;
Sore movit was the Lumbard campioun,
That he, quhilk praiſit was of ſic renoun,

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So long aſſailzeit was with great fighting
With ane that was of age ſo wonder zoung.
He raiſit up his forcie arme on height,
And at Clariodus with all his meikle might
Ane ſtraike he ettillit right as he wald him ſlo;
And he anone weill neirer him can go
And on the ſyd him hit the richt arme under,
Quhill of his ribis thrie did breke in ſunder;
Whairof the wound ſo lairg was and wyde,
His bouellis micht be ſeine out throw his ſyd.
The Lumbard knicht did with the ſtraik doun fall,
And ly in ſoune alſe paill as ony wall.
To confort him he ſchoup or he wald ſtint,
Clariodus, did of his hewmind hint,
And held his heid up ſoftlie and it ſchoke.
And quhen that he out of his ſwoun awoke,
He ſaid thir wordis wounder petiouſly,
Ha, flour of knichtheid! I thé mercie cry.
The uther ſaid, If thow will mercie crave,
Make heir ane aith never to clame nor have
The Clare Fontane, as we our cunan maid.
Thow ſaifing lyfe Clariodus! he ſaid,
My lord, he ſaid, ſall never challinge thairtill;
Rycht as thow pleiſis thy mynd I ſall fulfill.
Clariodus is paſt unto the King,
Declairing the cace in everie thing,
Him praying for the knichtis lyfe alſo.
The King in armis reſavit him tho,
Saying, Deir freind, quhat ze deſyre of me
I thinke of richt that it ſould grantit be;
For ſaifit is the honour of this land,
Rycht be the noble deidis of zour hand.

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This woundit knicht rycht ſoftlie up thay take,
And in his chalmer gart his bed be make;
And gat him leiches his woundis for to ſie,
The truſtieſt that was in that cuntrie.
Clariodus is to his chalmer gone,
Quhair his body unermit was anone,
Ane leich to him beine fetchit haſtilie,
Quhilk did his woundis ryp attentivelie,
Him conforting, and bade him take gud hart,
For he belyve wald be helit of everie ſmart.
The King ane furrit mantill hes him ſend,
And bad alwayes thay ſulde him till attend.
Albeit in heart noble he was and wicht,
Out of his chalmer go he no might
For ȝaiking of his woundis newe and greine;
Bot ane ſight of Meliades the ſcheine
Micht more him confort, I dar take on hand,
Nor all the leiches into Lumbard land.
Quhen endit was the battell on this ways,
All the lordis bounit hame with haill advyſe.
Oft viſit hes the King Clariodus,
And eik the Lumbard knycht that ſore woundit was.
Quhen awcht dayis paſt war and gone by,
Meliades hes called privily
On hir maiſtres, ſaying on this maneir,
Ȝe know how Clariodus full deir
Firſt ſould be haldin with my father the King,
Syne with his barrounis, abone all uther thing,
That for our ſaikis in hand tuike ſic battell,
And of his woundis he is not ȝit haill;
Sen the firſt day that he his chalmer tuike,
I ȝeid him not to viſie nor to looke.

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Hir maiſtres ſaid, It war zour grit honour
To viſit him quhilk is of knichtheid flour;
And now the tyme is maiſt convenient,
The King is furth with all his houſhald went,
And he rycht long thinkis him alone,
Of zour cuming he wald be glaid anone.
Meliades, richt freſch and weill beſeine,
With hir hes taine twa ladyis freſch and ſcheine,
With hir awin maiſtres, digne and verteous,
[And] paſt to viſie Sir Clariodus;
Whair ſcho him fand with few in companie,
On his bed-ſyd ſitting bot quyetlie;
Ane goune of claith of gold his ſarke abone,
Furrit with mertrix. His collour changit ſone
At hir incuming, and he on fute up ſtart,
Within his breiſt for joye danſit his heart;
Quhen that he ſaw his ladie moſt bening,
For joyfulnes a word micht not out bring.
With humbill, ſober and womanlie effeire,
Adoun ſcho ſat beſyd him in ane chyre.
And quhen ſcho did behald this luſtie knicht
So fair, ſo zoung, ſo valiand and ſo wicht,
Cupid, that lord, with his ſcharp grindine dairt
Full ſuddanlie hes ſtrukine hir to the heart,
So that ſcho ſat bot with changing hew;
The fyre of heit it kindlit is of new
Of luif within hir breiſt, birning ſo ſore,
That ſcho deſyris of this warld no more
Bot him onlie to have in companie,
That under Mars beine flour of chivalrie.
This war they wyndit baith in lyk maneir,
As micht be ſein be thair face and cheir;

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With luif ſo ſore thair ſpreitis was bereft,
That not to ſpeike ane word was left.
Meliades, rycht luſtie and bening,
Said to the ſquyeris and to the madinis ȝing,
Thay ȝonder moir in chalmer ſould diſport,
Whill ſcho few wordis of counſall ſould report
Of mediceine unto the woundit knicht.
On this maneir than ſpake this goodlie wicht,
O ȝe my tender freind Clariodus,
Weill auchtin I of ȝow to be joyous,
That to this regioun brocht hes ſic honour;
And ſpecialie, abone all creatour,
My father aucht to chereis ȝow, and love
Nixt God and ſantis into the hevin above;
For quhen his knichtis the battell all refuiſit,
Ȝe that ar ȝoung and not in armis uſit
On ȝow it tuik with manlie countinance,
And weill mentinet to the uterance.
Clariodus ſaid, Madame, ſo Chryſt me ſave,
It is not I that all the thanke ſould have
Of this battell nor of the victorie,
The thanke ane uther ſervit mor nor I,
That caus was haill of the diſcomfitour.
Na, ſaid this fair and luſtie creatour,
Nane uther was bot ȝe, the treuth to tell,
Quhilk did the ſchame out of the court expell;
For had not beine ȝour honour and bewtie,
Ȝon knicht, but faill, had riddin on this contrie,
Quhilk had beine to this realme ane lake;
The laud is ȝouris, I dar that undertake.
Hir anſwereit on this wayis Clariodus,
Madam, I mervell not that ȝe ſay thus,

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Zour noble nurtur and womanheid bening
Zow ſufferis not to ſay no uther thing,
Thais wordis came of gritt nobilnes;
Nor was my deidis of praiſe or worthines:
Bot for to tell the trewth unfenzitlie,
Ane uther was the caus aluterlie,
That vincuiſt was the Lumbard knicht in feild.
Meliades then reddilie him beheld,
Saying, That perſoun I wald know I wiſe.
Madame, he ſaid, gif ze will graunt me this,
That ze will me commend unto that wicht,
And fullie do zour biſſines and micht,
That my ſervice thay hald exceptabill,
And of thair hienes digne and honorabill
That thay will not my ſymplenes conteme,
Than ſall I gladlie that perſoun to zou name.
At ſchort, ſcho ſayis, thair is no thing at all
Efter my micht bot for zow do I ſall,
Saiving my honour and my womanheid.
Madame, he ſaid, Pleis it zour guidlieheid,
Ze mane it ſecreit keip and not diſcure.
Thairto I grant, ſaid ſcho, I zow aſſure.
Madame, he ſaid, ze ar Kings dochter deir,
Reveill me not, as ze have height me heir;
And gif ze doe zour pouer, as ze ſay,
Anents that perſoun, helpe me mair ze may
Nor ony that be levand now on lyve.
Now, Lady myne, I will me to zow ſcryve,
It was zour ſelf, if I the truith declaire,
That only was the caus of my weilfair;
Ze war my ſtrong protectour, and only
The caus dreidles of all my victorie:

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Treſt weill, Lady, that now I feinge nocht;
For, be the Lord that all the warld hes wrocht,
Only your bewtie and your womanheid
Put fra my heart all couardice and dreid:
I do mein 3our mercie and 3our grace,
For ſen the tyme that I ſaw firſt 3our face,
I have 3ow luifit ouer all eardlie thing;
Into my mynd full oft aſking,
That it had ſtand upon ſic ane cace,
Nane upon lyf was abill to 3our grace,
Bot be hard fighting in ſik degree
Sum deids of armis ordeinit war on hee
That everie man for dreid ſould it forſaike,
Than wiſt I weill I ſuld it wndertake,
The feild, alſwith to win worſchipe or die;
For ather had beine worſchipe unto me
To wine my lady quhom I luifit ſo,
Or to be donne or to be out of woe.
Then weill lang ſtill held hir Meliades,
Syne unto him ſcho ſayis on this wayis,
How may I trow 3our ſawis, ſaying thus?
3e have beine lang into the court with ws,
And never befor ſik thing to me 3e movit,
Sum tyme I wald perſavit, hade 3e me luifit.
Madam, quhen I begane 3ow for to luif,
My mynd I durſt not ſchaw [3ow] for repruiſe;
For I to 3ow was no compariſoune,
Sa monie prinſis nobill of renoune
3e had in proffer, quhom 3e lift to take,
And I, unworthie was, I wndertake,
Into ſo heigh ane mater to proceid.
And 3e, Madame, the roſe of luſtieheid,

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Now at the leiſt is bund to keip ſecreit;
Quhairfor I traiſt, My Hartis Lady ſweit,
Gif ȝow no liſt rew on my painis ſore,
Ȝe will keip ſecreit if ȝe will do no more;
And as I dar, for my wnworthines
I cry ȝow mercie, flour of gentilnes,
As I that ſall unto my lyvis end
Lawlie ȝow ſerve and never ȝow offend.
Advyſit was this lady quhat to ſay,
For ſcho was wyſe and honorabill ay;
Ȝit nevertheles luif did hir ſo owercum,
That lang ſcho ſat all ſpeachles and dumbe;
And at the laſt ſcho ſaid, Clariodus,
Gif it be ſo that luif I grant ȝow thus,
Ȝe ſalbe to me trew and diligent,
Rycht faithfull, ſecreit and obedient,
And ower all wemen that ȝe me love and ſerve
Bot feingeing ay till the day ȝe ſterve,
And ever about to ſave my honour,
And not for luſt perſew me as ane lichour;
Fynd I ȝow ſet to hurt my honeſtie,
Dreidles at ȝow I will more greifit be,
And have ȝow in moir haitret and reproufe
Nor of befor I had ȝow into luife;
Gif we guid luif and trewth to uther meine,
It ſall the longer leſt ws two betweine,
Bot gif we ſchap to crabe our creatour,
It ſall no longer proſper nor indure:
Thairfor ſic thingis if ȝe liſt to fulfill,
Say on to me, and I ſall ſay thairtill.
Madame, quod he, till all that ȝe have ſaid
I me conforme, be God that me hes maid,

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Zow never to diſſobey, nor zit to grieve
For all the dayis that I have heir to leive;
Bot ever moir to folow zowr intent,
Richt as ze now give me commandiment.
Than tenderlie the fair Meliades
Kiſſit hir knicht into maiſt gudlie wayis,
And freindlie in hir armis him reſavit
Alſe far as ſcho micht gudlie unperſavit.
When all agreit, than bunden war thir two
With aithis great, ay to love uthar ſo
That it ſould left withouttin departing.
Betwixt thir loveris, in ane taikineing,
Two litill chanzeis interchangit they,
In rememberance of thair trouth for ay.
Of uthars diverſe maters ſpak they ſyne,
Whyll bricht Apollo weſtwart did declyne;
Than raiſe hir maiſtres fra hir companie,
And ſaid that it was ſupper tyme neir by.
Meliades than tuik hir [leave with wo;]
Bot zit hir heart micht not depart him [fro,]
With eaſie ſichis and inward behalding,
As for that tyme they maid [thair] depairting.
Gritlie rejoſit was Clariodus,
That with his lady was comfortit thus;
He heallit of his woundis day be day,
Quhill all his painis worne war cleine away;
Than paſſit he to ſee the Lumbard knicht,
Him doing comfort oft at all his micht.
Clariodus in court I let dwell ſtill,
And of ane uthar mater ſpeik I will.
It is cumin to the King of Spainis eare,
The wonderfull beawtie and the freſch effeir

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Of Mandonet, the luſtie creatoure,
Quhilk dochter was unto the Earle Eſtour.
He thocht he wald have hir in mariage;
And, with advyſe of his haill barrownage,
Ane fair ambaſſat ſchortlie hes he ſend,
To bring this mater ſchortlie upto end.
The meſſage buire four knichts, mikle to pryſe,
Sir Leonet de Beaulieu wicht and wyſe,
Sir Leonet de Mortemer, Sir Ame de Beaufort,
Sir Arthur de la Roye, with luſtie ſorte,
To Eſtur cuntrie ſought with diligence;
Schawing anone thair letters and credence
Unto the Countes wyſe and ſapient,
For than the Earle was not at hame preſent.
Scho thame reſavit with great feiſt and cheir,
With companie of ladyis freſch and cleir;
And maid them byd, with mirrines and cheriſching,
Wpon hir Lord the Earlis hame cuming;
Quhilk at his cuming fairlie can them treit,
And [did] bring furth his dochter Mandonet,
Quhilk [pryſit was for wit and rare beautie.]
Now ſchort into this mater for to be,
Sir Leonet hir weddet with ane ring
In the name only of his prince and king,
And gave to hir ane full rich diamand.
This beand donne, Earle Eſtour, avenand,
Feiſtit them gudlie dayis two or three;
Syne them rewairdit eftir thair degree.
Returnit ar thir knichtis hame againe
Unto their mightie king and ſoverane,
Whom in the toune of Walburgh thay fande,
Bot three days jurnay from Earle Eſtours land;

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Rehearſing all [to him] both more and les,
How them entreitit Earle Eſtours nobilnes,
And how within a monthis ſpace but more
Sould be his wadding day; quhairfore
He hes gart warne throw all his regioun
Baith duikis, earlis and knichtis of renoune,
For to be thair againe the juſting day
On horſe armit redie for tornay.
Clariodus, ryding at his diſport,
He met his fatheris meſſage, with reporte
Of all thir foirſaid thingis to be donne,
Commanding him that he ſould ſpeid him ſoune
Hame to his cuntrie. And quhen Clariodus
Had hard thaiſe tithingis thay have ordanit thus,
[He] maid the meſſinger pas to his In
But wordis mo, and hald him clois thairin,
Quhill he anon ſould ſchaw him his intent.
Clariodus is to his lady went,
Meliades, and tauld hir all the cace,
Saying, Madame, for all my dayis ſpace
Sen that I am becum 3our ſervitour and thrall,
Ather 3our leave heir hartlie have I ſall,
Or in this land at ſchort I ſall abyde
For weill or wo, betyde quhat may betyde;
For 3ow, Madam, I never think to diſpleis.
Meliades in hart had litill eis
When ſcho had hard Clariodus intent;
Saying, My Knicht, richt weill I am content
That waddit beine 3our ſiſter with the King
Of Spaingie land, quhilk is ane mightie rigne:
Bot loath I war, if otherways micht be,
That 3e ſould now depairt ſo far fra me;

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To reaſoun ȝit obey will I ever mo,
Suppoſe my will is ȝe nǫt went me fro;
Bot ſên it reynes to worſchip knichtheid,
Conſent I will, thairfor great God ȝow ſpeid;
ȝe ſall firſt leave aſk at my father the King,
Syne ſpeike with me at ȝour depairting.
Clariodus unto the King is went,
And of this mater tauld him the intent;
Whairof the King was glaid, and ſaid, Truely
I am content, it is ane fair allay;
The King of Spainȝe is ane michtie King,
And eik we ſall tham have be that wedding;
Have we tham our freindis that be in that cǫuntrie,
And this always cums weill, as thinkis me.
His Theſawrer he gart be efter ſent,
And chargit him to give incontinent
Two thouſand floringis to Clariodus,
To ſupport him paſſing hameward thus.
He did the King rycht ſpeciallie beſeike,
That his four fellows pas micht with him eike;
To quhilke he grantit upon heartlie wyſe;
His leave he tuike ſchortlie to devyſe.
Clariodus, rycht as the day up cleiris,
Adreſſis him and his four nobill feiris,
And hes gart graith thair harnes at all poynt,
That in thair armour thair was no diſjoynt.
Clariodus unto his lady went,
The uterance to have of hir intent;
Speiring at hir quhat collour he ſould taike,
Or in quhat hew he juſt ſould for hir ſaike,
Or weir in tournay quhile his hame cuming.
Meliades micht not ane word out bring

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Ane weill long ſpace, for inward paine and wø,
That he ſould pairt ſo ſuddenlie hir fro;
And quhen that ſcho owercam, than ſaid ſcho thus,
My beſt belovit knicht Clariodus,
Uneis my wofull ſpreit may ſuſteine
The hevie pains now that in my breiſt beine
For ȝour depairting; bot, as I ſaid before,
My will I ſall conſtraine with ſighis ſore,
Sene with honour may it not remeid,
And [ȝow] to weir I gif the cullour Reid,
Ȝour name and honour wald [I] not impair;
Fair weill my knicht, and raught him thair
Ane heart of gold with ſtainis cafting licht:
This ſall ȝe have in rememberance of richt
That ȝe my heart have and no mo,
Quhilk in na maner may be pairtit ȝow fro.
This heart he tuike, and thankis to hir ȝold;
And gave to hir ane braclet wroucht with gold,
About hir arme praying hir it to weir.
Scho kiſſit him with womanlie effeir.
They tuike thair leave at utheris pitiouſlie,
With tirie faces, imbracing tenderlie;
And to hir ladyes all gude nicht he ſaid,
Bot naine he kiſt for aith that he had maid
To kiſſe no lady efter his lady bricht
Whill that he hade againe of hir ane fight.
That nicht he and his fellows tuke them reſt,
And on the morrow them to the way hes dreſt.
Clariodus in paſſing to his countrie
With his foure fellows, luſtie for to ſie,
Thay hapinit in ane bliſſfull morrow ſcheine
To ryde out throw ane gudlie forreſt greine,

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Quhilke callit was the Wode of Eventouris,
In quhilk oftymes walkit knichts of King Arthouris
Eventouris ſeikand, as the wſe was than.
Clariodus ſaid, that we will everie man
Eventuris ſeike be ſyndrie wayis ryde.
Anone thay have depairtit and can devyde.
Clariodus, within a litill ſpace,
Ane pitious voice he hard crying Aleace!
Lamentablie, as it ane woman ware.
His ſteid he reingeit and raid nar,
And as he followit on the cry,
He ſaw foure knichtis enarmit richly,
Having [with] them ane lady wo begone;
Ane litill dwerff faſt efter them can gone.
Quhen ſcho had of Clariodus ane ſight,
Scho ſaid, Have mercie on me, jentill knicht,
Help, for thy manheid and for thy ladyis ſaike,
Me, that am falſlie from my huſband taike
Be the handis of thir knights fellounlie,
Quhilk hes him left woundit cruellie
In poynt of death. Than ſaid Clariodus,
Fair Lordis, be in heart piteous,
And be aſſchamit fair ladyes to offend;
Weill glaidlier thair caus ȝe aught defend.
Sir Knicht, thay ſaid, Pas quhair ȝour erand lyis,
ȝour appetite we will ſerve in no wayis.
Clariodus ſaid, Heir I make God judge,
I ſall be deid or ſcho ſall have refuge.
And he anone, inermit all in reid,
[The quhilk his lady choiſit for his weid,]
With ſpeir in hand, he ſpurit faſt his ſteid,
And to the formiſt knicht hes went gud ſpeid,

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And to the erd him drave ſo faſt but ho,
Whill that his nek on force it birſt in two;
And he was hurt a litill throw his geir
Be his fellow, bot haill that baid his ſpeir,
Whairwith he ran upon the other thrie,
Betwix in quhom begane ane hard mellie:
Ane uther to the erd he drave adoun,
His lymb to fruſchit, and he fell in ſwoun;
The lady and the dwerff fell him abone,
And wald have cuttit his throte rycht ſonne.
Clariodus, thocht that he had mikle adoe,
Eſpyit hes, and thir wordis ſaid them to,
To be ſo cruell and to ſlay ane knicht,
Madam, it ſettis to na lady bricht.
The uther twa knichts aſſemblit on him faſt,
Hard was the feild and fell, quhile at the laſt
Clariodus thocht on his ladie bright,
And at the thrid knight ſtraik with all his micht,
Whill that his helme quyte from his heid he ſtraike,
Mercie he aſkit then for Chryſtis ſaike,
And zeildit him his ſword incontinent.
The fourt knicht than maid na impediment,
Bot ſaid, Sir Knicht, we cum zour priſſoneiris,
And heir I obleiſs me and all my feiris
At zour command to ſtand and at zour will,
So that ze lift heir mercie grant ws till.
Clariodus was woundit in the ſyde,
Zit never zeildis quhile they to mercy cryed,
For rewth hes reſtrainit his nobill heart
From crueltie, and ſonne he did advert
Wnto thir knichtis, and ſaid, For your treſpas,
At zone lady ze ſall ga mercie aſs

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And forgivenes; and ſyne ze ſall me ſweir,
On ſik maneir never woman [to] deir;
Syn to Great Britane paſs ze ſall all ſweith,
And for the King the maner all ze kyth;
Syn to the faireſt lady in the land ze ſpeir
Dwalland in the regioun far or neir,
And zeild zow to that lady benigne,
Schawing to hir but [ony] fenzeing,
Say that the Reid Knicht hes zow to hir ſend,
Quhilk hartfullie to hir dois he commend.
Thay ſweare all be the ordour of knichtheid,
That in all haiſt this ſould be donne but dreid.
The lady thankit oft Clariodus,
Saying, Moſt nobill knicht and chyvalrus,
Wyld is the land, and ludging heir is none;
Bot if ze wald diſdaine with me to gone,
My duelling place is at the forreſtis end,
Ze gar thir knichtis alſo with zow wend
My huſbands frindſchip with them for to make,
And I zour woundis dar weill undertake,
For I in leichcraft have ſum ſkeill and kuning.
Clariodus hes grantit to this thing,
And gart thir forſaid knichtis with him ryd;
He gart the dwerff with the ſlaine knicht abyd,
Whill they ſent for him efterwart; and ſo
Togidder with the lady can thay go,
Whill they com to the mikill forreſt end;
Then from hors thay did their diſcend,
And with the lady they enterit in the place,
Quhair thay reſavit war with grit ſolace.
The knichtis to ane chalmer than thay zeid,
And laid ſoft ſalves to thair woundis reid.

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Scho brocht hir Lord unto Clariodus,
Gylzeam de la Weille, worthie and famous;
Quhilk thankit him of his great nobilnes,
That did his wyfe againe to him redres,
Putting his bodie into ſic eventure,
And ſyne had maid the haill diſcomfitour;
Whairfor he zeild him ſelf and all his guide,
To him quhilk frindlie in his quarrell ſtude.
So, be the knichts war to the ſupper ſet,
Clariodus fellowis knokit at the zet,
For thair nane uthar harberie was about,
And of thair cuming blyth was all the rowt;
Bot ſonne thay ſpeirit of Clariodus,
Gif any wiſt of ſik ane knicht antrus,
Quhilk from thame twinit in the morrow tyde,
Walking alleane out throw the woodis wyde,
In reid arrayit, baith in ſcheild and ſpeir.
The Lord anſuerit, Fair knichts have ze no feir;
I dar weill ſay and eike thairat abyde,
War all the knichtis in this warld ſo wyde,
Boune unto battell under birneis bricht,
He micht amongs thame countit be ane knicht;
Heir he is ludgit in this ilk place.
As it befell, he tauld them all the cace.
Be everie knicht hade tauld his eventur,
What him betydit as he throw forreſt fure,
Alreadie was the ſupper to tham dicht.
Gillziam de la Weill ſpake with voice on height,
My Lordis, ze ar all welcum to this place,
Amongis ws tak in patience Godis grace.
Fair Sir, ſweitlie ſaid Clariodus,
Methinks it beſt, according war it thus,

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Togidder all to ſoupe, micht it 3ow pleaſe,
With 3one hurt knicht, micht it them eaſe;
And this I pray 3ow doe for the luife of me,
In hope that we ſall all the glaider be.
The Lord him thankit lawlie at his micht,
Saying, Thais wordis come of ane nobill knicht.
As he devyſit, ſo was it donne all ſwyth;
To ſupper went thir lordis glaid and blyth,
And everie man was mirrie and joyous,
For gud accordance maid Clariodus
Amongis the knichts with all his diligence,
And everilke feide forgiven is and offence.
The Lady tuike upon hir great travell,
Whyll that ſcho maid him of his woundis haill;
Then courteſlie he tuike his leave and wend,
To lord and lady oft doing him commend,
To tham and to the woundit knightis thre;
Syn toward Eſture land the way tuike he.
When that the knichtis thrie war haill and ſound,
And haillit ſyne of everie grevous wound,
Thay tuike thair leave at lord and lady eike,
Them thankit ſyne with myndis myld and meike;
And paſſit ſyne in Ingland to the King,
Declairing him the cace in everie thing,
How it befell as 3e have hard beforne;
And how they all oblift war and ſworne,
To 3eild thair bodies to the faireſt wight,
That was in Ingland into manis ſight;
And be the way how all men did thame wiſe,
Wnto the guidlie fair Meliades.
The King ſaid, Freindis have 3e no knowleging
Of him that ſent 3ow with ſic tyding.

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The knightis ſaid, No more of him we know,
Bot the Reid Knight he namit was our aw.
The King did ſend to chalmer for the Queine,
As alſo for Meliades the ſcheine,
And gart the knichts rehearſe thair taill all new.
Meliades a litill changit hew.
The knichtis ſaid, Full weill it may be kend,
Zon is the Lady quhome to we ar ſend.
Anone upon thair kneis in humbill wyſe,
Thay ſat all thre befor Meliades,
And ſaid, Madam, heir we ar all, only
Be the Reid Knicht ſent, flour of chevalrie,
To zour bewtie our bodies for to zeild,
As we that vincuiſt beine with him in feild;
Ze doe with ws Lady as lykis zow beſt,
Zouris we ar, demaine us as ze lift.
Sumthing abaiſit was this guidlie wicht,
Sirs, ſcho ſayis, I thanke that gentill knicht,
And ze alſo are welcum for his ſaike,
Zour priſſon ſalbe ſoft I wndertaike;
Go and diſport with my father the King,
And dwell alſe long as beine to zour lyking;
Syne as ze came alſe frelie ſall ze wend,
For love of him that hes zow hither ſend.
The king reſavit tham on fair maneir,
And ſaid to them, My tender frindis deir,
Heir ar ze welcum with me to remain,
Quhen that ze lift ze may return again;
We will not hald zow heir as priſſoneiris,
Bot chereis zow as to zour ſtait effeiris.
He gart rewaird tham wonder royallie.
Meliades them treitit gentillie,

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And gave them giftis; and thay anone
On lawlie wayis hes taine thair leave to gone,
And to thair cuntrie paſſit, quhair that thay
Full vertuouſlie leivit thair for ay.
Clariodus hes ſped him day and nicht,
Whill of his fatheris caſtell he gat a ſyght.
Of his cuming his frindis was full blyth;
Thay dreſt them to the mariage belyth,
For on the morne thair tryſt was for to ryde,
The king of Spaine did on thair cuming byde.
On morrow as the day it waxit licht,
The court was on horſe alreadie dicht;
Fair Mandonet was luſtilie beſeine,
In clothing as effeirit to ane queine,
With croune of gold abune hir hairis bricht
Of leming ſtainis caſting pleaſant licht;
The Earle wes cloathit in full rich array,
With him his Lady freſch as is the May:
Bot all exceidit them Clariodus,
In cloath of gold and ſtainis pretious.
With nobill court, this royall rout furth raid,
Whill thay com quhair this mightie King abaid.
The nobill King gart two Duikes reſave
The ȝoung Lady, and hir to chappell have,
Quhair ſcho was maryit with great ſolemnitie,
And feaſtit with triumph and royaltie;
Syn all the day did ſing, dance and diſport,
The circumſtance war long for to report.
The king of Spaine he had ane ſiſter fair,
Quhilk Donas height of collouris rycht preclaire;
This lady oft behald Clariodus
With frindlie cheir, and luikis amorus,

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Of manlie having and knichtlie governance
Heiring the courte greatlie him advance,
Quhilk it ſa far into hir hart can ſinke,
Whyll at the laſt of luif ſcho tuike a drinke;
So birning was hir heart with inwart fyre,
For thriſt of love, heat birning deſyre,
That ſcho wes vexit with the feveris quyte,
Quhairof as now me liſt not to indyte.
The day paſſit, the nicht ſonne efter went,
On morne the King gart cry ane tornament;
Ane hundreth knichts of Spangie war ordand,
Aganis ane hundreth knichts of Eſtour land;
On Spaingie ſyd was Leonet the knight,
And Oliphere de Beaulieu bauld and wight,
Sir Leyon Dormal, Sir Ame de Beaufort,
Thair namis all it neids not to reporte:
On Eſturis half was Sir Clariodus,
Sir Palexis baith wicht and chivalrus,
Sir Amador de Bruſland rycht duchtie,
Sir Gilgam de la Forreſt rycht worthie,
Sir Richard Maianis of Scottis natioun,
With mony uther knichts of great renoum.
Quhen they diſjunit had was no delay,
In knichtlie weidis thay doe thame ſelfs aray,
And baith the ſydis aſſemblit in the feild,
With ſpeir in hand, and coverit ower with ſcheild;
Againis the face of Phebus caſting licht,
In windois lay the luſtie ladyis bricht,
Duchefis, counteſis and madanis to have ſight,
And eagit lordis that was mikle of might;
The King of Spaine, and the Earle Eſſure,
And thame ſelfs ilk ane on ane courſour.

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With trumpit ſound the tornament begane,
Out throw the feild the knichtis feircely ran;
The raſchis of ſpeiris did as the thunder rare,
Lyke as the darding rumbling in the aire,
The horſe feit dinnit with noyis full loud,
Then all abune thame raiſe into ane cloud
For ſand and duſt that thair up raiſe on loft,
Of armit men the meiting was unſoft;
The ſpeiris brake, the horſe togidder drave,
The ſcheildis fruſchit and helmes all to clave;
The foirſaids knichts togidder did redound,
Quhilk magrie thame thay ſink unto the ground.
To manis eare full terribill was the raird
Of horſe and harneis ruſching to the eard,
The bairdit ſteidis plunging on the greine,
The awfull ſtraiks of knichtis in thair teine,
The clariounis ſound, the heraldis voice and cry,
The cairfull echo ȝalmering to the ſky,
Thefoming ſteidis with ſweit alſe quhyt as ſnaw,
With bludie ſydis alſe ſoft as foull in ſchaw;
Gois throw the preiſe, quhile that braith them ſerve
Thair is no mairbut do or ſchame deſerve.
Clariodus with this ȝit held him ſtill,
Whill Eſtures folkis abak mauger thair will
Conſtrainit war; and than he belyve
With all his force amongs [them] he could dryve;
All gois to grund befor his mightie ſpeir,
With birning mynd furth braiding as ane beir,
As furious lyoun raiging ferce and fell,
So fairis he of knichtheid floure and well;
He dravė doune hors and knichts upon the greine,
Was nane of Spainȝie his ſtraik that micht ſuſtine,

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They went abake richt faſt befor his face,
Whair ever he come they lift him rune a ſpeace;
Throw quhom his fellowis curage tuike anone,
And ay of Spainze ſchope abake to gone.
So come thair wnwarlie on Clariodus
Ane Count of Spainze, bauld and chevalrus,
Quhilk ſtraike the bucles of his ſcheild in ſunder
Richt frelie, and raif the hauberk wnder.
His foure fellowis him dreſſit in his ſcheild,
And ſyne the Earle he ſought out throw the feild,
And ſtrak him to the erd, baith horſe and man;
Syne throw the feild efter his horſe he ran,
And reinzeit him, and to the Earle him brocht,
Saying to him, My Lord, I know zow nocht.
Then leuch the Earle and ſaid, Forſuith, Sir Knicht,
Ze have me laid to ſleip or it be nicht.
Gude Sir, he ſaid, or I to luging went
Ze me wnarmit, contraire my intent.
Among thamſelfis [thus] they can diſporte;
The tornament war long for to report,
Or all thair nobill deidis for to declair,
Induiring quhile the ſune waſtwart did repaire
[And] in his nocturne mantill did cheroude,
The trumpits blew to the retreit full loud,
And with their voice the heraldis cryit Ho;
And everie knicht did to his luging go,
And thame wnarmit in chalmeris haiſtilie,
Araying thame againe full richlie
In uther clothings, as did thame effeir;
Syne to the palice went to thair ſuppeir.
Foure aigit knichts the King gart efter ſend,
And foure heraldis that beſt armis kend,

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And bade that on thair trewth it ſould be ſchawd,
Of tornament quha wan [maiſt] praiſe and laud.
Thay anſweir maid, and ſaid, with voice on height,
Thay have weill previt everie nobill knicht
As men of deidis wondour chevalrus;
Bot all the praiſe we gif Clariodus.
Rycht have ȝe jugit, ſayis the nobill King,
He hes the faireſt knichtis begining
That ever I ſaw, and maiſt chyvalrus curage,
Hie God preſerve him quhill he be in age.
The heralds and the knights he gart pas
Unto his ſiſter, the luſtie fair Donas;
And bad that ſcho ſum taikin fair ſould ſend,
As he that hade the laude and the commend
And [the] heigh praiſe of the tornament.
And ſo thay did, and to the Lady went.
Scho him hes ſend, wroght full curiouſlie,
Ane pleſant wompill, with ſtonis ſet mightelie,
Circulit and ſet with ſubtile work of gold,
That it ane guidlie ſight was to behold.
Thir Lordis, at commandement of the King,
Ar paſſit to Clariodus the ȝing,
Saying, The King hes underſtanding richt,
That ȝouris beine the praiſe of everie knycht,
That hes this day beine in the tornament;
Wherefore the Kingis ſiſter reverent,
With uther ladyes, hes ſent ȝow ane pleſance,
Off thair bewtie to have rememberance.
Clariodus than changit hew alyte,
And ſaid, I thank my ladyes fair and quhyte;
Bot worthier knychtis thair wer the praiſe to have,
And eik moir dingne this pleſance to reſſave.

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Throw the requeiſt of lordis that wer thair,
Reſſavit he hes the wompill ferlie fair;
And right anone about his arme it band,
Thanking the King, right lowlie inclynand:
He gart reward the heraldis richlie,
With hie voicis they all did Larges cry.
When ſuppit hade the freſche Clariodus,
The four auld knichtis, worthy and famous,
With him to chalmer he tuik in companie,
And gave to thame four clothingis of gold mightie.
And to the Kingis chalmer went ſeir,
Baith erle, lord, knycht and bacheleir,
Diſporting thame with ladyes of pleſance,
And with zoung virginis meik of countenance.
The Kingis ſiſter ſat with Clariodus,
With humbill cheir, to whome ſcho ſpeikis thus;
Clariodus, It dois zow weill perteine,
To marie with ſome guidlie ladie ſcheine;
For whill ze are in this eſtait, perſay
Sir, ze be ſeikand aventuris ay.
I am (quoth he) of littill availl or might,
To have in mariage ony guidlie wight.
Clariodus, ſcho ſaid, full ſuith they tell
That ſayes ane man that praiſis not him ſell
The moir he beine to praiſe with uther men;
Sir, be experience this of zow I ken:
Thus ſpeikand they of materis to and fro,
Quhill it wes tyme to beddis for to go.
Indurit long this feiſt with joy and play,
Whill at the laſt Earle Eſture on a day,
With all his court of lordis and ladyis fair,
Thair leave hes taine, hameward to repaire:

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Fair Mandonet remenit with the King.
[One 3eir did ſcarce compleit its revolving]
Whill ſcho buir him ane ſonne height Clariodus
Efter his eime the gud Clariodus.
Thay luifit ather uther tenderlie,
Whom of moir not ſpeike will I.
Erle Eſture at his Lady leave hes taine,
And toward Ingland paſſit is againe.
The way furth ryding with his companie,
He met ane Squyer muſing hevilie.
The Earle demandit quhy he ſorie was.
My Lord, he ſaid, this is the verie caus;
In the land of Galice, my native contrie,
Thair enterit is, that hidious is to ſie,
Ane lyoun ſtrong and hidious to behauld;
Thair is no living creature ſa bald,
That dar his will impunge or 3it reſiſt;
He hes all [haill] devorit as he lift,
And waſtit all the cuntrie up and doune;
Is nane ſo hardie dar make objectioun;
And I am ſeikand, that evill beine to get,
Ane knicht that dar his face againis him ſet
And him diſtroy and vincuis with his brand,
The quhilk, I traiſt, no man dare take on hand.
Than ſaid the Earle ſwiftlie, I am woe
That ſic ane nobill prince is vexit ſo.
The Squyer tuike his leave, and hyne is went.
Clariodus unto his taill tuik gud tent,
And at his Father ſonne he aſkit leave
The ſtrong lyoun in batell him to greive.
His father is diſpleaſit, and inſchew
Dangeris thairin quhilk he micht nocht eſchew.

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The uthar with ſic inſtance him beſought,
That he him levit with ane dreidfull thocht.
Clariodus was glaid in his intent,
And with his fatheris bliſſing furth is went,
Taking his leave at all the companie.
He callit on Palexis ſecreitlie,
And ſaid, Deir Couſing, in Ingland quhen ȝe wend,
In humbill wayis ȝe ſall doe me commend
Unto my Lady, fair Meliades;
Unto hir ſyne preſent, in ſecreit wayis,
This courche of pleſance, ſaying to hir plaine,
Scho wan it at the tornament in Spaine.
Depairtit they than from uthar anone;
The Earle of Eſture is to Ingland gone,
Whair he was weill reſſavit with the King
And all the court; bot quhen they hard telling
The perrellous paſſage of Clariodus,
Then they war wofull, ſad and dolorus.
When Palexis ſaw tyme convenient,
Unto the fair Meliades he went,
Saying, Madame, Clariodus the knicht
Oft him commendis unto ȝour beawtie bricht,
And hes ȝow ſent this courtch of hie pleſance,
Of his ſervice to be in rememberance;
And bad me [plane] thir wordis to ȝow ſaine,
Ȝe wan it at the tornament in Spaine.
He tauld the laif furth into lang ſermoune,
How he was gaine to fight with the lyoun.
And quhen his lady underſtude and knew
The dreidfull paſſage that he did perſew,
Scho fell on groufe upon hir bed adoun
With viſage wan, and in a deidlie ſwoune.

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And quhen that ſcho owercam, ſcho gave a cry,
Saying, O [wofull] Death I thé defy,
What may thy cruell dairt doe me moir paine
Nor have him with a cruell lyoun ſlaine,
Whom I luif better nor I do my lyfe!
Wha ſall thé help, Clariodus, in ſtryfe,
Or thé defend againis that falloun beaſt?
Is this of luif the joy, is this the feaſt
That I ſall have for trewth and meinit no miſe?
Ah! ſall I now forgoe my warld bliſe,
That ſo we ſould depairt, aleace, my knicht!
The trewthfulleſt in love, and gentilleſt wight,
Thou was ane that in warld ever I knew;
The companie of man for ever adew,
Efter the ſight of thé, Clariodus,
That was ſo gentill and ſo gratious.
Palexis was abaiſit grittumlie,
And mikill rewth had of this fair lady;
He comfortit hir at all his power and micht,
Saying, Madam, doe not zour ſelf undicht,
For, verelie I live in eſperance
Of his returne with joy and eſperance;
And gif men ſee zow taking ſic pennance,
Thay will ilke deime that is not trew perchance.
Thus comfortit he this Lady in ſum wayis,
By ſweitteſt wordis that he could devyſe.
Clariodus and his fellow all ſweith
In land of Galice enterit is belyth,
And tuike thair ludging in ane fair village
Neir quhair this beiſt did the maiſt outrage;
And as Phebus declynit in the weſt,
Thay ſoupit them, and bounit ſyn to reſt.

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The heavinis torch upryſing reid as fire
The birdis ſang with courage and deſyre,
Up raiſe the mirrie lark with ſtevin joyous,
Up raiſe anone the freſch Clariodus,
And him full gudlie dreſſit in his weid;
He hard ane meſs, and glaidlie could him ſpeid
Whill he com neir quhair this beaſt repairit;
Then to his feir his mynd thus declairit,
My frind, ſeine battell is bot aventure,
And ſeine that none may be of fortoune ſure,
Gif heir I ſterve be feat or deſtinie,
To frindis me commend for cheritie.
Diſcendit is this knicht, and left his ſteid
With his ſquyer, quha oft bad God him ſpeid.
He maid ane croſe on him devotlie,
Towardis this beiſt then paſſit hardilie,
Whilk was the ſtrongiſt lyoun and maiſt horibill
That ever to manis ſight was viſible;
His awfull cluikis was lang and ſquare,
Rycht ſyd and felterit hang his lyart haire;
Scharp was his wapounis, and terribill to behald,
His terribilnes cannot weil be tauld;
Reid was his eine, birnand as ane fyre,
He raxit him, and, ramping in his ire,
Quhen Clariodus did neir him aproch
He rumbiſchit whill rared everie roch,
And lape upone him in ane rage, all woode,
For he that day had gottine no bluide.
Clariodus him kepit on his ſpeir,
The quhilke to him micht do bot litill deire.
The Knicht, that of his lyfe was in great doubt,
Full michtilie ſtrak at the lyoun ſtout;

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Bot this ſtrong lyoun ſtraike at Clariodus
So feircelie, and ſo woundour furious,
That he uneis micht defend him ſtill;
For with his cluikis perſing wounder fell
He reft from him diſpitiouſlie his ſcheild,
And ſkatterit maikes wyd into the feild,
And ſair him woundit with his tuſkis keine
Whill that his bluid ran ſtreimand in the greine.
The peple ſtuide on hillis and on height,
Beholding on the lyoun and the knicht;
Sore war thair heartis quhan thay ſaw him bleid,
Oft praying God him to ſuckour in that neid.
Hard was the batell, aſper, woode and fell,
So long induring that wounder was to tell.
Thus faught they ſtill whill it was neir the nicht;
Clariodus him failzeing was the licht,
And that his ſpeir micht him no thing availl,
He drew his ſword, and ſharplie did aſſaill
This dreidfull beiſt. And quhen the lyoun ſaw
Him with his ſchort ſword, he ſtuid the weill les aw,
And lape at him lyke as he wald him ryſe.
Clariodus than ſtraike at him belyve
Under the lymbe and upward in the thie,
Whair with his ſword ane awfull wound maid he.
Quhen that this beiſt ſaw furth ſtreiming his bluid,
He felt him hurt, and ran as he war wod,
And to the forreſt ſwiftlie could he found,
The ſword with him ſtill ſtikand in his wound.
Then wonder wofull was Clariodus,
Quhen with his ſword [he] was depairtit thus;
And as he ſtuid and ſadlie him bethocht,
Whither he ſould follow him or nocht,

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So come ane Knicht richt luſtie to behold,
And him in armis tenderlie did fold;
And Sir, he ſaid, [ay] blifit be that day
That ȝe war borne, ſa may I [ever] ſay;
Ȝe have delyverit me for ever more
Of wofull torment, and evill woundis ſore.
Clariodus, quhen this ferlie can ſee,
He was abaiſit, and ſaid, Quhat may this be?
The Knicht ſayis, I ſall ȝow tell or I gone;
Bot firſt ȝour woundis I will ſtanch anone.
Alſweith wnarmit was Clariodus;
And he with diverſe herbis vertewus
Stemit his woundis, and ſtintit the bleiding;
Syne ſaid he thus, Sir knicht, but failȝeing,
My father was of Portingall ane knicht,
And eke my mother was ane lady bricht:
To Wairdis then was givin grite credence,
Thairfor my mother gart with diligence
The Waird Siſteris wait quhen I was borne,
To heir quhat waird thay ſould lay me beforne;
Agreit thay war, and in melancholie
Thay wairdit me, gif ane knave chyld war I,
That efter I was ſevin ȝeiris old
To be tranſformit in ane lyoun bold,
And ſo to be ay quhile the nobilleſt knicht
Into this warld under the ſunis licht
Sould draw my blood in battell or in ſtour:
I have, alleace, done evill abone meaſoure,
Bot now my fault moſt wickit and proterve
All finiſhit is; quhairfor whill that I ſterve,
I ſalbe ȝouris, evin ſo Chryſt me ſave.
The faireſt caſtell in Portugall I have,

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And greateſt lordſchip eik in that cuntrie,
As it is myne, I geive it zow alſe frie;
Sir Porrus, in Portingal thay me call.
I geive zow heir ane ring of gold royall;
I wald convoy zow throw the land glaidlie,
Bot I will not cum upon horſe quhile I,
For my treſpas, go pairt of pilgramage.
Ather from uther paſſit his voyage.
The Squyer that was with Clariodus
Said unto him, My lord, it ſtandis thus;
I wald anone be knichtit of zour hand,
I am ane nobill, ze ſall underſtand,
And Guy de la Riviere thay me call,
Lord of that ilk my father is at all.
Clariodus alſweith then maid him knicht;
Syn on thair horſis muntit baith on height,
And to the ſeitie went, quhair baith them met
Full monie ane man of micht thair at the zet,
Halſand him with triumph, laud and glorie,
Quhilk great joy he fand of his victorie,
Unto his Innis dois him convoy;
Quhair that his hoſt reſavit him with joy,
And had him unto ane chalmer him to reſt,
[And] of his arming doing him deveſt,
As he that werie was with hard fighting,
With grivous woundis that war ſore zaiking.
For his hurting his hoſt was ſore adreid,
He cauſit him to ſup and go to bed.
On morrow the new maid knicht, Sir Gwy, gart wryte
Letters at lenth, in quhilk he gart indyte
The maner of the battell, all at right,
Betwixt the awfull lyoun and the knicht,

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And to the King of Galice hes thame ſend.
And quhen this thing was to his Hienes kend,
Grit glaid he was, and all his court alſo;
He gart four knichtis furth them dres, and go
Clariodus to bring to his preſence.
The knichtis paſſit with great diligence
Unto the ſeitie, quhair they met Sir Guy
The new maid knicht, and thay full worthilie
At him ſpeirit quhair was Clariodus.
And he againe to them did anſweir thus,
He is in his bed, he is 3it werilie,
Dreidlie thairof 3e awcht have none ferlie;
For had 3e ſeine him in the ſtour as I,
3e wald have littell wounderit thocht he ly:
Bot I ſall ſee if he awakis 3it,
And ſyn anone 3ow anſweir bring of it.
He went belyve and tauld to him the cace,
How that four knichtis cumin for him was,
Unto the Galice King him for to bring.
Fra tyme that he had knowledge of this thing
Anon he him dreſſit in his weid.
Sir Guy full glaidlie for the knichtis 3eid,
And tham allſwyth brings into his preſence.
Thay helſit him all four with reverence,
And ſchew to him, as 3e have hard report,
How that the nobill King did him exort
To cum to him withoutin tarying.
He thaim reſavit with great cheriſching,
Saying, I ſall obey the King his will,
And wounder glaidlie his bidding ſall fulfill.
Syn at his hoſt he tuike his leave to wend,
And ſudanlie did on his horſe aſſend,

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And raid furth to the Kingis pàlace richt,
And from his horſe anone can licht.
The knichtis him convoyit to the King.
The King wpraiſe and come to his meiting.
Clariodus upon his kneis ſat doune,
And courteſlie did helſe his Hie Renoune.
The King in armis hes him taine aloft,
He thankit him baith heartfullie and oft
For ſlauchter of the lyoun wode and fell;
Saying to him, Welcum of knichtheid well,
That hes reſcourſit my realme with hard fighting,
And maid hes of my pepill ranſoming;
Therefor the third pairt of my realme heir I
To zow and zouris do give perpetually.
Clariodus inclynit to the King,
Thanking his Heenes into mikill thing;
Thus ſaying, Sir, ze do me honor more
Nor I deſervit ever or could; quhairfore,
To doe zow pleſance God gif me grace,
In this cuntrie or in ſum uther place.
The King went to his denner into hall,
And on the forſaid foure knichtis gart call,
And to ane chalmer Clariodus gart leid,
For zit his woundis war both greine and reid;
He gart for leiches all the cuntrie ſearch,
And brocht the beſt [that] men did of reherſe,
Quhilk ſchortlie hes taine him into their cuire;
He haillit him of his woundis haill and ſure.
And quhen the King was ſet to his denneir,
Sir Gwy all haill declairit the manneir
Betwix the lyoun and Clariodus
Of the ſtrong batell wod and furious.

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The King rycht greatlie wounderit at his taill,
Sa did the lords all at the tabill haill.
I leave the King thus ſitting at his tabill.
Clariodus with knichtis honorable
Was ſervit in his chalmer with alkin thing
That unto his eſtait was pertining.
So come to him ane great chirurgiane,
Be the Kings ordinance his hurts for to ſane.
This man in ſapience was ane maiſter great;
It neidis not all things for to repeit,
Bot finallie his woundis beine all ſeine,
The herbe he fand that was laid on tham greine,
Quhairof he eſpyit ſonne the vertew,
Sayand, the herbis kynd he weill knew;
He laid it on the wounds againe, but fabill,
And ſaid, it hes beine to 3ow profeitable;
I pray 3ow be of comfort gud and blyth,
With Godis grace 3e ſall recover ſweith,
That 3e may ryde, and on horſe armis beir,
And for 3our lady breke alſe great a ſpeir
As 3e have donne in tornament befor;
Have nobill curage and be glaid thairfor:
Thair ſtill into his bede he gart him ly,
And dynit thair with knichtis ſtanding by:
When he his woundis had anoyntit all
With pretious ſalves and balmes maiſt royall,
Into his Innis into the toune he went.
Richt glaid [then] was the King in his intent,
[That] he remainit in his companie,
Clariodus, [the] flour of chevalrie.
Quhen he had dynit, fra the buird he raiſe,
And glaidlie to Clariodus he gais,

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Comfortit him with wordis tenderlie;
And he againe him thankit courteſſie.
The King gart ſend to chalmer for the Queine,
And for hir dochter, and uther ladyis ſcheine;
And thay ar cuming at his ordainance,
Whome for to ſe it was ane great pleſance.
Clariodus hes maid great reverence
Unto the Queine, ſo great of excellence,
And wald have ryſſine, bot the King wald nocht,
So deir he had his bed with bargain bocht:
Scho cheriſit him, and did him great pleſance,
His deidis doing greattumlie advance,
And doune ſcho ſat upon his bed ſyde,
And with him ſpeiking thair did long abyde.
Then ſaid the King unto Clariodus,
If it micht make zow mirrie and joyous,
My dochter ſall rycht glaidlie to zow ſing:
Quhairon he ſaid, I pray zow ower all thing
To ſing ane ſong: the King did hir command;
And ſcho begane anon without demand,
And with ane voice that pleſant was to heir;
Of quhois ſong Clariodus had gud cheir,
So weill ſcho ſong it eaſit him of his noy.
Clariodus ſaid to the King, Ma foy,
Zit hard I never ſic ſinging to this day,
Into na cuntrie, of ſa zoung ane may;
For ſcho was zit bot ſevin zeiris of age,
Thocht nature had put hir in ſic curage.
Lang tyme remainit thay with Clariodus,
To hold him out of thochtis langorus.
On this ways daylie, ſchortlie to indyte,
Him viſit King, Queine, and ladyis quhyte;

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And ſtill with him remainit leichis gud,
Whyll he was haill of woundis. To conclude,
Now leave will I Clariodus heir ſtill,
And of ane uther mater ſpeike I will.
The four trew fellows of Schir Clariodus
In heartis war all ſad and dollorus
For langour [that] thay could get na tyding
Of him thay luifit atoure all eardlie thing.
Palexis and his brother Amadoure,
Baith day and nicht oppreſſit with langour,
Unto thair uther two brether hes thame dreſt,
Richard de Maiance, Gilȝeam de la Forreſt,
Saying to them, We are accordit thus,
We go to pas and ſeike Clariodus,
And ȝe two here to remaine with the King,
Ay of the court to ſend us ſum tydeing.
On this ways beine agreit finallie,
Thir two ar paſſit to the King in hy,
And aſkit leave to pas the ſaid voyage.
Thay war grantit with ane blythe viſage.
Thay tuike thair leave anone at King and Queine,
And at Meliades the luſtie lady ſcheine,
Quha callit on Palexis ſecreitlie,
Saying, Commend me oft and hertfullie
Unto Clariodus, gif ȝe him find,
And ſay, ſike langour deidlie dois me bind,
That gif I hear no tydingis haiſtilie,
Than daith ſall me devoure but remedie;
And in taikin ȝe ſall bide him take
This heart of gold, quhilk is of cullour blake;
Bide him it cullour alſe quhyt with pleſance,
As it is blake with ſorrow and pennance.

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Thay tuike thair leave and to thair horſe they went,
And ſpeid them faſt with travell diligent
Whill thay had paſſit the boundis of Ingland,
And then ſtrange cuntries and wyde thay fand,
And ever efter Clariodus thay ſpeir,
Bot na wit gat thay of him far nor neir;
Then war thay wounder wobegone and ſad,
Deiming ſum miſchance him happinnit had.
When thay had ſought him in mony far cuntrie,
Thay happinit in ane wode with tries hie,
Quhilk for to pas was ſtrange and perrilus,
Whair whyllume walkit feir knichtis antrus.
Thay two enterit in at the forreſt ſyde,
Whair ſonne thay harde ane litill thame beſyd
Ane petious cry lamentabill to heir;
Then can Palexis at his fellow ſpeir,
Heir ȝe ȝone voice that beine rycht lamentable?
Quhat ever it be, to ws it war meritabill
To ſuccour at our mycht ȝone creature.
Then ſpurrit they with diligence and cure;
Then at the laſt thre knichtis they can ſie,
The quhilks, with hartis full of crueltie,
Ane naikit man hade bunde rycht fellounlie,
Wha ceiſſit never mercie for to cry.
Palexis ſaid, Fair Sirs, be ȝour leave,
That man ȝe do murther and miſcheve;
It is agains the ordour of knichtheid
To do ſa cruell and ſa foule a deid.
Thay ſaid anone, The thing that we doe heir
Ȝe can it not remeid on na maneir.
Quoth Amadour, Ȝe ſall him leave with us,
Or him defend with deidis chevalrus.

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Thir knichtis thre withouttin wordis mo
Rycht cruellie ſet on the brether two.
Palexis hes the formiſt knicht borne doune,
For he was wicht and mekill of renoune,
And with the fall his kne baine brake in two.
Then the foure knichtis can togider go,
And two for two thay fought full fellounlie,
And ſtraike at uthar wonder cruellie:
Bot lang the battell might not thus induire,
For Sir Palexis and worthie Amadure
War hardie knichts, and wounder ſtrong in feild
As ony micht be helmed wnder ſcheild;
Thir knichtis two behuiſit for to die
Incontinent, or for to ȝoldin be;
And quhen they vincuſt beine aluterlie,
Thay aſkit mercie wonder petiouſlie.
Palexis ſaid, Than or we grant ȝow grace,
Ȝe mon all thre make aith into this place,
That our command ȝe trewlie ſall fulfill
[In] what ſo ever we ordane ȝow till.
Thay grantit this, and ſwore as thay than ſaid;
And than anon thir [twa] brether them bade
In Ingland pas to Philipon the King,
And unto him ȝeild but tarying;
And ſay that Amadur and Palexis
Ȝow ſent unto his excellent nobilnes,
Declairing him without diſſimulance
Of this mater all haill the circumſtance.
Thay grantit to this ordinance all thrie.
The bundine knicht then gart thay louſit be,
And gart them alſo aſk him forgivenes,
For he was knicht of full great worthienes:

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And bad ilk knicht thay ſould thair namis ſchaw;
Ane of them ſaid, If it lykis 3ow for to knaw,
Sir Gault de le Spyne I am but circumſtance,
My fellow eike height Ame de Pleſans,
Cardrois de la Reſſe they call 3on woundit knicht;
In Provence cuntrie beine my dwelling rycht,
My fellow is of Flanders natioun,
The hurt knicht is of Pollis regioun;
Ilk ane of ws come honour to conqueir,
And preſſoners all caucht as 3e ſall heir:
Within ane myle fra hyne, in ane caſtell,
Dwellis ane knicht wounderfullie cruell,
Quhilke is The felloun callit but petie;
Ane wyfe he had of wounderfull beawtie;
So com ane knicht by rydand upon cace,
And reveſt hes the Lady fair of face;
Synſyne all knichtis cumand throw his land
He dois them vinquiſe with his [michty] hand,
And garris them ſweir to do ſiclyke as he
To uther knichts cuming in his cuntrie,
His lady traiſting for to have againe;
We thre hapinnit with him to be taine,
Quhairfor this knicht we tuike in this maneir
To ſave our aithes, traiſt weill this is no weir;
Men callis him The felloune but petie,
For ſen his Ledie reviſcht was, never he
Did grace nor petie to no creatoure;
And he is wicht and hardie over meaſour;
He laikis no thing langing to knichtheid,
Saif he is only crwell of his deid.
Ather from uther can depairt anone;
Syn thir thrie knichtis ar to Ingland gone.

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When they war weill recoverit of thair ſore,
To Philipone the King they went but more;
[And], as they height, they did them to him ȝeild,
Schawing how they owercumin war in feild
Be Palexis and Amadour in feir:
So furth to him declairing the maneir,
The King hes them receivit tenderlie,
Saying thir wordis to thame ſtanding by,
More am I holding to Sir Clariodus
And to his couſings bauld and chevalrus
In conqueis of my honour and renoune
Nor all the knichtis of my regioun.
He thame feiſtit and treitit nobillie,
And thame rewairdit wounder michtilie.
Thay tuike thair leave, and paſſit to thair land,
Quhen ſo they hade compleitit thair command.
Palexis now and Amadur alſo
War ſcant two mylis the Kingis caſtell fro
Of Galice, quhair Clariodus beine ȝit,
For ſo the cuntrie maid thame for to wite.
Thay ludgit in ane toune that heich was wallit,
And Joyous to name it was callit.
Thair hoſt them tauld how that Clariodus
Was interteinit in that cuntrie famous,
And how he vinquiſt had the lyoun ſtrong;
With all the proces and circumſtancis long;
Whairof thay war rycht glaid in thair intent.
Airlie in morrow thay in palice went,
Whair they met with Sir Guy the new maid knicht.
He did them glaidlie welcum at his micht.
From them he paſſit to Clariodus
That was in chalmer, ſaying to him thus,

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Two knichtis at the ȝet ar lichtit doune,
Rich woundour fair and gudlie of faſchoune;
To ſpeike with ȝow ar thair deſyris maiſt.
Clariodus than ſped him furth in haiſt,
Rycht woundour glaid and joyous of his cheir,
For weill he trowit thay war his cuſſings deir.
When he tham ſaw, he did tham imbrace,
And tenderlie tham kiſſit in that place.
Thair cuming than went to the Kingis eare,
Whairof he had ane joy, commixt with feare
That thay from him ſould fetch Clariodus,
Whilk in his eyes ſemit ſo gratious
That he him lovit evin as his awin lyfe.
For the two knichtis he ſent belyve;
And quhen thay war brocht to his preſence,
Thay ſaluſt him with kinglie reverence,
And he reſavit tham in fair maneir,
Saying, Welcum ȝe ar my frindis deir;
Sumthing I am adread into my heart,
That ȝe from me Clariodus depairt;
And if it be the caus of ȝour cuming,
Ȝe ſall my heart wnglaid in mikill thing;
Ȝit glaidlie for his ſaik I ſould ȝow love,
That this regioun hes brocht from ſik unrove;
His frinds ſall ever welcum be to me
So long as I am King of this cuntrie.
The lordis them receavit all about,
Knichts, Ladyis and all the luſtie rout.
Clariodus them tuike in ſecreit wayis,
And ſpeirit all the maner and the gyſe
Of all the court of Ingland how it ſtude,
And of Meliades baith fair and gude;

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And thay at ſchort hes tauld him [all] the cace,
Bot I no thing rehearſe will in this place
Of hir luif taikin, quhilk I let owergone.
The King unto his denner went anone;
And after denner to the feildis went
All throw ane meid of flouris redolent;
Enlange ane river maid thay thair walking,
Whair ſum did play and uther ſum did ſing,
Sum rowit furth on galayis on the fluide,
Sum beholding on the feildis ſtude,
Sum with his fellow raillit and maid ſport,
In joy and bliſſe was all the luſtie ſort.
The King hes gart Clariodus with him go,
Sir Palexis and Amadour alſo,
And with his knichtis cauſit them to gone
To paſtyme, and to putting of the ſtone:
Bot thay all uthar knichtis did exceid,
To quhilke the King ſoberlie tuike heid;
He all conſiderit and held him ſtill,
Whais great wiſdome dantit ay his will.
Thir brether greatlie commendit of the King,
As he them thocht lyke in everie thing
Unto thair Eam, Clariodus the gud;
It ſchew full weill that thay war of a blude.
Quhen thay had lang diſportit in the meid,
The King tuike Sir Clariodus and ȝeid
Unto the palice, ſaying to him thus,
Is it ȝour will, my freind Clariodus,
That ȝour two cuſings go and ſe the Queine,
And my dochter, that ȝoung of ȝeiris beine?
Sir, ſaid the Knicht, as lykis to ȝour Grace.
Then enterit they anon wnto the place,

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And to the Queinis preſence ſonne thay ȝeid,
And ſcho, of ladyes, full of womanheid,
Adreſit hir and came in thair preſence,
Whilke mirrour was of bewtie and clemence;
With hir was Cader hir ȝoung dochter ſcheine,
In ȝeuth upryſing wounder fair to ſeine.
Unto the nobill princes ſaid the King,
Take thir two knichtis into commoning,
That new beine cuming, and ſchort them with pleſance.
And ſcho obeyit with humbill reverence.
With uther knichts ȝoung ladyis did diſport;
To tell the faſchioun it war lang to report.
Still at thair pleaſance they remainit ſo
Whill tyme was cum ſupper to go to.
When they had ſouppit and maid rycht merrie cheir
They them diſportit on this ſame maneir.
When tyme was cum to beddis for to gone,
Then everie man went to his bed anone.
Four knichtis did Clariodus convoy
Unto his chalmer, quhair maid was mekill joy,
And courſis came of meitis dalicat,
Of michtie wyne, and ſpycis aureat.
Lang quhan they feiſtit had in this maneir,
To bed they went, baith knicht and baicheleir.
Devoydit was the chalmer ſuddenly,
Clariodus and his couſings him by;
To bed is went all ſecreit bot them thre;
Of diverſe thingis ſpeirit at them he,
And thay him anſwerit as he did inquire.
Then ſaid Clariodus, My freindis deir,
I have beine thinkand on ȝour mariagis,
Ȝe ſall that be with great lynagis;

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Amadur, ȝe ſall have in wadding
The luſtie ſiſter of the Spaniſch King
Of Spainȝie land with ȝow to go to bed;
And Palexis, my couſing, ȝe ſall wed
The King of Galice dochter to ȝour wyfe;
Be now content or never in ȝour lyfe,
It is not lang ſen ȝe hir ſaw, trow I.
Weill, Sir, quoth they, ȝe ſport ȝow merrily,
What now ſay ȝe of ȝour awin wadding.
Quod he, That ſall I efterwart inbring
When ȝe beine waddit and to honour brocht;
Ȝow to diſpleaſe this mater ſpeik I nocht,
And if thairto ȝour ſelf be nocht content,
Na mair thairof to ſpeike I me aſſent.
Be this Amador fell ſound on ſleip,
The quhilk Palexis perſavit and tuike keipe,
And this unto Clariodus he ſaid,
Meliades, that freſch luſtie ȝoung maid,
As ȝe me bad, I gave the [hie] pleſance,
Declairing hir, with everie circumſtance,
The maner haill and caus of ȝour byding;
Bot quhen ſcho wiſt that it was ſuthfaſt thing,
That to the lyoun ȝe ſould geive battell,
Hir bricht cullour ſonne waxit wan and paill;
Scho ſounit deidlie, that peitie was to ſee,
In warld micht no ladie more dolour drie:
It war ower lang to tell ȝow all the cace,
How ſcho with teiris hir beawtie did deface;
Receave this harte of gold inamellit blake,
Scho bad ȝow in rememberance it take,
And it to make alſe quhyt with conforting
As it is blake with ſorrow and weiping.

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The heart recevit has Clariodus,
And kiſſit it weill oft, ſaying thus,
Maiſt fair of wichtis, faireſt to praiſe,
Naught may my wits all inewgh ſuffais
Zour Ladyſchipe to thanke with humbilnes
According to zour trewth and gentilnes;
When ſall I doe to zow ſa great pleſance,
As ze for me have ſufferit oft pennance?
Meliades, wald God now [that] ze wiſt
That ardant heat, langour and birning thrift
On me ſo ſore for langing for zour preſence,
Quhilke beine my warldis joy and ſufficence.
He thus regrating, Palexis ſleipit ſound.
When Phebus bricht had rune his courſe around,
And ſchew his face into the orient.
Clariodus he raiſe, and furth he went
Unto the King, ſaying on this maneir,
My couſingnis as ze ſe ar cum heir
For me, that heir hes maid lang ſojorning;
Now grant me leave to pas unto the King,
Whilk ſpeciallie thir knichts hes for me ſend.
Woe was the King quhen verilie he kend,
That he no longer with him wald abyde;
Then ſaid he thus, Seing it man ſo betyd
That e from us neidis mone depairt,
I zow beſeike and pray with all my hart
That ze wald grant at my deſyre ane thing.
Clariodus ſaid anon to the King,
Ze ſall me no tyme pray, bot ay command,
And I thairto obey ſall but demand.
The King ſaid thus, Clariodus,
Advyſe quhat is beſt and moſt pretious

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In my realem, and takit I zow pray;
For unto zowit ſalbe readie ay.
Then, Sir, ſaid he, ſeing it be zour pleaſance,
That I ſall aſke efter zour ordinance,
Heir is Palexis, my freind and my couſing,
Whom as myſelf I luif but fainzeing,
I aſke zour doughter to him in mariage,
If that ze wald diſdaine with our linage
For to allay of zour great gentilnes;
And I ane thing ſall height zow heir dreidles,
That he ſalbe, within ane zeiris ſpace,
Ane crounit king, throw help of Godis grace.
Blyth was the King of thir wordis, and ſaid,
Clariodus, I hald me weill apayed.
This Knicht anone ſat doune upon his kne,
And thankit him with great humilitie.
The King anone has gart be brocht the Queine,
And fair Cadar, his luſtie dochter ſcheine.
Clariodus hes ſent for Palexis.
When Amadur and he cummand was,
The King ſaid to his dochter on this ways,
Heir ar thrie knichtis mikill for to praiſe,
With ane of them if ze ſould waddit be,
Whom wald ze choſe, ſay on, dochter, let ſee.
Thus unto hir he ſaid in his bourding.
And ſcho to him hes ſo maid anſweiring;
Of thir knichtis my choſe if I ſould have,
Clariodus I chuſe above the leave,
[Of knichtis beſt, ſic maik wold I like well.]
Then luich the King, and ſaid, Its na mervell
Suppoſe ane elder woman had it ſaid,
When ze, dochter, that beine ſo zoung ane maid,

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Hes choſen him to be ȝour paramour.
Clariodus than changit his cullour.
Now in this mater to be ſchort,
Seing lang it war the proces to report,
The King with all his lordis beine advyſit,
[It was a thing quhilk gretumly they pryſit]
That Palexis the freſch and nobill knicht
Sould wad anon the Kingis dochter bricht;
And efter this ane biſchop gar thay bring,
And handfaſt them but langer tarying.
Clariodus gave hir ane rich coller
With gold all ſet and michtie ſtonis deir,
Togidder with ane diamond bricht,
At his depairting, as ane gentill knicht;
The officeris and ſervants in the hall
He gave rewardis, and monie giftis royall.
The new maid Knicht forȝet he nocht,
Ane cloath of gold full curiouſlie wrocht
He gave to him, and uther giftis mo.
At King and Queine they tuike thair leave to go,
And of the court at everie lord and knicht;
Syn towards Ingland tuike thair gaitis rycht
With great triumph, honour and commend.
So of this firſt Buike I make ane end.

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THE SECUND BUIK

OF

CLARIODUS.

Thir Knights ryding towardis their contrie,
Out of Ingland quhen thay war jornayis thrie
Thay enterit in ane vaill luftie and greine,
Throw quhilk thair ran ane ſeimlie river ſcheine;
On it was maid ane brig with pilleris wight,
Whair that on bread ane man micht pas furth right,
By quhilk to thame was no readie way;
And on the brig alſe ſonne as enterit thay,
Ane armit Knicht thay met, with ſpeir in hand,
Sayand to them, Fair Siris ȝe mone ſtand,
Or ȝe ower pas ȝe ſall have mair adoe.
Soberlie ſaid Clariodus him to,
What beine the caus that ȝe wald ſtop our way?
Then ſaid the Knicht, I ſall it to ȝow ſay;
Ane of ȝow thre rycht heir man gif me feild,
And if that I him vinquiſe under ſcheild,
Incontinent ane uthar I ſall ſay,
Or ower the brig ȝe ſal pas on na way.

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If that it may na uthar wayis be,
Then, ſaid Clariodus, cum on thy way to me.
Togidder joynis thir knightis of renowne,
Thair meiting was baith hard and felloun,
And on thair ſteidis them togidder bair;
Thair ſpeiris flew in peiſſis in the air;
Thair bodies met with ſik ane michtie force,
Quhilk to the eard this Knicht ſent man and horſe.
Clariodus ȝit held his ſadill ſtill,
The uther raiſe with force and eiger will.
Clariodus diſcendit from his ſteid,
And to this Knicht hardilie he ȝeid.
They met with awfull ſwordis ſcharpe of ſteill,
Full cruellie as can thair heidis feill;
They ſmote at uther as bairis wode and keine,
Or as twa rampand lyounis in thair teine,
That in thair breiſts furious was and wode;
Endlang thair ſydis ſtreimit doune the blude;
The rivar dymit with thair dints in ire;
Heich from thair helmis the ſparkis flew of fyre.
Full awfull war thir knichtis to behold,
With irefull ſtraikis quhilk micht not be told;
Ather from uther feirclie dang the ſcheild,
As alſe the mailȝeis ſcatterit in the feild;
They hew throw helme, throw habergeone and plait,
Whill that thair ſwordis with bluid war wat.
Palexis than and Amadur alſo
Was for thair Eame in heartis wounder woe,
Beholding on the michtie campioun,
Whilk was in fight alſe feirce as ane lyoun,
Full mikill of bodie and alſe of height,
With ȝyen corpis wounder ſtrong and wicht.

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So cruell battell had they never ſeine,
They ſeamit as two dragounis wode and keine;
Thay wint thair had not beine ſic fighting fell
Bot gif it had beine betwix twa feinds of hell.
This aſper batell wode and wehement
Wox tham betwine ſo ſcharpe and violent,
That long it might not indure nor left,
On ather ſyd behuifit them to reſt;
Baith akit was thair armis and thair handis,
Thay ſtand abake and leanit them on thair brandis,
And up thay put thair viſouris from thair face
The air to take, and braith for to purchas.
When they had lang tyme them repoſit thus,
We ar weill reſtit, ſaid Clariodus,
Now let us enter new to our combat.
The uther ſaid, Be him that me creat,
Thow may weill thinke it is aneuch to thé,
It is ane fill and ſum pairt mair to me;
Zit had I never half ſa mikill adoe;
I thé beſeike that firſt thow ſchaw me to
Thy name, that I aſke for thy knichtheid,
Againe or we to new battell proceid;
This aſke I only for thy nobilnes.
The uther ſaid, That dar I doe doubtles,
Clariodus to name men dois me call.
The Knicht then inclynit law withall,
And fra his head his hewmund did unplace,
And be the point his ſword, with humbill face,
He tuike, and to Clariodus he zeid,
Sayand, O flour of armis and of knichtheid,
To thé I zeild me as to the worthieſt Knicht
Of all this warld, and to the gentileſt wicht;

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And unto him anone his ſword he gave,
And ſaid, My lord Clariodus, reſave
My manreid for now and ever mair;
I knew 3ow not, quhilk me repentis ſair.
Clariodus him receaves ſweitlie
Into his armis, quha thankis him heartfullie.
This Knicht him aſkit forgiveines
That he of folie was ſa rackles,
To fight with him quha rather he ſould ſerve;
Sayand, My lord, greate blame I do deſerve;
I have this long tyme levit wickitlie,
Of my treſpas I aſk God mercie;
For throw my cruell lyfe and tyrranie,
Men callis me The Felloun but peitie,
For Joyſa Ramoſe they war wount me to call,
The caus of this I ſall 3ow tell at all.
He ſchew him furth the maner les and more
Of his lady as 3e have hard before,
Fra him how ſcho was reviſchit be ane knicht.
Clariodus all wnderſtud at ryght,
Palexis had tauld him ever ilke deale.
He ſaid, Sir Knicht, the caus I know full weill,
It was me tauld or this quhair that I raid;
Thairfor forget it, ſen thair is no remeid
For to make cair for it or 3it regrate,
Alſe fair ane lady 3e may have I waite.
He ſaid, Sir, full ſuith it is that 3e ſay;
Bot of 3our gentilnes I 3ow pray
To go with me this nicht to my ludging,
For it is now rycht lait in the evining,
And far alſe to ane uthar harberie place.
Clariodus him glaidlie grauntit hes.

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Now togidder thir Knichtis went in feir
Unto this Lordis caſtell ſchyning cleir,
With courious kirnellis and goldin chainis bricht.
[When the varlotis ſaw The Felloun knicht]
Then doune they let the draw brig fall anone;
And thay glaidlie ar to the caſtell gone,
Whair that with mikle myrrines and joy
The Knichtis to ane chalmer thay convoy,
Whilk was arayit wounder pretiouſlie
With gold, and ſilk and arais full michtie.
When that the ſupper was alredie dicht,
And all to hall went, this ſaid Knicht
Unto Clariodus ſaid in this maneir,
Ten priſſoneris I have with me heir,
Whilk for ȝour ſaik full glaidlie ſalbe fred;
And ſyn he gart them to the hall be led,
And bad them ſay, Clariodus that he
Them louſit out of priſſoun ranſoune fre;
And ſyne anone, diſpuilȝeit of his hate,
Befor thir priſſoneris on kneis ſate,
And aſkit thame forgivennes everie knicht,
Saying, he ſould amend at all his micht.
Thir wordis he ſaid ſo lamentabill,
The knichtis wox in heartis merciabill,
And him forgave with tender imbracing.
Clariodus, with rewth to ſe this thing,
The teiris ower his cheikis haillit doun,
So pitious was thair meitting and ſermoune.
When this was done, they all to ſupper went
Of nobill cheir, quhair nought was indigent;
Full royallie thay fure with aboundance
Of everie thing that might do them pleſance.

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In mides of this ſupper raiſe this Knicht,
Whilke lord was of this place, and paſſit rycht
Unto ane cloſit, and with him brocht againe
Roſe water cleir, doing thir wordis ſaine,
I am callit The Felloun but pitie,
For all men ſpeikis of my crueltie;
Now think I to leive ſo vertouſlie,
That my gud word ſall go alſe opinlie:
Thairfor if it micht pleaſe zour Lordſchipis all,
From thence Le Fortoun de Amure ze me call,
And I forever renunce all fellonie.
Clariodus weill wnderſtud the quhy
That he the water brocht in coup of gold,
With ane new name that he be baptiſit wold;
Whairfor the coup he held with hand on height,
And let the water fall upon the Knicht,
Sayand, Le Fortoun de Amouris I thé call;
Fra laughter then ilk ane could neer devall;
Ane noyis up raiſe that mirrie was to heir,
When he was baptiſit on this maneir.
When they had ſoupit with mirrines and joy,
Clariodus to chalmer thay did convoy
And his two couſingis, quhilk to bed ar gone
Whill bricht Phebus on morrow com anone.
Rycht as Clariodus anone up roſe,
Le Fortoun de Amouris to his chalmer gois,
And with him brocht baith harneis, ſcheild and ſpeir,
And all that ganit to ane knicht to weir,
And tham preſentit to Clariodus,
Firſt helſing him, than ſaying to him thus,
Sir, brokin ar zour harnes in ſum part,
Quhairfor I zow beſeike with all my heart

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Whill they com neir the cuntrie of Ingland.
Bonvaleir, to thir Knightis inclynand,
Said, I wald ryd before war it 3our will.
Thir Knichtis baith conſentit him till.
Bonvalier haiſtit him on ſike wyſe
That in ſchort tyme into the toune he hyis,
As for that tyme quhair lugit was the King;
Anone alſo he changit his clothing,
As he had not beine fra hame nor abſent.
Rycht ſoune unto Meliades he went,
And fand hir in hir wairdrope quyetlie,
Playand on ane hearpe rycht mirrilie.
And quhen ſcho of Bonvaleir had ane ſicht,
Greatlie rejoſit was this Lady bricht,
And haſtilie ſcho ſpeirit of his tyding.
And then Bonvaleir, on his kneis ſitting,
Said, Gud tyding I have to 3ow, Madame;
Clariodus the Knicht of mekle fame
Commending him unto 3our Ladieheid,
And bad me ſay unto 3ow but dread
That in ſchort tyme he ſould 3our beawtie ſee;
And heir ar letteris that he dereƈtit me,
And bad me to 3our Hienes them preſent.
Scho them reſavit than incontinent,
And rede; bot quhen ſcho had witting
Of all his tryſting and of his cuming,
Thairfor ſcho tuike ſic comfort and pleſance,
Scho thocht hir heart for joy begouth to dance;
Then ſaid to Bonvalier, I have ſeine
3our letteris, quhilk ſum centenſis dois conteine,
Within few dayis that Clariodus
Salbe in this cuntrie heir with ws.

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Bonvalier ſaid, Madame, ſa traiſt ȝe me,
That he ſall cum quhen he may readie be;
He me rewairdit ſa michtilie,
And alſe hes gevin me of gold ſa larglie
That I ſall rich man be for ever moir,
I ȝow requyre that ȝe him thank thairfore.
I ſall him thanke, ſcho ſaid, at his cuming,
For ȝe have donne ȝour pairt in everie thing;
Go furth and fetch me Romaryn alſwith.
At hir command ſcho com with viſage blyth,
And ſaid, Madam, with me quhat war ȝour will?
Tydings, ſcho ſaid, I have to tell ȝow till;
The nobill and worthie Clariodus, my Knicht,
Salbe heir, God willing, with ws this nicht.
Romaryn anſweirit and ſaid, God me ſave,
Thoſe beine the tydandis faineſt I wald have.
This nicht he cumis, ſaid Meliades,
At ten houris but dread on this wayis,
In at the gardine poſtrum thinkis he
All privilie to have his entrie;
Thairfoir I pray that ȝe the poſtrum keip,
So that the tyme [appoynted] we not ſleip.
Romaryn ſaid, Madame, not this onlie,
To keip the poſtrum, bot I readilie
Wald go for ȝow to the warldis end,
To bring to purpoſe quhilk ȝe two pretend:
Conſidering that, bot villanie or blame,
Ȝour love to the increſſing of ȝour fame,
My part I ſall ſa weill doe to ȝow baith,
That it ſall never returne to ȝow no ſkaith.
Thir two as now thay ſpike no more
For perſaving; Meliades thairfore

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Unto hir Ladies went hir to diſport,
Fulfillit with all glaidnes and comfort.
To court then cuming was [Sir] Palexis
And Amadour, quhilk with all biſſines
Went to the King, quha full tenderlie
Speirit for Clariodus, and quhy
That he not cam. And they have anſweir maid,
Saying, This is the caus of his abaid,
He man in Denmark paſs for caufis ſeir;
Bot he will ſpeid him hame ſoune to be heir:
He bad ws that we ſould him recommend
Unto zour Grace, on quhome he will depend
Abone all princes aneth the firmament.
The nobill King in heart was not content
That cuming was not zit Clariodus,
And baith his couſings com him fra thus.
He ſpeirit at them uther tydings new;
And they him plainlie all the maner ſchew
Of all the juſting and the tornament
Of Spaine, and how the praiſe and loving went
All onlie with Clariodus and no mo.
And word be word they tauld him alſo,
How that he manfullie vinquiſt the lyoun,
And all the cace they tauld with lang ſermoune;
And how that with The Felloun but petie
He faught, and gart him leave his crueltie.
And quhen the King this hard ſa great ferlie,
He bliſſit him and ſaid, I trew ſuithlie,
That ſic ane Knicht be not in all the warld as he,
Of ſtrenth, and nurtur, and magnanimitie.
Thir wordis ſaid the King, and bad them go
Unto the Queine, and to hir tell alſo

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The ferlie thing, quhilk unto him they ſchew;
To quhom they went anone, and did ſalew
Hir nobilnes; and ſcho maid them to go
With hir into ane garding to and fro
Whill they had tauld hir all the circumſtance,
And word be word without diſſimulance;
Quhilk was to hir ane thing maiſt mervellous,
How that he micht acheive ſic acts perrellous.
Sir Amadour went walking with the Queine;
And Sir Palexis with the Ladie ſcheine,
And ſaid, Madame, Clariodus the Knicht,
Oft him commendis unto zour bewtie bricht,
And ſendis to zow this flour of diament;
Saying, Within few dayis in verament
He ſall zow ſe. Then ſaid Meliades,
Sa lang from ws he bydis on ſik wyſe,
I trow the pleſance of his awin cuntrie
Sall gar this land with him forgottin be.
Palexis for to blind ſcho ſaid this thing,
For he nocht wiſt of Bonvaleiris wryting.
Palexis ſaid, For ſuith Madam I trow,
He had rather die than forgottin zow;
Uneis ſcho micht from lawghter then contine,
And thocht that he knew litill them betwine;
Bot weill ſcho did conſider his lawtie,
For to his Eame ane gud parte keipit he.
Be this was ſaid, the night aprochit neir;
The King then dreſſit him to his ſuppeir;
For joy that cuming war thir knichtis, he
Sent for the Queine and Ladies of beawtie,
To ſoup with them that night into the hall.
The courſis com with trumpits ſound royall;

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Rycht nobill cheir they had, with aboundance
Of dilicat meits and wynis of pleſance.
When they had ſoupit and chirit nobillie,
And eftir ſupper danſit mirrilie
With joyous play anone and gud diſport,
The Queine unto hir chalmer went at ſchort,
And with hir went Meliades the bricht,
Wha ay thocht on the cuming of hir Knicht.
And quhen it did aproch neir the hour,
Scho ſaid unto the Ladyis of hir boure
That ſcho was evill diſpoſit, and wald ly
Into hir wairdrop that nicht quyetlie.
Hir Ladyis hir convoyit to the doure,
Quhilk Romaryn cloſit eftir hir ſure.
This Lady langer thocht this nicht perfay
Nor ſcho befor had thocht ane moneth day;
Whairfor ſcho gart Romareine go full oft
To hir poſtrum and ſet hir paiſſis ſoft,
That naine ſould hir heir. So, oft ſcho paſt
Whill that ſcho fand him ſtanding at the laſt;
Then ſcho undid the port full biſſilie,
And ſyn kneillit to him full humbillie,
Sayand, My Lord, ze ar full welcum heir.
He ſaid, Grand mercie! with ane knichtlie cheir;
Bot he wald not hir kiſs quhill he had ſeine
His awin Lady, quhilk he avowit beine.
When ſcho the zet had cloſit ſikerlie
They com togidder befor this zoung Ladie.
When he hir ſaw he ſat doun on his kne,
Bot ane long tyme ane word not [ſay] micht he,
Nor zit this Lady, for ower great comforting;
Full war thair hearts of bliſſull rejoſing;

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Ouercum thay was with love in everie ſyd,
Whilk in thair breiſtis was ſo multiplied
That they abaiſit lang war in this wyſe.
And unto him firſt ſpake Meliades,
Welcum my Knicht, welcum my ſufficence,
Welcum my warldis joy and haill pleſance,
Welcum my heartis love, Clariodus,
Whais lang abſence hes beine to me noyous.
Then anſweirit he and ſaid full courteſlie,
My heartis Ladie and my joy onlie,
How have ȝe fairne ſen our laſt depairting?
Now fair I weill, quod ſcho, in everie thing,
Sen ȝe ar cum, the caus of my weilfair.
With that ſcho ſtrenthit him in hir armis thair,
And he alſo did hir ſoftlie imbrace,
And kiſſit uther oft into that place.
This Knycht then beſyd hir doun ſcho ſat
Upon ane cuſchoun of rich velvat.
Speikand ſyne of divers materis of pleſance
Belonging unto loves obſervance,
My paramour, ſaid fair Meliades,
To me it is reveallit in ſecreit wyſe,
That ȝe ſould have beine wadit into Spaine;
This jeluſie did hote in me remaine;
For ever, great love as it dois oft befall,
Hot jeluſie ower love does dwell at all.
Clariodus ſaid, Madam, be not adred,
Quhen that the King of Bethingham ſall ȝow wed,
The King of Spainis ſiſter ſall me have,
And that ſalbe rycht ſuith, ſa God me ſave.
And ſuith it was of Bethingam the King,
And hir freindis had ſpokin of hir wadding;

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Quhairfor ſcho leuch, and ſaid, Ze know zour ſell,
All is not trew that everie man dois tell.
Amongis them thus mirrilie they ſporte,
They thocht the night to tham was all to ſchort.
Clariodus ſaid, I have ane interpryſe
To do in armis, quhairfor ze mon devyſe
What cullour I ſall weir; for if that I
Be into reid, then ſall I verily
Be knowin to all the court in everie ſteid,
For wait ze weill that long I wore the reid.
Then ſaid Meliades in this maneir,
Now it is Mayis moneth fair and cleir;
Wharfor, according to the ſeaſoun ſcheine,
Convenient war that ze ſould weir the greine.
Clariodus hir thankit courteſlie
Of hir cullour, and ſaid, Madame, glaidlie
At zour command that cullour I ſall uſe
For ſaike of zow, and no man to refuſe
In tournament, in peace, nor zit in weir,
Alſe long as I zour gudlie cullour beir.
Ane chaine of gold ſcho gave him lang and ſmall,
With love knotis that caſſin war ower all;
And bad that he ſould weir it for hir ſaike
Abone his geir; quhilk he did wndertake.
And he hir gave ane luſtie braſlet,
All wrocht with gold and pretious ſtonis ſet;
And for his ſaike he prayit hir to weir it.
The day aprocht, quhairof they war effeirit.
Romaryn ſaid, It wilbe day alſweith,
And thairof war thir lovers nothing blyth;
They tuike thair leave at uthers imbracing,
With pitious wirdis, and with kiſſing,

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With ſorrowfull ſighing, and with tirie face;
Into thair myndis thinking oft, Alleace,
That ever thay ſould depairt ſo ſuddantlie;
Aſſuring uthers with aithes ſikerlie
Trewth and gude love for ever more to left.
Depairting ſyne with heartis ſore oppreſt,
To the poſtrum went Clariodus,
With ſichis ſad and heart dolorus;
Whom convoyit the Lady Romaryn,
And at the poſtrum did to him inclyne;
Whom at he tuike his leave richt courteſlie,
And thankit hir baith oft and heartfullie
Of all hir ſecreit ſervice donne before,
Sayand, He ſould think on it evermore.
Then ſtickit ſcho the poſtrum privilie,
And to hir Ladie com up haiſtilie,
Whair ſcho hir fand makand ane pitious mone,
Hir gudlie face with tearis all wobegone
For ſorrow of the ſuddane depairting
Of him quhom that ſcho lovit ower all thing.
Bot Romaryn did comfort hir ſo faſt
Whill to hir bed ſcho bounit at the laſt,
Whair ſcho lay waiking, and thinking on her knicht
Whill Phebus ſchynit in her chalmer bricht;
And then ſcho raiſe and hir arrayit anone,
And with hir Ladies to the Queine is gone.
Clariodus, or that [the] ſun up ſchyne,
Was at the forſaid knichtis place againe.
The portar trowit, for he was ane valiand knicht,
He had beine ſeikand eventures all nicht.
To bed he went, and ſleipit quhile it was day;
And ſyne he raiſe and ſoune did him aray.

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When he to God had prayit devotlie,
And dynit eik, he ſaid full courteſlie
Unto the Lord, Len me ane ſervitour
That can ane erand doe with biſſie cure.
The Lord him grantit hes rycht heartfully,
And callit on ane ſervand neir him by,
And him betaucht, ſaying, Ze ſall reſave
This zour man quhilk I in dewtie have;
For he is ſecreit, wyſe and trew in all,
Whairfoir to name we Diligence him call;
He ſall zour varlot be withoutin dreid,
If ze him lift, for tearme of lyfe poſeid.
Clariodus him thankit reverentlie;
This Diligence he hes ſent haiſtilie
For diverſe things that was convenient
For him to weir into [the] tornament;
And bad him alſe ane browderer him bring,
And eike ane armurar that was cuning,
And diverſe ſilkis baith greine and uther hew.
This Diligence full weill the waris knew;
He tuike the money, and went on his erand;
And everilk thing, rycht as he did command,
He furniſchit hes, and bocht into ſchort ſpace;
And brocht with him the workmen to the place
Whair that he bade. And then Clariodus
Went to the Lord againe, and ſaid him thus,
Sir, ane maiſter of work mon ze be;
Heirefterwart as ze wald, Sir, charge me;
Gar put zon workmen in ſum quyet hous,
And ſe that they be verie laborus
Whill thay have maid ane harnes fair and ſure;
And bid that they with greine ſatine it cure,

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Of Tutabone weill all broderit with the floure,
For 3onder cumin is ane good broderour;
My uther harnes they may as patroun taike,
And thay thairby the meitter ſall it make.
The Knight all undertuike with diligence;
Bot he himſelf wald not cum in preſence
Of tham that maid his harnes, dread that thay
Sould him reveale againe in the tornay.
He gart them alſe make gounis of ſatine greine,
For men and wemen, gudlie for to ſeine;
The varlots of the place he gart aray
Of ſatine greine all of ane leveray,
Imbrowderit with the flour of Tutabon;
So that he left not unrewairdit one.
Clariodus ſex virginis fair to ſeine
Gart all be clothit into ſatine greine;
The 3oungeſt he gart aray hir luſtilie
With gold and ſtonis winder pleſandlie;
Abone hir treſſit hair of delyte
Was ſet ane chaplet all of pearlis quhyt.
And ſex ſquyeris he hes gart cleath alſo
In greine ſatine, with this Madin to go
Unto the King. He teichit hir parqueir
What ſcho ſould ſay, as efter 3e ſall heir.
This Madine richt to Windiſchore is went,
Wher that the King as than was reſident,
And lichtit at the palice 3et adoune,
Whair monie men rycht gudlie of renoune.
Four awfull bearis was to the King preſent,
[With quhilk his Knichts ſould fight incontinent.]
Great preaſe of pepill com them to behold.
This damiſell, bot of fyftine 3eiris old,

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Went throw the preiſe whill ſcho com to the King,
Whair kneillit doune this gudlie Madine benign;
And firſt ſcho helfit him and ſyne the Queine,
And then Meliades the luſtie ladie ſcheine;
Syne with he voice ſcho ſaid before them all
Thir wordis, that rehearſe to zow I ſall:
King Philipon, unto zour Excellence
The Grein Knicht hes me ſent with reverence;
The quhilk plainlie commandis me to ſay,
Ane tornay ſet is for ane moneth day
Be him, bot heir ane litill zow beſyde;
Gif ony Knicht, that dois with zow abyde,
Will him aſſay, he ſall reſavit be
In juſting, for thoſe dayes thinkis he
Them to aſſay, if thay will cum him till;
And he that is win ſall be at the will
Of him that ſtraike him doun but let,
To quhat priſſoun he will him in ſet.
The Grein Knicht beiris the flour of Tutabon,
Wha will aſſay let him cum on anone
To joyous Maſon not far zow fro,
Four myllis of ſpace it is and no mo,
The Lord of it Sir Pennent hecht dreidles
Of La Carere, ane knicht of worthines.
When ſcho had ſaid thir wordis oppinlie,
The King and all the court had great ferlie
Of hir language, that ſcho, ſa zoung of age,
So nobillie compleitit had hir meſſage.
Among the rout great preaſe was hir to ſe,
So weill arayit, and of ſo great bewtie.
The King ſaid, Lady, I have great joy to heir
Zour ſpeache pronuncit with womanlie maneir;

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And for to ſe 3our bewtie maiſt bening,
3our port, 3our cheir, 3our ſpeach and gud having;
3ow and 3our gyding greatlie I commend,
And eike the Greine Knicht that 3ow heir ſend.
We ar to him beholdin in great maneir,
That hes ws ſend ſo gratious ane meſſinger;
If that 3e pleis, ane quhill 3e ſall abyd,
Whill I ſpeik with thir Knichtis me beſyd;
Syn 3e ſall anſweir have and that anone.
He with his Knichtis ar to counſall gone.
Thay war content and blyth everie Knicht,
Conſenting at thair power and thair micht
To mak them redie to the turnament,
Whairon accordit thay with ane conſent.
Befor the King ſat doune ane Knicht,
Sir Broun de la Mere hardie and wicht,
And aſkit thair that he the formoſt day,
To juſt micht enter in the ſaid tornay.
The King him grantit; and ſyne returnit ſweith
Unto this Virgine ſo bening and blyth,
Saying to the fair Madine, To the Greine Knicht ſay,
He ſalbe ſervit all out ane moneth day
At his deſyre, and thanke him hartfullie
That hes ws chargit ſo honorabillie
Unto ſo nobill ane act and fair diſport.
Then he delyverit hes this Madine at ſchort;
At quhais paſſing into rememberance,
Ane diamond he gave hir of pleſance;
The quhilke ſcho did reſave with humbill cheir,
And thankit him upon ane fair maneir.
This luſtie Madine returning haiſtilie,
Hir ſquyeris ryding luſtilie hir by,

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Syn to Clariodus did hir dres,
And tauld him the maner mair and les,
How all the court had joy of hir cuming,
And how ſcho was delyverit with the King,
And how that hir beheld Meliades,
Quhilk was the roſe of everie luſtines;
Abone meſour commending the bewtie
Of hir that was ſo angill lyke to ſee;
And ſuith it was that ilk Meliades
Beheld hir with all cure and biſines,
For weill ſcho wiſt quhairfra ſcho was ſend,
The mair ſcho did unto the Madine attend.
Quhen ſcho had tauld him all the remanent,
Clariodus unto Sir Pennent went,
And ſaid, Ze mon ane chalmer gar provide,
That is of herberie mekill roume and wyde,
And gar aray it luſtilie and fair,
Perchance in it ſum ſtrangers ſall repair.
When this was ſaid, Clariodus furth went,
And twa paviliouns luſtilie gart upſtent
Of greine ſilk wrocht, and in ane large plaine,
Ane ſlicht ſchot ſyndrie, the ſuith if I ſould ſaine,
With ſilkin roppis alſo of the ſamine hew;
Ane for him ſelf, quhair, of the bricht gold new
Inbrowderit was the flour of Tutabone;
For his companioun the uther was anone.
Within thir twa was ordanit everie thing
That langit unto tornay or juſting.
Be all was put to poynt and dune at rycht
The day was gone, and cuming was the nicht;
Clariodus his bodie did deveſt,
Syne to his bed he zeid, him for to reſt.

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The mirrie day diſplaying in the morrow,
The glaid foullis, devoid of nichtis ſorrow,
With ſugarit nots making ane mirrie ſound
Aganis bricht Phebus blyth aſcentioun,
Whilk with his aſour beamis of delyt
Oppinit on bread the tender blomes quhyt,
Doing the bloſſumes breke in the ſpray,
And everilk bank in grein dois he aray.
Clariodus, the flour of Mars, his knichts
Full luſtilie into his weidis him dichts,
With knichtlie cheir and curage leoneine,
Thinking or Phebus in the waſt declyne,
That he ſould for his ſoverane Ladyis ſaike,
With ſpeir in hand, ane manlie counter make.
When he ane meſs had hard, and tane diſjune,
He gart four gudlie ſquyeris enter ſoune
Into the Knichtis pailzeon, and that anone
Sould with him juſt; to ſerve him thay ar gone;
Syne ordanit he two virginis that war cleir,
By the reinzeis to leid his awin courſeir;
The Ladie of the place his helme did beir,
Hir following foure freſche virginis of effeir;
The Lord himſelf to ſerve him of his lance;
And all in greine arrayit for pleſance;
His four ſquyers upon the ſamine wyſe
War all in greine, maiſt gudlie to devyſe.
Then to his pailzeoun went he ſpedilie,
Inearmit at all poyntis full richlie,
On his companioun thair abyding ſtill.
He had with him baith trumpit and clarioun chill,
Garring await if they ſaw ony Knicht
Cum from the Kingis corut enarmit bricht.

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And be it was of the day houris ten,
Againis the ſune ane Knicht cumand thai ken,
Lucent as lampe and leming in his weid,
Withe lance in hand, upon ane ſnaw quhyt ſteid;
Two knichtis him convoyit nobilly,
And gud Sir Amadur raid him by,
And uther fyve him for to ſerve at all;
He ſeimit feirce and ſtrong as ony wall.
When he aprochit neir the pailzeoun,
The four ſquyers with rycht bening ſermoun
Recevit him, and offerit him entrie,
And prayit him to licht thair; bot he
Wald not licht doune, bot thankis to them zold.
Anone quhen thus Clariodus can behold,
Alſe ſuift as falcoun he ſprang upon his ſteid,
As glorious angill ſchyning in his weid;
Fret full of ſtonis radious and licht,
All browderit with gold depaintit full bricht,
Out throw the greine gudlie to decerne,
Whair ilk gilt mailze glemit as ane ſterne;
And for the Lady had his helme to beir,
Ane falſe viſar for kening he did weir;
Hir ladies all, as ze have hard me ſay,
Convoyit him furth all into greine aray.
When that Sir Broun and his fellowis beheld
The Greine Knicht cum ſo nobillie to the feild,
Unto his feiris he ſaid that ſtude him by,
Zone is the knichtlieſt ſicht aluterly,
And the moſt gudlie that ever I ſaw with ey;
And ſo ſaid all the reſt of his meinze.
Clariodus threw on his helme anone,
Sir Pennent with his ſpeir is to him gone.

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The trumpits blew and heraldis cryit all,
The menſtrellis playit with gle angellicall.
Thir Knichts as two lampis leiming licht
Of aureat ſplendor ſchynit as ſtonis bricht;
They ſmot thair ſteidis with ſpuris hardelie,
And ran togidder wonder feircelie,
Whill that thair ſchaftis ſcharp and ſquaire
Flew all in peices abone them in the aire;
They tuike new ſpeirris and ran togidder in feir,
Full knichtlie com thir men of armis cleir,
Girdand ſo faſt as ane fireflochtis glance,
Sir Broun on Clariodus brake his lance,
And he him hit againe with ſic force
That he ane ſpeir lenth ſtrake him fra his hors.
The Greine Knicht thene returnit to his tent.
Four gudlie ſquyeris to Sir Broun ar went,
Sayand, Sir Knicht, the cunand weill ȝe knaw,
Ȝe mon to priſſoun with on ane law.
Sir Broun anſweirit and ſaid, Richt weill
Ȝour willis I ſall obey everilk deill.
They led him to ane priſſon of pleſance,
Be the Greine Knichtis nobill ordinance;
Quhilk chalmer was arrayit nobillie,
With clothes of gold and arais full michtie.
The ſquyeris ſaid, Ȝe moſt heir abyd,
Whill we unto our lord the Greine Knicht ryd.
The ſquyeris com unto Clariodus,
Quhilk was hame rydand mirrie and joyous
Toward the place of Sir Pennent the Knicht;
And at the ȝettis quhen he did alicht,
They tauld to him all the maner cleir,
How they demainit had the priſſoneir.

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Clariodus unto his chalmer went,
And him unearmit thair incontinent;
Then hes he for Sir Pennent ſent belyve,
Sayand, Sir Knicht, ȝe pas and eike ȝour wyfe,
And take with ȝow the ſex virginis in hy,
With other ſquyeris in ȝour companie,
And with Sir Broun ȝe ſoupe and make ȝow blyth.
Sir Pennent ſaid, It ſalbe donne alſueith.
The Knicht furth went as he commandit was,
With all the forſaidis ladyes more and les,
And gart bring furth with them ches and tabill,
And inſtrumentis that war delectabill,
With herp, and lute, and inſtruments for to play;
And in this chalmer, put in gud aray,
They enterit ſoune, and ſaid on this maneir,
Sir, the Greine Knicht hes ſent us to ȝow heir,
To do ȝow pleſance and hold ȝow companie.
Sir Broun anſweirit and ſaid, I traiſt gif I
Have no worſe priſſoun nor this I ſall not pleine;
And ſo to tell the trewth and not to feine,
The faireſt man of armis and the beſt
Is the Greine Knicht, and the ſeimlieſt
That leives now, I trow, under the ſone,
He ſeimis nocht lichtlie to be wone.
Sir Pennant ſaid, And he is thair withall,
The gentileſt and the moſt liberall
That ever I knew in the dayis of my lyfe,
None lawlier in the world is borne of wyfe.
When they had ſoupit and fairne rycht reallie,
Sir Pennent tuike his leive rycht humbillie,
And left with him four ſquyeris that war wyſe,
In all his deidis to doe him ſervice.

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When cumin was to court Sir Amadoure,
To heir his tydingis the King had great langour,
And bad him ſchaw as he had hard and ſeine;
And he him tauld the veritie all cleine,
Richt as it was, diſſimuling in no thing;
Of quhilk rehearſe great mervell had the King,
To Amadur ſaying, halfe as it war in play,
Be of gude curage, the morne ȝe mon aſſay.
Amadur ſaid, Availl quhat may availl,
However it be, the game I ſall aſſaill.
The nicht paſſit, the morrow com alſuith.
Sir Amadur, ſa ſone as day could kyth,
Inarmit him and in the cloſe diſcendit,
And fand awcht ſquyeris that on him dependit,
With Sir Palexis and uther knichtis two.
Sueith at the King he tuike his leave to go,
And raid furth to the place of juſting.
When the Greine Knicht had of him perſaving,
He come furth cleir enarmit under ſcheild,
Convoyit with his Ladyis in the feild;
Whom on Palexis had great joy to behold,
And ſaid, My brother Amadur, be bold,
For ȝow befor ȝe have alſe fair ane Knicht
As ever was cled in helme or birnie bricht.
When thay war redie on ather ſyd,
Full manlie can thai to uther ryd;
They ſmot thair ſteidis with ſpurris haſtilie,
And ran togidder wounder ferſelie,
That baith thair ſpeiris aboue tnem flew aſunder,
And baith thair ſteidis did bakward founder;
Thair ſquyeris did them ſerve with ſpeiris new,
And thay anone raid utheris to perſew,

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Whill all to fruſchit thair lanſis in the feild,
That all men mervellit that about beheld.
Palexis ſaid, Gif that Clariodus
War in the land, quhilk is unkend to us,
I wald ſay ſurlie the Greine Knicht war he,
He is ſo lyke to him in all degree.
They ran at uther ſa withoutin ho,
Whill ſevin ſpeiris brokine war in two.
Weill knew Clariodus, be his valoure,
He was his couſing, nobill Amadure,
And blyth [he] was that he into him fand
Sic ſtrenth, and micht, and deidis valiand.
[Clariodus then tuike the auchten ſpeir]
Both great and ſtrong, and, in ane knichtlie feir,
He drave at him with ſik ane feirfull micht,
All to the eard he drave baith horſe and Knicht
With ſike ane force, that all that was about
Wint that he had beine dead withoutin doubt.
The Greine Knicht raid richt unto his tent.
The ſquyeris to Sir Amadur ar went,
And ſpeirit if he was hurt, and he ſaid, Nay,
Bot he ane littil fruſchit was perfay.
Thus Amadur [eik] was to priſſoune led,
Whairof Sir Broun was wounder blyth and glaid,
And ſaid, Welcum, [maiſt] gentill Amadur,
That ſik compaſſioun hes on 3our nichbour,
That 3e vouchſafe to cum and viſit me.
Then, ſmyling, ſaid Sir Amadur, Pardie
3e neid me not to thanke ſo greatumly,
For 3ow to viſit aganis my will com I;
I ryd heir that we tak no grevance,
For of this juſting cum the uterance;

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I traiſt that we ſall get mo companie,
Or then I am diſſavit verilie.
Clariodus [did] paſs to his ludging,
And him unarmit but tarying,
And bad Sir Pennent tak his Ladie bricht,
With all hir madinis, and go unto the Knicht,
And make him cheir and companie weill more
Nor to the uther Knicht was donne before.
And they ſo did with all thair cure and micht,
He wantit nocht perteinit to ane knicht.
Palexis paſt and ſchew unto the King
As ȝe have hard, and feinȝet in no thing.
The King ſtudiit, and had great ferlie
Of the Greine Knicht, and of his chevalrie.
Thus quhen that Amadour was ſtrikin doun,
That was ay praiſſit of ſic renoune,
Abaiſit was this nobill King, and ſaid
Unto Palexis, Ȝon grein Knicht ſall degraid
Our Knichtis all, bot ȝe remeid us fynd;
Whairfor ȝe ſall no langer duell behind,
For ay the mair [that we thus] vinquiſt be,
The mair degraidis it our honeſtie;
Ȝe ar our comfort nixt Clariodus,
Whilk abſent is in this great neid from us.
Sir, ſaid the nobill and worthie Palexis,
I ſall againis the Grein Knicht me adres,
Although he war ane infernall creatour
I dar my bodie againis him aventour
Whidder that fortoun be my freind or fa,
Thair ſall no dreidour bandis me him fra;
Although he ſtraik me doun I have no ſchame,
For Knichtis that ar alſe worthie of name

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Befor his ſpeir poynt hes lyine full law,
What fault war it thocht with my feiris I faw.
At morne as Phebus markit up his face,
Palexis did his harneis on him brace,
And him enarmit ſurelie cloſe and joynt.
When that he was all readie and at poynt,
With him Sir Gilzeam de la Forreſt raid,
Unto the feild he dreſſit but abaid;
Richard de Maianis, with uther ſquyeris mo;
Thus all on front unto the feild thay go.
And quhen he com unto the firſt pailzeoun,
The foure ſquyers to meit him maid tham boune,
And him reſavit wonder thankfullie,
And treitit him richt fair honorabillie.
He thankit them, and wald not with them licht,
Bot hovit ſtill abyding the Greine Knicht.
Soune this was tauld unto Clariodus,
Quhilk [glad] was of his couſing cumand thus;
For weill he knew that he was Palexis,
Ane Knicht full great of fame and worthines,
Brother unto his couſing Amadur,
That valiant was for to manteine ane ſtour,
And was in armis his awin fellow deir,
Whom he ever lovit weill in all maneir;
And he againe him lovit over all thing,
Thocht then he had of him no knowledging.
The Greine Knicht affendit on his ſteid,
Bricht as Apollo, ſchyning in his weid.
His Lady him convoyit on ane ſpace,
Upon his heid he did his bricht helme lace.
The Knicht, Sir Pennent, raucht to him a ſpeir,
He ſteirit his courſour with ane knichtlie feir.

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Gylzeam de la Forreſt, and Richard de Maianis,
When they beheld his knichtlie governance,
Thay ſaid anone to nobill Palexis,
To doe thy devore with courage thé adreſe,
For of this wyde warld aluterlie,
Zonder rydis the flour of chevalrie;
And whoſo lift to ſe ane gudlie ficht,
Let him cum furth and luike upon zon Knicht.
Sir Palexis, that ever was gud at neid,
Delyverlie he lanſit furth his ſteid;
Nocht better forge could Deame Natur,
For he was ſeimlie of corpis and ſtatur,
Lyk to his eame the gud Clariodus.
Thir two aprochit to uther thus,
Up gois the weirlyke ſound of clariouns,
Togidder gois thir michtie champiouns
With ſpeir ſet all ſadlie into the reiſt;
With manlie heartis baith fordward they preiſt,
And large alſe faſt as ſpuris could them ſpeid,
And they have met withouttin aw or dreid.
Thair ſpeiris flew in peices in the aire,
Whill throw the reard the cludis can all to rare,
As it had beine ane crake of thunder fell,
The caſtell wall redoundit with the zell;
Baith hurlit bakward thair ſteidis with a grane,
Whill that the noyſe dinlit baith aird and ſtaine.
The rumour raiſe throw all the feild about,
Of the two Knichtis haveing mikill doubt
That thay ſould have fruſchit throw the ſteill
With the ilke daſch; bot thay recoverit weill:
Alſo of new two ſpeiris have they hint,
And ran togidder as ferce fyre and flynt

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Whill that the trinſchouns ower thair heidis zeid,
And fyr out followit alſe reid as ony gleid;
They reſtit never quhile they awcht ſpeiris brake,
So them betwine thair was ay rap for rap:
As fearce as dragouns wood and violent
Thair courſe had fetchit from the firmament,
And breiſt for breiſt had met with all thair mane,
Whyll with thair fetheris coverit was the plaine;
So ſtrawit was the feild thir Knichtis under.
Of fettering ſchafts, and trinſchouns broke in ſunder,
That folkis all winderit that about them hovit,
That they nocht go from thair ſteidis behovit.
With the laſt counter thay maid that day,
Than to himſelf can Palexis ſay,
Thow art no man, for be thy force I feill,
Thou art ane feind forgit into ſteill;
For never more, ſen I could ſit on horſe,
Was I ſo machit with no manis force.
The ſamine thing thocht Clariodus,
And with ane mynd ferce and curagious
Ane ſpeir he gripit winder great and wicht,
And with ſic force he ran upon the Knicht,
He drave him and his hors doun togidder,
If they wer dead or not, no man could tell quhidder,
To grund thay ruſchit with ſic ane vehemence,
All throw his michtie ſtraike and violence;
Bot he, throw Godis grace, full weill eſchewit;
His nobill ſquyeris him haiſtilie relevit:
Upon the hand he hurt was a lyt,
Of quhilk but dread he rekit not ane myt.
Clariodus returnit to his tent.
Foure of his ſquyeris unto Palexis went,

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And did with him as with the uther two,
Quhilk full glaidlie ſchup with them to go.
Sir Amadur had joy and great blythnes,
Quhen that he ſaw his brother Palexis;
Sir Broun was glaid alſo of his cuming,
And then alſuith they fell in commoning
Of the Greine Knicht, and of his [great] valour,
His praiſe, bewtie, his face, and his figoure.
Sir Pennent com as thay war ſpeiking thus,
Be the cunning of Sir Clariodus;
With him he brocht his Lady bricht and ſcheine,
With all the virginis freſchlie cled in greine,
Harping, ſinging, and making melodie,
With joyous ſound of hevinlie menſtrellie.
Unto Palexis he maid feiſt far more
Nor he did to the uther twa before.
This Ladie, quhilke was ane leich wonder gud,
Hes ſtemit of Palexis hand the blude,
And maid it to be haill in litill ſpace,
As be the Greine Knicht ſcho commandit was;
The quhilke [fain] wald have ſeine [Sir] Palexis,
And his fellowis, to doe them glaidnes,
Bot for diſcovering he wald not wend
Whill that his enterpryſe was at ane end.
The priſſoneris remainis into firmance,
They feill no thing of ſorrow nor penance.
Of Palexis went hame the companie,
And did the maneir plainlie ſertifie
Of all the juſting word be word;
Whairof the guid King thocht bot litill bourd,
That priſſoneris his Knichts war ſo caucht
Be ſic ane ſtranger to quhom he nothing awcht.

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When he had hard that Palexis and his hors
War baith to grund [thus] ſtrikin with his force,
He ferliet greatlie, ſo did the court all haill,
Of the Greine Knicht and of his [great] availl,
Saying, Gif that Clariodus in feild
And he alſo [came] enarmit under ſcheild,
The two beſt Knichtis in the warld war met.
The King ſaid, Sir Gilzeam, do zour debt,
With him the morne zour ſtrenth ze mone aſſay.
Then can Gylzeam de la Forreſt ſay,
Full littil or nocht my ſtrenth it may availl
Againis his micht, quhen Knichtis did aſſaill
Stronger nor I, and nobiller [of] renoune,
And faillit not for to be ſtrikin doune;
Bot as my fellowis zit I ſall aſſay,
And ſall not faill to do the beſt I may.
Be he had anſweirit thus it waxit lait,
And unto bedis went hé and law eſtait.
Gilzeam de la Forreſt raiſe up with the day,
And at the King tuike leave and went away,
And with his ſquyeris raid to Maſon le Joyous;
Whom ſoune perſavit Sir Clariodus,
Quhilke ſmartlie hes donne af his falſe viſage,
And threw on him his helmet with curage,
And with his michtie ſpeir into his hand
He met Sir Gilzeam fairlie on the land,
And ſtraike him from [his] horſe without delay;
And ſyne unto his pailzeoun went his way:
To priſſoun was he taine, and that anone;
His fellowis hamwart to the King ar gone,
And tauld how Gilzeam ſoune was ſtrikin doune,
Richt as ane bairne full febill of perſoun.

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The court greatlie mervellit of this thing,
Of the Greine Knicht was all thair comoning;
So to and fro thay ſpake quhile it was nicht,
And then anone to bed went everilk knicht.
Richard de Maianis nixt did him perſew,
And nixt him Sir Theman de la Hew,
Syn ſtraike he doune Sir Triſtrame de Beaufort,
And efter him Sir Clarius de la Port,
Syne vinquiſt he Sir Cardron de la Conge,
And efter him Sir Leoport de la Gonge;
So furth induring quhile did ane moneth left,
He counterit with ane Knicht ay of the beſt
Whill threttie Knichtis he had ſtrikin doun
Of tham that war in court of beſt renoune.
On this ilk moneth in the letter day,
The King inquirit of ane ſquyer or tway,
How the laſt Knight did him impartie.
The Knight of Eſtur lichtit ſuddanlie,
And did aſſend into the hall anone;
Unto the King full glaidlie is he gone.
The King reſavit him with great blythnes,
And ſo did all the lordis baith mair and les;
The Queine and all the ladies did him kis,
And him reſavit [alſe] with mikill bliſe,
As he quho for the commoun profite haill
Exerceiſand juſtice had taine great travell.
The King him tauld, with everie circumſtance,
Of the Greine Knight the rule and governance;
And all the maner, as ze heard before,
How on the morne he ſould juſt and no more.
And quhan the Earle hard of this tyding,
How on the morne that it ſould taike ending,

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So lawlie he inclynit to the King,
And beſought him atoure all uther thing
That he wald releive him of his regall micht,
Upon the morne to fight with the Greine Knight.
The King was laith to grant him his aſking,
For he the realme had haill in his governing,
And thocht, if [that he] had beine ſtrikin doune
That nixt himſelf was greateſt of renowne,
It had to his realme diſhonour more
Nor all the reſt that vinquiſt war before:
Bot this he him beſought ſo earniſtlie,
That be na maner he could him it deny;
Bot grantit him, and ſaid, If ȝe will ſo,
My ſelf with ȝow in companie ſall go,
[The Quein, and alſe the fair Meliades,]
With all my houſe; ſa help us Godis grace
That we may vinquiſe upon the letter day.
His houſhald all commandit he that thay
Sould redie make the morne with him to [go]
To Joyous Maſon a litill ſpace them fro.
Now reſt I will to ſpeike more of the King
Whill I ſay of Clariodus ſum thing.
Clariodus hes gart ane varlot go
To Windieſchor, to fetch him ſpeiris mo.
This varlot hard rehearſing in the toun,
How that the King at morne ſould make him boune
To ſe the juſting upon the letter day;
Whairfor he ſped him hame but mair delay.
And quhen he com before Clariodus,
He preſentit him the ſpeiris, ſaying thus,
My Lord, I hard rehearſing in the toune,
The nobill King, with monie bauld barroun,

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Sall cum the morne the juſting for to ſie,
In all his hee triumph and royaltie;
The luſtie Queine, and eike hir dochter fair,
With monie ane ſeamlie ladie wilbe thair;
Ane Lord is cum unto the court this night,
He ſeimes baith to be wyſe and wicht,
The morne quhilk hes taine the juſting on hand,
The governour they call him of Ingland;
The King himſelf he ſchaipis him to convoy
With great triumph of pleſance and of joy.
I ſaw the Queine furth at ane windo ly,
With monie ane lady and damoſell hir by.
And thair I ſaw the fair Meliades,
The tender blome of ȝouth and luſtines,
Diſteingeand the reſt about with hir bewtie;
As the day ſtar full of benignitie
Surmuntis everie ſtar ſituat
In the illuminus hevinis ſtellat
Scho is the lodſtar full of luſtines,
Of womanheid baith ladie and maiſtres:
My Lord, I trow in trewth had ȝe hir ſeine,
That ſcho ſchould greatlie [by ȝow] praiſit beine.
When of this tyding hard Clariodus,
In breiſt he was wonder glaid and joyous,
That uneis for glaidnes he micht conteine,
Rèmèmbering on Meliades the ſcheine,
Quhilk was of bewtie the verie flour and roſe;
Hir cuming ſo greatlie did him rejoſe,
Within his breiſt his heart dancit aloft,
Of his fair fortoun thanking God full oft.
Unto the varlot for his gud tydings,
He gart be gevin fortie French florings;

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Syne gart he fetch the gud Lord of that place,
And of this thing he tauld him all the cace;
Commanding him anone to caus be maid,
For fight of Lordis, ſkaffaldis heich and braid
On ather half, quhen the juſting ſould be,
Hecher and lower efter thair degree
Of nobillis and barrouns on tham ſould ſtand;
And efter that to cover them, ſo ordand,
With leves greine, and flouris reid and quheit,
And bricht main bloſſomis bluming with delyt,
That na tre ſalbe ſeine for leif and floure;
Ouerſpred with Mayis carpits of verdoure.
He ordanit eike two ſkaffaldis to be maid
[In reall ſtait, and all with purpour claid,]
And ſyne arayit with ſilkis thair abone
And claith of gold, as michtie Mars his throne;
The ane he ordanit for the Kings Majeſtie,
Ane uther for the Queinis royaltie
And for hir dochter Meliades the bricht.
He ordanit eike ane fair hall ſould be dicht
Of turnour warke, owercled with leves greine,
And brighteſt bloſſomis that on bewes beine;
And bad tham thair all neceſſaris intake,
Heir ane triumphand banquet for to make.
Sir Pennent ſaid, My Lord, goe zow repoſe,
And I anone ſall follow zour purpoſe.
This forſaid Knicht gart ſearch all the cuntrie,
And fetchit thair all workmen that war ſlee,
Wrichtis, and maiſters of geometrie,
And maiſt practitioneris of theotrie,
Carvors, painters, and ſubtilleſt devyſers,
To make the liſtis to the interpriſers,

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Quha in that land of cunning was or pryſe,
Or had ane curious mynd or devyſe.
Name bot it was in fortreſe or in touris,
Or in the hall was depaintit luſtie flouris,
Or in the hinging of the tapeſtrie,
Or in the liſtis buildit royallie,
Was never hard, of ſo ſchort proviſioun,
So curious wark in no regioun.
Clariodus went to [his] bed to ſleipe,
Bot of his Ladie ever in mynd tuke keipe,
Now braiding in his dreime for joy,
And now eſcarting for langour and for noy;
Now ſlumbering ſoft, now braid awaiking,
Now ſiching deip, [and] now for joy ſinging.
How oft in breiſtis ſlitis joy and blis,
As weill ȝe know that lovers beine I wiſe,
Of thame that loves ſervandis beine alway.
Into his bed now muſing as he lay,
He thocht if that his Father come in field
Againeſt him in armes under ſcheild,
Then that he wald aluterlie forbeir,
And not tuich his bodie with ane ſpeir;
Bot onlie that he wald his helme unlace,
And ȝeild him to his Father with bair faice:
For certanlie my Author tellis me thus,
That wounder wyſe was this Clariodus,
Richt juſt and [gude and] mercifull in heart,
Having all tyme the dreid of God inwart;
Devote he was, and full of humbilnes,
Rycht gentill, and repleit with nobilnes;
Quhilke maid him forwart ay in all maneir,
And lovit with the peple far and neir.

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Richt as the luſtie candill matutine
Begouth with criſtall viſage for to ſchyne,
Befor Aurora, I meine the Morrow ſtar,
For bewtie that clippit is Lucifer,
Throw perſing licht of quhais beimis ſcheine,
Walknit for love the rewthfull Philomen,
With angillis voice ſingand befor the day;
Clariodus, quhilk langer ſleipe no may,
Furth walkit into his mantill and his ſarke
For biſſines, to gar men heaſt his warke,
Quhilk all that nicht had not ſleipit with ey,
Bot biſſie war in labour eydentlie;
Craftis men haiſtit thair wark perfay,
The Knicht Sir Pennent ſtanding thame by,
Deviſing thingis maiſt expedient
For honour of his Lord armipotent.
Quhen that the worthie, wicht Clariodus
About the liſts ane quhyle had paſſit thus,
Seing that everie thing was donne aricht,
Becaus he litill ſleipit had that nicht,
He went unto his chalmer and tuike reſt
Quhill that the prince of planits him up dreſt;
The goldin glemes of gleiting ſkyis cleir,
Did hevinlie in the orient appeir;
Up raiſe bricht Phebus with the morrow ſoft,
Up raiſe the noiſe of birdis upon loft,
Up raiſe the nobill King and eike the Queine,
Up raiſe alſo Meliades the ſcheine,
Up raiſe the court, and did them all adreſe
In pretious weidis of great luſtines.
The Queine did hir aray full richlie,
And hir atyrit full pretiouſlie;

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And eike the luſtie madin Meliades
Into hir heart could na mair joy deviſe
Nor ſcho had for to go ſe the juſting,
To ſe him that ſcho did love abone all thing.
Quhen of this paſſage ſcho was full aſſurit,
With pretious ſtonis, and rich pearle and purit,
Scho did hir freſche and luſtilie atyre;
Hir ſchyning hair as [the] bricht gold wyer
Hang ſchyning into gyltine traces cleir,
With croun upon hir heid baith rich and deir
Set full of roobies and ſapheiris blew;
Ane fairer princes in all the warld nane knew.
The Count of Eſtur enarmit him rycht anone
At all pairtis, ſave of his helme alone.
Quhen they hard meſe and ſyne diſjunit,
The ſilver trumpit ſyne uptunit.
For hors they cryit: the King lape on rycht thair,
All coverit with his armis gud and fair:
The Queine raid in ane chariot on height,
All coverit with ane claith of gold full bricht
Browderit with pretious ſtonis and pearlis quhyt,
Quhilk to behold it was [ane] great delyte:
Ilke in ane chariot raid this ȝoung Princes;
Of gold and ſtonis great was the riches
About hir ſchynit freſchlie as the day;
Two ſnaw quhyt palfrayes led hir furth the way,
With harniſching more nor I can ſchaw;
For gold and ſtonis micht no man hir knaw;
Threttie ladies followit hir weill beſeine,
Alſe bricht of bewtie as the bloſſume ſcheine:
The Count of Eſtur aſcendit on his ſteid,
With mony ane knicht [attyrit] in freſch weid,

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Quhilk buire his ſpeiris and with him abaid;
With his bricht helme ane Lord before him raid.
I let them paſe rycht glad and ſoberly,
And of the Greine Knicht [ſum thing] ſpeik will I.
The Greine Knicht redie was into his tent.
The Knicht Sir Pennent ay full biſſie went,
Putting all things in rule and governance,
Great policie he maid at all pleſance.
When he thocht everie thing was at poynt,
That from perfectioun thair was no diſjoynt,
For Lordis that war dwelling neir thame by
He ſent for twelf, abuilzeit reallie,
For to reſave the King with great honour,
Quhilk neir aprochit with court of great valour.
And or the King com neir the juſting place,
They micht his minſtrellis heir ane long ſpace;
Heich was the noyſe, and curious was the ſound
Of talbert, trumpit, and of clarioun.
Quhen that the King was cuming neir the feild,
He hovit ſtill, and attentivlie beheld
The gudlie entres raiſit upon heicht,
All browderit and depaintit with leves bricht,
With gudlie flouris wounder freſche to be ſeine,
The blumes quhyt, and the leves greine,
The variant hewis without of purpour thine,
With cloath of gold arayit all within,
The curious kirnellis ryſeing upon heicht
Glittering and ſchyning ſo winder fair and bricht.
Great was the joy thay had on everie ſyd,
For to behold the Greine Knicht as he did ryd.
The King ſaid that it was the gudlieſt ſicht,
That ever he ſaw in eard of ony wicht;

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So ſaid the lordis and knichtis all in feir.
The nobill Queine and all the ladies cleir
Great joy had him to ſe on ſik ane wyſe;
And maiſt of all, the fair Meliades
Rejoſit was that Knicht for to behold,
Whom to hir heart withoutin ſtraike was 3old;
To ſe him ryd ſo knichtlie in his weid,
That love hir ſa ſtreinʒeit withoutin dreid,
That it ane ſeikness grew about hir heart,
That ſuddant ſtart ſcho micht it not eſcart
Of Cupidis bow ſo big againis hir bent,
From quhilk ane hundreth awfull dartis went
Ilk efter uther, with woundis greine and new,
Throw quhais ſtoundis ſcho oft changit hew,
Almaiſt hir paſſioun inſufferabill,
Amongs them alſo ſcho is to ſune abill;
And efter that ſcho wald recover a ſtound,
And with ſic comfort and great joy abound,
That uneis for glaidnes [ſcho] micht conteine;
And thus for love this lufty] Lady beine.
Quhen redie war thir nobill Knichtis two,
The Kingis herald cryit, Let them go.
Full haiſtilie than rowmit was the feild,
And to thair meiting everie man beheld.
The Count of Eſtur com redie in his geir:
And the Greine Knicht anone hes taine his ſpeir;
Bot he his helme no way wald let lace,
Whairof his felow grit mervell hes;
The caus quhairof ʒe ſall wit efter ſoune.
Anone the trumpits blew a mirrie toune;
The Knichtis baith com to ſo wonder fair,
That all men them commendit that war thair.

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The Grein Knicht ſoftlie did his courſer ſteir;
Bot quhen he did aproch his Father neir,
Alſweith his lance fourth of his reiſt he threw,
And from his heid his helme he af drew,
And to his Father he hes offerit his ſpeir,
Saying, with glaidſume viſage and with faire,
My Lord, I ȝeild me to ȝow but ſtraike,
So as ȝe liſt of me ȝour conquiſe make.
The Count of Eſtur him beholding thus,
And ſaw it was his ſonne Clariodus,
Alſo his ſpeir to grund he caiſt him fro,
And af hes hivit his helme or he wald ho,
And in his armis heir he did him brace,
And tenderlie him kiſſit in that place.
Great wounder had the peple all about,
Upon this thing had ferlie all the rout;
Bot quhen they wiſt it was Clariodus,
The clamour raiſe and noyſe mervellous
Amongis them, over all baith auld and ȝing,
For, certes, they him lovit over all thing,
And with ane clamour ryſing to the ſky,
Vive, Vive Clariodus, they cry.
The Lordis lape from ſkaffald heir and thair,
And maid him for to licht with freindlie fair;
Bot they uneis in armes micht him fang
For preiſe of peple that about him thrang.
The nobill King ſo glaid was this to ſeine,
For joy the teiris ran doune from his eine;
Glaid was the Queine, and all hir Ladies eik:
Bot maiſt of all Meliades the meike,
Intill hir eyis full pleſand was the ſicht
Of him that was hir ſervand and hir Knicht,

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Quhilk conqueiſt had hir honour and renoune
Over all uther Knichts but compariſoun.
What ſall I of hir joyes to zow wryt?
I can not have hir gladnes put in dyte.
The King diſcendit from his ſkaffald thair;
So did the Queine, and eik hir dochter fair.
Clariodus tham met full courteſſie,
And on his kneis ſat doun full reverentlie,
Helſing the King, quhom he tuike up alſweith
Up in his armes, and with his viſage blyth
Him kiſſit ſweitlie, and eik ſo did the Queine,
And ſyne Meliades that Lady ſcheine.
Lordis and ladies did ſo about him thriſt,
Him welcuming, that redlie he no wiſt
Whom to anſweir or to thank in thair;
Bot ay inclynand with ane viſage fair.
Quhen knicht and lord, lady and baitcheleir
Had him reſavit with ane frindlie cheir,
Richt courteſſie the King he did beſeike,
And ſyne the Queine, and the zoung Ladie eik,
To pas and tham repoſe into the place;
Thay grantit him, and went furth with ſolace;
They enterit in the place, and ſyne anone
In ane fair chalmer he maid them for to gone;
The Lord ſyne of the place he gart him bring,
And his aquentance thair maid with the King,
And with the Queine, and with Meliades.
When this was donne, he ſaid upon this wyſe
Unto the King, Sir, moſt it zow effeiris,
To go and louſe zon werie priſſoneris;
To quhilk the King hes grantit with gud will,
The Count of Eſtur he gart remaine thair ſtill,

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And eik with him his ſone Clariodus,
To make the Ladies mirrie and joyous.
He enterit in the chalmer of pleſance,
Whair that the priſſoners ſould dre thair pennance.
Thir nobill Knichtis quhen they ſaw the King,
They war rejoſit into mikle thing;
Thay did inclyne and did him reverence,
Richt as effeirit to his excellence.
He ſpeirit of thair faſſioun and thair cheir
Sen the firſt tym thay enterit priſſoneir;
And thay have tauld him all the circumſtance
Of all thair feiſting, and thair great pleſance.
The King beheld the chalmer then wiſſie;
And ſeing it arayit ſo richlie,
Eſpying all thair playing inſtruments,
Thair feiſting, and thair pleſant abaitments,
Thair dancing, ſinging, with ſound of minſtrellie,
The King ſaid, Ze ar beholdin grittumlie
To the Greine Knicht hes zow priſſoned ſo,
Ze have felt mair of glaidnes nor of wo;
Syne them befor Clariodus he brocht,
Saying to them, Know ze the Greine Knicht ocht?
How lykis it zow zour taiker, ſchaw to us?
And quhen they ſaw it was Clariodus,
Mirrier Knights war never under the ſone;
Thair men micht ſe ane game new begune,
Thay did inclyne to him full courteſlie,
And he imbracit tham full tenderlie;
He kiſſit Amadur and alſo Pallexis,
Quhilk was his couſings of ſik nobilnes.
The Knichts then deliverit war anone.
The King then to the triumph hall is gone,

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Quhilk browderit was [with] leives and with flours,
Richt luſtie fair and pleſant ower miſſours.
The King commendit it rycht greattumlie,
So did the Queine, and eik the ȝoung Ladie;
The Count of Eſtur praiſit it alſo.
They woſche and to the denner ſyne did go.
To the tabill anone was ſet the King,
The Queine, and eik Meliades the ȝing;
At the ſame burd ſat the Earle of Eſtur.
The Merchellis of diſcretion and nurture
Full biſſilie went ben and but the hall;
At uther buirdis that war collaterall
They ſet the Lordis eſter thair degrees,
With potent barouns, knichtis, and ladies.
And as the firſt cours com in randound,
The mirrie trumpits maid ane mirrie ſound;
Of clariouns ſchill, and uther minſtrellie,
I wiſt thair was ane hevinlie melodie;
The ſound out throw the ſilver mettel thrang,
Whill all the grit hall throw the noyiſe rang.
Thair monie diverſe courſe for to declair
Ane houris lenth ſould occupie and mair,
Quhilk neidis not for to be tauld all heire;
Great was the feiſt with hie triumph and cheir.
When ſilence beine of windand minſtrellie,
And buird beine ſervit, by and by
The luits beine ſayit and the ſtringis,
The ſquyeris danſing alway in the ſpringis,
The harpis beine ſayit at the full
To make hearts mirrie that war dull;
The guthtrone with triumph did record,
The cleare ſymball with the mirriecord,

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The dulcat playit alſo with portative
Sad hevie myndis to make exultative;
The dulſe, baſe fiddell, with the recordour
Aſſayit war and ſet at ane miſſoure;
Out of Irland ther was ane clerſcheo.
[The King begouth to lauch, the Quein alſo,]
And then luich all, and maid grit game,
He could not mirrie be that thair was drame;
For thair nocht wantit of all warldlie joy
That ever had fair Priamus of Troy.
The mekill hall was ſervit far and neir
Of rich wynis in goldin coupis cleir.
And betwix courſis was ane padzeane playit,
Into play coats they curiouſlie war arayit,
By great inchanters and ſubtill magicianis.
Sweit ſinging was of craftieſt muſicianis,
And mirrie danſing of tender virginis quhyt,
With pleſant ſtories all of Homer's indyte;
And mirrie ſabillis of Guido de Colune,
Eik was thair ſynis of padzeanis playit dumbe.
If I ſould tell zow all the long proces,
I ſould zow irk be ſurfat of exces;
For beſt is ane diſcretioun moderat,
For everie thing aucht to be temperat.
The Kingis heralds larglie cryit aloud,
Of gold and ſilver, and of ſeimlie ſchroud,
Gevin to them be Sir Clariodus,
That was both wicht, wittie, and famous;
Quhilk all this quhyle was on his feit ſtanding,
For he was maiſter carver to the King.
Bot ſoune anone he paſſit af the hall,
And tuike with him his priſſoneris all;

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Saying to them, My frindis treſt and deire,
Ze do me now the pleſour I require,
That ze wald gounis weir in ſuit with me.
Thairto full glaidlie can [they] all agre.
He gart furth bring to everie man a goune,
That at the liſtis he had ſtrikin doun,
Of claith of gold, hevinlie hewit greine,
Furrit with mertrix gudlie for to ſeine.
Quhilk gouns he gart make for thame onlie,
Of his great wiſdome, and his courtaſie.
To Sir Pennent ane goun gave he alſo,
[And he] himſelf that day wore ane of tho.
With him thay dynit in the chalmer thair,
Syne to the hall [thay] all togider fair,
Quhair that the King ſat [at] his denner ſtill.
This luſtie ſort of Knichtis went him till,
And thankit him of his great gentilnes,
To thame donne be his paſſing nobilnes.
Of Sir Clariodus of great renoune
Then ſaid the King with richt bening ſermoune
Unto the Count of Eſtur; Fair couſingne,
I weinit our Knichts ſould thair ranſoum bring,
For to have gevin Clariodus zour ſone;
Bot to gif them he hes firſt begune.
The Count of Eſture [anſuerit] Per mon fay,
The nobill Knichtis ſpeikis more largly
Anents my ſone I wait, nor he hes deſervit;
Ane greater guerdoun for to have thay ſervit.
Quhen this was donne, thay woſch and ſaid grace,
Syne to the floure they went them to ſolace.
On inſtruments menſtrelles playit curiouſlie,
Lords, knichts, and ladies danſit mirrilie.

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Be this thair enterit into the hall
The ſex fair Virgins, luſtie, quhite and ſmall,
That led the Greine Knight to the juſting place;
As roſe and lillie cullour was thair face;
All cled in cloath of ſilver new and greine
Of pleſant bewtie, angellyk to ſeine;
With hairis bundin in traces of gold,
Schyning full bricht and pleaſant to behold;
All with greine hatis on thair heidis ſet,
With ſtainis and pearle michtilie ouerfret;
With ſex fair Squyers cled in the ſame cullour
Them leading, for to ſe was great pleſoure.
Firſt thrie com in, of quhilk the formiſt had
Upon hir hand ane fair ſparhalk weill maid;
And to the King ſcho kneillit courteſlie,
And him preſentit the halk delyverlie,
Saying, The Greine Knicht hes this halke zow ſend,
Doing him hartlie to zour Grace commend.
The King this halk reſavit fra the maid,
I thanke richt heartlie the Greine Knicht, he ſaid.
The uther thre them followit ſoberlie,
Quhilk gave thre leich of hundis beninglie
Unto the King, and all war cullourit quhyt.
Thus ſaid the formiſt madine of delyt,
The Greine Knicht him commendis to zour Grace.
Then cryit all the court with mirrie face
Upon this wayis, VIVE CLARIODUS,
Baith wyſe and worthie, nobill and gratious!
Then begouth menſtrellis mirrilie to play,
And for to dance zoung knichtis did aſſay;
Clariodus anone begouth to dance,
And freſch Meliades of moſt pleſance,

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Quhilk tham becam ſo weill and luſtily,
Them for to ſe great joy had ſtanding by;
The lordis, ladies, and knichtis in the hall
Danſit anone. Thus mirrie maid thay all.
When that the dance was ceiſit, then the King
Clariodus beſoght that he wald ſing.
The quhilk begouth to ſing on gudlie wyſe
The ſong that he had maid of Meliades;
Ane ſquyer of his him helpit courteſlie,
Whilk ſang the tennour wonder pleſandlie.
When he had ſung it, [then] he tuike delyt,
And it into ane role cloſſit perfite,
And put [it] in the hand of his Ladie
Without perſaving, wonder quyetlie.
Meliades glaidlie tuike the ſang,
And previlie ſcho in hir ſlive it thrang;
Syne [ſecreitlie] his hand ſcho ſtreingit, thus,
Half ſmyling, ſaying, Sir, ȝe ar perrellous
Amongs ladies in companie to ſtand,
That ſo can thring thir billis in thair hand.
All eardlie joy for ane quhile dois bot left;
When his luſtie triumph was mirrieſt
The King gart call for horſe, and that anone
But more delay, for he wald hameuard gone;
Sir Pennent he rewairdit moniefold,
And held him ſtill as knicht of his houſhold;
His Ladie fair, and hir ſex Virgins ſcheine,
He gart becum in houſhold to the Queine.
To Windieſchoir the King I let furth ryd.
Clariodus behind him did abyd
For to rewaird the ſervants of the place,

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And ſo he did rycht larglie with ſolace;
Syne followit on the Court quhilk him abaid,
And rycht humblie to the King he raid,
And thankit him of his magnificence,
And eik the Queine of hir great excellence,
Quhilk gave thair nobill preſence in the hall;
Meliades he thankit eik withall.
With court royall, thus raid the King furth rycht
To Windiſchore, and thair he did alycht,
Whair [that] the ſupper redie was at all.
The King and Queine ar enterit in the hall,
And to the tabill [war] ſet michtilie;
And everilk lord of honour, and ladie,
War ſet at ſupper efter thair degrie,
And ſervit ſyne with great ſolemnitie.
The King commandit Sir Pennent the Knicht
Sould feiſtit be, and eik his Ladie bricht,
And the ſex Virgins; quhilk was donne at all.
Then menſtrallis playit luſtilie in the hall.
Rycht as thay ſouppit had and ſaid the grace,
So com the Kingis brother Sir Thomas;
Him welcumit the King on fair maneir,
As ȝe ſall efter in this proces heir.
ȝe micht have ſeine ane richt triumphant thing,
Of gudlie knichtis had beine at juſting;
Bot fra he ſaw the honnour and the feiſt,
That thair was maid baith more and leiſt
Unto the Count of Eſtur and Clariodus,
He grew in breiſt haitfull and invyous;
And in his mynd with felloune rancour fyrit
He hes ane falſe and feindlie fact conſpyrit

Agains Clariodus the wicht and wyſe,
And eike agains his neice Meliades;
Quhilk tham engreifit oft in grit maneir,
As ȝe ſall efter in this Treateſe heir.
The King gart have him to ane chalmer fair,
And royallie gart him be feiſtit thair.
When this was donne, the King to chalmer went,
With mony earlis, knichtis, and lordis potent,
With mekill glaidnes and with ſolacing,
With minſtrellis ſyne, quhair thay did dance and ſing
Ane weill lang ſpace; ſyne everie lord anone
Hes taine his leive, ſyne to his Inis is gone.
Meliades hir leave hes taine at the Queine,
And went to chalmer with hir ladies ſcheine;
And quhen ſcho was in chalmer quyetlie,
With hir awin ſecrite ſervants gone onlie,
With the advyſe and leive of hir maiſtres,
Scho cauſit dame Romaryn hir adreſe
To fetch the Lady of Joyous Maſon,
To make to hir ane mirrie collation.
Scho bad the varlot Bonvaleir alſo
That he for Sir Clariodus ſould go.
Now Romaryn hes donne this Ladie bring,
And the ſex Virgins pleſant and bening;
The varlot eik hes brocht Clariodus.
Meliades was then in heart joyous,
And tham reſavit with ane pleſant cheir,
And with ane ſweit and womanlie maneir,
Sayand to [Sir] Clariodus hir Knight,
Supple me at ȝour pouer and ȝour micht,
This Ladie for to feiſt, and make ȝud cheir.

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He ſaid, Madame, forſuith my commoun wer,
For ſcho hes oft me feiftit [weill] for this.
Ane banquit than begane with joy and bliſe.
Meliades then tuike hir be the hand
With womanlie effeir, doing hir command
For to begine the tabill mirrilie;
Bot this gud Ladie full of courteſie
Excuiſit hir to ſit ſo hé at tabill
With hir that was a princes honorabill;
Bot that micht be no bute ſcho ſat [hir] doune,
With Amadour ane Knicht of grit renoune.
And eik ſcho baid, with wordis amiabill,
Clariodus to ſtand beſyd the tabill
And be ane carvour. To quhilk he did conſent.
Lower ſat uther ladies conſequent.
Dame Romaryn with twa ladies hir by
Servit the tabill winder reverently.
Great was the banquit and pleſant was the cheir,
With mirrie wordis rycht joyous for to heir,
With fair effeir and rycht glaid countinance,
With eaſie ſichis grundit on pleſance,
With law demandis of ladies by and by,
With ſweit love ſongs and cumlie minſtrelly,
With ſecreit blenkis and inwart beholding,
With ſmylling loukis full of cheriſing,
With birning breiſt of thriſt and hote deſyre
With quhilk ilk wicht ſtomakit beine in fyre;
With all thair pleſant drinkis at the tabill,
With thriſt of love ſo wode and inſatiabill
Within thir lovers breiſtis did abound,
Whair Cupids darts had maid monie ane wounde.

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Thair courſis heir I will not all indyte,
I man on neid reſtraine my pen alite
Or be ouer prolixt in my ſermoning.
When they had long with joy and conforting,
So nobillie feiſtit that lang it war to tell,
All up thay raiſe, ladie and damoſell,
And rycht demurlie ane dance thay begane,
Ane gudlier ſaw never leiveand man.
Efter the dance, begouth they for to ſing;
Meliades with countenance bening
The tribill ſang, full angill lyke and cleir,
So that it was ane paradice to heir;
Ane nobill tennor held Clariodus,
The ſame to heir was hevinlie and joyous.
Whill long upon this wayis thay did diſporte,
The circumſtance war long for to reporte.
When it was lait, than leave tuike everie wicht,
The Ladie kneillit and ſaid, Madam, Gud nicht.
Meliades gart bring of rich collour
Ane goune of claith of gold of grit valour,
And to the Ladie of Joyous Maſone
It preſentit, ſaying with bening ſermone,
Ȝe ſall reſavein this, gentill Couſingne,
And for my ſaik weir it with glaidening.
This Lady kneillit, thanking hir hartfully.
Syne gart ſcho bring the ſex Virgins hir by
Sex fair gounis of velvot cramoſie,
With rich arming reverſit nobillie.
Clariodus rycht glaid was for to ſe,
Of this Ladie the great nobilitie;
Hir paſſing fredome quhen he did eſpy,

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He was rejoſit wounder grittumly.
Thay tuike thair leaves, thair is no mair to ſay,
Sir Clariodus convoyit all the way
This Lady to hir chalmer, and anone
He tuike his leave and unto bed is gone.
At morrow raiſe all the lordis in feir,
And at the Kingis palice did compeire.
The feiſt indurit furth ane monethes ſpace,
With ſinging, danſing, and joy with ſolace;
Syne lordis tuike thair leave and hamewart went
In court quhilk war not daylie reſident.
Sir Pennent tuike his leave with his Ladie,
Rewairdit be the King rycht honorabillie,
Whom convoyit Clariodus the Knicht,
Oft thanking thame with all his wit and micht
Of the grit kindnes that he into thame fand;
And gart delyver them, but mair demand,
Aucht hundereth florings: bot Sir Pennent I wiſe
Was wounder laith for to reſavein this;
Bot he moſt neidis reſave it with inſtance
Of Sir Clariodus, that nobill Knicht moſt to advance.
Than ather uther imbracit tenderlie,
And tuik thair leave rycht fair and courteſlie.
Kiſſit the Ladie hes Clariodus,
Returning hamwart mirrie and joyous
Unto the court, quhair he remainit ſtill,
And thair had daylie pleſance at his will
Of his Ladie, and commoning alſo.
Whairfor thair heartis brocht war out of woe.
The Count of Eſtur tuike his leave to ryd
To his cuntrie, ane quhill thair to abyd

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With his Ladie, to put in governance
His landis haill be gud rewle and ordinance.
The King I let dwell ſtill at Windieſchore,
Whill I ȝow tell of new tydingis more,
In hiſtorie as my Awthor dois aſſend,
And on this wayis the Secund Buike I end.

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THE THRID BUIK

OF

CLARIODUS.

The King of Cyprus with his court ryding
Endlang the ſtrandis, in ane fair morning,
Beheld ane ſchipe with wind and waves dryve,
Quhilk on the coſt be tempeſt did aryve,
Whairin war marchandis out of Sariſinis land.
The King deſcendit to heir of thair tydand.
They ſchew him that the Caine of Tartarie
With fortie thowſand Turkis was redie
To enter in his land incontinent,
And him perſew with weiris vehement;
And ſaid, that thay his ordinance had ſeine,
Quhilk on the ſea war cumand all bedeine.
The King abaiſſit was [richt] grittumlie,
And for his counſall ſent he haiſtilie;
And quhan that with his lordis he beine advyſit,
For his vaſſelis to ſend thay have deviſit,
That thay within fyve dayis ſould compeir
On thair beſt wyſe, on hors and armour cleir;

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And to gar provide tounis with victuall,
For to withſtand his foes that ſould aſſaill.
This beand donne, the King and eike the Queine
To Bruland went, ane toun with wallis ſcheine,
And thair within providit for ane ȝeir.
His letters he derectit far and neir
In his cuntrie, and wairnit all his leigis
In ilk toun to provide for the ſeigis.
Thair com to Bruland be the fyvetine day
Awcht thouſand ſpeiris in full gud aray;
Of quhilkis the King held four thouſand ſtill,
The uther half they ſent the Marches till,
To keip the cuntrie endlang the coaſt.
The Kingis will fulfillit ather hoſt.
Within ſchort tyme the Turkis did aryve,
And to Bruland aprochit thay belyve,
And thair the ſeige full ſtronglie thay confirme;
The Sowdane with his lordis did determe
To have the toune or ever they fra it raid,
And thairon grit avoues have thay maid.
The King to counſall with his lordis went,
And ordanit folkis in guid abuilȝement
For to aſſay the Turkis day by day.
The Cyprianis rycht manfullie did aſſay
The Saraſinis full oft with ſword and ſpeir,
And iſchit out on them with awfull feir;
On quhais meiting was grit occiſioun,
On baith the ſydis was ſlauchter rycht felloun.
The wird of quhilk com to the reallem of France,
Of quhilk the King had [ſo] grit diſpleſance,
Twa thowſand ſpeiris he ſent them to ſupport,
With his Conſtabill; quhilk redie maid at ſchort,

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And paſſit [ſtrait] to Cyprus the cuntrie,
To Carados ane walled toune by ſea,
Whilk was ane myle from Bruland and no more,
Whair thay on Saraſinis aſſailȝit ſore.
From France to Ingland com this ilk tyding.
When it conſavit Philipon the King,
He was diſpleaſit [eik] in great maneir,
The King of Cyprus was his couſing neir.
Firſt with his counſall he did him advyſe,
Syne to Clariodus upon this wyſe
He ſaid, Ȝe ar ane Knicht of nobill fame,
Throuchout the warld ſpargit is ȝour name;
My brother of Cyprus and eame I mone ſupport,
Quhairfoir ȝe take with ȝow ane luſtie ſorte
Of men of armis, aucht hundreth that ar wicht,
And ſpeid ȝow to the thriſt with all ȝour micht;
For ȝe ſall capitane be and governour
Unto that rout as Knicht of great valoure.
Then ſaid Clariodus, I thank ȝow grittumlie,
Ȝour Heines Sir, that me ſo nobillie
Lift to advance into ſo heich renoune:
Bot I ungainand am; be this reſoune,
He ſould ane lord be of gritter knowlege
And wit of weirlie experience and age
Nor am I: ȝit to take ſic thing on hand,
Nocht this I ſay, ȝour Heichnes to gainſtand;
For I no tyme ȝour command will refuſe,
My unſufficience I ſpeke this to excuſe.
Thair is no bute heirin to ſpeik no more,
Clariodus moſt neidis make thore.
The King gart ſoune his Letters furth adres
For knichtis of grit fame and worthines.

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When that the armie cuming was all cleir,
Clariodus, he ſaid, on this maneir,
Thir folkis I beteach in 3our keiping,
More truſting in 3our wit and governing
Nor ony uther Knicht in all my ringne;
This companie thairfor I 3ow reſigne,
Beſeikand 3ow tham wyſſlie to demane,
Whill 3e in Ingland viſie us againe.
With that he did imbrace Clariodus,
Taking his leave with wordis pitious;
Wha ſaid unto the King, Wald God that I
All 3our command ſall doe ſo diligently,
Efter my wit and my knowleging,
That to 3our Heichnes ſalbe grit pleaſing.
With wordis of pitie and of tendernes
He tuike his leave this nicht; and did adres
Unto the Queine, and tuike his leave humblie;
And at Meliades, quhilk ſecreitlie
Bad him, that he ſould quyetlie at eve,
Unto hir wairdrope cum and take his leave.
Meliades unto hir chalmer went,
And all hir ladies unto thair bedis ſent,
Saying, ſcho was diſpoſit hevilie,
Whairfor ſcho wald that nicht [all] quyetlie
Repoſe hir in hir wardrop at hir eaſe.
This Ladie, quhom na joyes micht appeaſe
For the departing of Clariodus,
With ane regrating wondour dolorus
Adoune ſcho ſet hir at hir bed feit,
Full ſorrowfull, and briſting out of greit,
Bedewing all hir gudlie viſage faire
With teiris bricht, out letting ſiches ſair,

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As ſcho that mundane joy [wald ay] denud.
Romaryn bad hir be in comfort gud,
And preichit hir with wirdis of pleſance;
Saying, Madame, in heart take no pennance,
For ȝe ſould rather glaid and mirrie be,
Conſiddering that he paſſis in ſuplie
Of Criſtine men, the Saraſinis to reſiſt.
All this micht not hir from weiping deſiſt,
Bathit in teiris wox hir bricht viſage;
Scho ſaid, Let be, how ſould my wo aſſwage,
When he that is the flour of chivalrie,
So luiſing me, and I him ſo tenderlie,
Sall pairt from me into ſo far cuntrie,
Nocht witing efter if I ſall him ſe;
Now quhat ſall wird of me fra he be gone?
My heart is deid and cauld lyke ony ſtone;
Ha Romareine, aleace, quhat ſall I ſay,
How ſould I leive, my heart is all away!
Thus weipit ſcho and waillit pitiouſlie,
That ony wicht micht rewth have and mercie
Hir to behold, or ȝit in chalmer be;
Thair is no wicht ſo crewell but pitie,
That micht from teiris hold, or ȝit conteine
Of weiping, fra this Lady he had ſeine.
Softly ſcho ſaid, Romaryn go eſpy,
Furth at the garding poſtrum quyetly,
If that my Knicht be cumit thair or nocht.
This Romaryn hes hir commandement wrocht,
And fand him at the ȝet, and him reſavit;
Syne up to wardrope paſſit unperſavit,
[Where that his Ladie lay on couch alone]
Deadlie of cheir as in her lyfe war none.

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Adoune he ſat beſyd hir on his kne,
For love of God, he ſaid, Madame, let be
Zour cair and woe, and take to zow glaidnes;
For out of dread, I have more hevines
For ſorrow of zow nor dowbill of my ſmert
Albeit that daith ſould take me be the heart;
Ze aucht be glaid, Madame, of this voyage,
For all my freindis of this ilk paſſage,
This wait I weill, thay ſould it mirrie maik,
And ſorie be if it I ſould forſaike;
Quhilk if I had for ony dreid refuiſit,
Of couardice men wald me have accuſit,
Than had I beine degradit and unabill
To love ane Kingis dochter amiabill.
Madam, have mercie on zour awin woe;
Gif ze no lift, aleace, for to do ſo,
For love of God then mercie have on me,
That may for pitie not ſuſteine to ſe
The ſorowful ſicht of zow my Ladie ſweit.
With that the Knicht anone brift out to greit,
That he no wirdis mo as then micht ſpeke
For inwart wo; it ſeamit his heart ſould breke,
So did the ſwird of ſorrow throw it glyd.
Thir loveris weiping [ſo] on everie ſyd,
Ouercum with painis innumerabill,
With ſighis and ſobis uncoverabill
Within thair breiſts, that long they ſpake na thing,
For nather of them could ane word out bring;
With hir was nocht, bot ay, Aleace, my Knicht!
And he againe, Aleace, my Ladie bricht!
And thus thay fure quhile it was neir the day,
Than [wakefull] Romaryn did often ſay,

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The nicht was fullie gone, [the] day aprochit;
Quhilk wird outhrow [baith] thair heartis brochit
Scharp as ane lance, quhilk neidit not I weine,
For ſorrow aneuch was ellis thame betwine.
Then ſaid Clariodus, My Lady bricht,
Thair is no mair, Fairweill, and have gud nicht;
I recommend me to zour ladyheid,
Oft prayand God preſerve zour gudlieheid;
Think on my faith, think on my trew ſervice,
Think on zour Knicht. And quhen Meliades
Saw no refuge, bot he wald pairt hir fro,
In ſwoune ſcho fell for inward paine and woe.
In armis ſoftlie tuike Clariodus,
And with ane cheir full ſad and dollorus,
On bed hir laid full tenderlie and ſoft,
And with his hands he held hir heid on loft,
Beholding on hir gudlie viſage cleir,
Whairon the rolling teiris did appeare,
As bricht dew dropis upon the lillie quhyte;
Quhairof the deadlie woe can no man indyt,
Nor half the cair of Sir Clariodus;
His hard regrat to heir was pitious.
With cauld roſe water com Romaryn faſt,
And on hir face and handis did it caſt;
Bot lang ſcho lay with deadlie viſage greine,
That it was rewth and pitie for to ſeine.
And quhen that ſcho ouircom, ſcho did up braid,
Whair beine my Knicht Clariodus? ſcho ſaid.
Quoth he, My heartis Ladie I am heir,
For love of God make now ſum better cheir,
And think that we ſall meit zit efter this,
Quhen we ſall have ineuch of joy and blis;

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My only Ladie traiſt withoutin dreid,
That for 3our ſaike againe I ſall me ſpeid
Into all haiſt; and eik 3e ſal beleive,
That I ſo laith am 3ow [thus] for to greive,
That lang I ſall not byd from 3our preſence,
For unto me ane death is 3our abſence.
Forſuith ſcho ſaid, Clariodus, I trow
That of this warld depairts from uther now
The treweſt lovers, and the maiſt faithfull eike;
And of ane thing my Knight I 3ow beſeike,
Thocht 3e be far fra me in ane ſtrange ringne,
That 3e be neir to me in ſweit thinking;
And all of ſabill ſalbe myne aray
Whill 3e returne, thairfor make no delay;
3e ſall have heir of gold ane diamant,
When 3e it ſe of me be memorant.
And he gave hir ane rubbie bricht of hew;
With that imbracing can thir lovers trew,
And kiſſit utheris with tearis diſtelling,
And ſo weill long thay ſtud without ſpeiking.
Depairtit thus the Knicht Clariodus,
And his Ladie, with ſighis dollorus.
It ſould me vex and eik my auditouris,
For to indyte the half of thair dolouris;
Furth of the chalmer went this wofull wicht,
With ſorrowfull teiris blindit was his ſight;
To the poſtrum Romaryn him convoyit,
And he, that with melancholie was anoyit,
Streinzit hir hand and micht na wirds out bring,
And to his chalmer went with ſair ſighing,
And upon groufe fell on his bed adoune,
Making ane ſorrowfull lamentatioun;

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Quhilk war ouer tedious heir for to rehearſe,
Quhairfor I will not put it into verſe.
He tuike na claithis off, he lift not to ſleip,
Bot quhile the day he did compleine and weipe.
Romaryn unto hir Ladie went, and ſaid,
Madam, take comfort and anon be glaid,
Zour Knicht is trew, and will belyve returne
As he hes heicht, and will not long ſojorne;
And furth ſcho preichit hir ane fair ſermoune:
Syne in hir bed ſcho hes hir laid adoune,
Whair ſcho maid ane regrat lamentabill,
Whilk to ane biſſie mynd is importabill
To beir, to aprehend, or to indyte;
And eik hir wo me irkis for to wryte,
For never quhill ſcho ſaw hir Knicht againe
Scho danſit, ſang, or wore ane hew bot ane,
And that was ſabill, ſigne of ſteidfaſtnes;
For ſo hir heart was cled with hevines,
That ſcho no lift to cum in companie,
Bot ſolitar to walke all quyetlie.
As goldin Phebus the bricht illuminar,
Aſcendit in the orient preclair,
And his diurnall courſe had new begune,
Full luſtillie up raiſe this Mars his ſone,
The flour of armis nixt God armipotent;
Clariodus, I meane, full diligent
Addreſſit him at morne to his jurnay,
With all the haſt and labour that he may.
When he had ſervit God and taine diſjune,
The trumpits blew to hors ane mirrie tune;
He lape on hors, and all his companie;
The Court did him convoy rycht honorabillie,

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With all the nobill folkis of the toun :
Thus raid they furth with trumpit and clarioun
Whill thay ſex myle had him convoyit,
Thay tuike thair leave, baith burges and barrnet,
And hame returnit to Windiſchore againe.
Clariodus anone the flude hes taine,
He ſchippit in and all the reall ſorte,
And ſoune they did arive at Bruland porte ;
So weill to tham did Eolus his part,
Keiping the wind from everie contrair airt,
That be the help of him and Neptunus,
Withouttin ſtorme or raine tempeſteous,
Into the port of Carados thay aryve,
And from the ſchipe went unto land belyve ;
Whom ſoune perſavit hes the garitouris,
That in the toune and wallis lay and bouris,
And tauld the King of ſic ane companie
Had in thair port aryvit haiſtilie.
Blyth was the King and glaid, for weill he wiſt
That they war freindis, his foes to reſiſt.
When the grit Conſtabill of France hard tyding
Of Sir Clariodus ſuddant aryveing,
Rycht glaid he was, for divers to him ſchew
Of his valiant deidis and his vertew ;
Whairfor on hors aſcendit he anone,
And diverſe lordis maid with him to gone,
And with grit honour met Clariodus,
With knichtis valiant and verteous,
Saying, That he was welcum in that land :
And ather hes taine uther be the hand,
And tenderlie maid thair aquentance ;
Syne to the toune returnit with pleſance,

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And royallie in at the portis raid.
The Frenſch Conſtabill hes grit inſtance maid
Unto Clariodus, with him to go
To ſupper, and his tender couſingis two;
He grantit him, and baid his companie,
The faireſt luging and the maiſt gudlie
Of all the toun, and thair harberie take;
Foure louetennents thairefter gart he make,
To put his folkis in rewle and governance;
To ſupper ſyne thay paſſit with pleſance.
And ſo among all uther commoning,
He ſpeirit of the tounis beſeiging;
And ſyne of thame within and thair defence,
And of the Cainis hé magnificence,
Of everilke ſkirmage and new debait
Of Cyprianis and of Saraſeinis of lait.
The Conſtabill utart everie thing at richt,
Wha wan the feild, and quha was put to flicht.
Whilk commoning was pleſant and joyous
Unto the heiring of Sir Clariodus,
Wha tuike his leave when the ſupper was done,
And to his folkis haiſtit him full ſoune,
And bad them all be readie be the day,
Inarmit weill, and into gud aray,
For he wald let them wit of his cuming.
Thay grantit glaidlie all to his biding.
Clariodus repoſit him that nicht,
And on the morne, be the day waxit licht,
He iſchit furth with all his companie,
Enarmit at all peices nobillie,
And on the Heathine hoſt full hardilie
He maid ane haiſtie onſet, with ane cry,

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The mightie God namand upon height;
With that they ruſchit on them with ſic micht
Throuchout the hoſt alſweith raiſe the affray,
For thay war taine all out of [gud] aray.
Our Criſtine men ſo fearcelie them aſſaillit,
That baith in ſtrenth and hardiment thay faillit.
Bot throw the bugills and the clariouns ſoundis,
Returnit all this falſe heard of Mahoundis,
And cruellie ſet on Clariodus:
Bot he, that was both wyſe and chevalrus,
Loude his anſeinge he did among them cry,
And with his hé renownit companie,
With ſpeiris ſcharp ſo manlie with them delt,
Whill monie of thame anone the deid hes felt;
Of quhilk up raiſe the clamour and the ſound,
That all the wallis rang of Bruland toun,
And all the toun of Carrados alſo;
The King himſelf unto the wallis did go,
The Conſtabill of France with monie knicht.
Be this the day upcleirit and wox licht,
Whair thay micht weill behold the battell,
Wha did defend, and wha did beſt aſſaill.
Ferce was the fight, and awful for to ſe,
On ather ſyd thair was bot Do or die.
Clariodus with michtie ſpeir in hand
Aſſailzeit ſo, no man micht him gainſtand,
Bot ather man or hors zeid to the eard,
Among the Heathen ſo manlie he him ſteird.
When monie ane ſpeir he brokin had aſunder,
He drew his ſword, and thocht that it was wonder
Him to behold, quhilk as ane lyoun wod
Never ſeicit to ſched his foes bluid.

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Befor his face, loe, heir ane knicht goes doun,
And thair ane uther lyis into ſwoune,
The thrid on arſoun gapis as he war deid,
Fra ſum he carves the arme, and ſum the heid,
That of his deidis grite pleſour had the King,
And ſo had all the peple auld and ȝing.
The French Conſtabill perſavit everilk deill,
How no helme micht gainſtand his brand of ſteill,
And how the Heathin he huntit to and fro,
Howbeit thay war fighteris monie mo,
Saying, He wenit into threttie knichts
Had never beine the curage nor the michts,
That he ſaw into that Knicht that day.
His hé honour on all ſydis praiſit thay.
Ane Heathin Knicht that was of maiſt renoune
On Saraſeinis ſyd, pryſit ane champioun,
That to the Caine was verie neir couſigne,
Quick throw the thikeſt of the preiſe did thring,
And ſet upon Clariodus the gud;
He, as [ane] lyoun, aſper, feirce and wod,
Ane ſpeir recoverit [lyand] neir him by,
And met the Knicht ſo wonder feircelie,
And ſo him raife all throuch the bodie out,
That to the eard he duſchit doun but doubt.
With that on height he cryit on his anſinȝe,
And he, quhom that no Turkis micht dereinȝe,
Set on them new with all his companie
With ſo grit curage and ſo hardilie,
And cryit upon the Heathine with ane ſchout,
And with thair ſteillit brandis that war ſtout,
Thay ſaid thair ſydis for till ſow full ſaire,
And dang thame doune in draves heir and thair,

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Whill all the feilds with deid bodies war ſpred,
And all the Heathinis gave thair bake and fled.
Be that the nicht aprochit was and neir,
That ſkantlie men as than micht know thair feir;
Quhairfor he left the chaſe as [for] that nicht,
And enterit in the toune with wallis wicht
Of Carados againe to his luging.
The Conſtabill with folkis auld and ȝing,
Of all the toune him met triumphantlie,
[Who had that day behavd ſo valiantlie,]
Him welcuming with nobill feiſt and cheir,
Being to the toun convoyit on blyth maneir.
The fair begining maid Clariodus
Upon the Heathene, that was utragius;
Whome I leave in the weiris on this wayis,
And ſpeike I will of fair Meliades.
Quhen it was manifeſt to this trator Knight,
The Kingis brother, full of fraud and ſlicht,
How that Clariodus with ane armie
In Cyprus land was [thus] in chevalrie,
The Count of Eſtur home to his cuntrie
Was went alſo, his barnage for to ſee,
He feinȝit letteris of his awin indyte,
Throw his [foull] invy, malice and diſpyte,
As they had cumit from Clariodus
Unto the Kingis dochter, beiring thus,
That ſcho the King ſould poyſoun preſentlie,
That thay the cuntrie micht poſſeid thairby.
Quhilk letteris in a bag they had bein cloſit,
And with ane mynd wonder evill diſpoſit,
Unto the King he went in ſecreit wayis;
The Queine intill ane uther chalmer lyis

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Richt weill at eaſe, and wiſt nocht of this thing.
This tratour Knicht hes ſchawin to the King,
That Sir Clariodus had letters ſent
Unto his dochter Meliades the gent,
To poyſoune him, that thay micht be his airis;
And ſo the treſſoun furth to him declairis,
And ſchew him furth thir letteris oppinlie,
That he himſelf had dyttit traitouruſſlie,
And ſaid, that in ane taverne quhair he lay,
Ane meſſinger thair ludgit in the way,
And in his drukinnes, as did befall,
Out of his bulgit ſchuik his letters all;
Ane varlot of the taverne thame up tuike,
And brocht them me upon the morne to luike,
And of this mater of me he was ſo red
[When of the letters I him queſtioned]
He him abſentit and hes fled away;
Quhairfor in haſt, without ony mair delay,
I com to warne zow of this falſe treaſoun.
The King him trowit, and without reaſoun,
For haſtilie credit he wald gif all tyme,
An war it anents never ſo grit ane cryme,
Quhilk is ane fault full grit into ane King;
He braid unto his ſword, rycht haiſtining,
And wald have went his dochter for to ſla.
This tratour wiſt if he went out ſa,
That redderis ſould have maid impediment,
For all hir lovit that upon hir blent.
Na, Sir, he ſaid, my counſall ze ſall doe,
Sum burriouris ze ſall gar cum zow to,
And tham command to worke at my bidding,
And I ſall caus but ony perſaving,

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That ſcho be taine and ſlaine without the toun,
And thus ſall endit be hir falſe treaſoun;
I taike on me to taike him efterwart,
And of ſik juſtice gif to him his part.
The King neir wode in his melancholie,
Hes gart be brocht thir murtherers in hy,
And them commandit under all heiſt paine,
That his ane dochter ſould with thame be ſlaine,
That litill wiſt, aleace, of this mater,
For paine inewch was at hir heart full neir
For the lang abſence of Clariodus.
This traitour Knicht hes furth delyverit thus,
And went to the chalmer of Meliades,
And cryit furth on hir this haſtie wayis
Unto the King. And ſcho but mair abaid
Obayit him, and on hir kne abraid,
Sum deill affrayit, furth ſcho did hir marke
In treaſes with hir kirtill and hir ſarke,
For ſcho was ay obedient, meike and wyſe,
And beningne alſe, as heart could [eer] devyſe,
Truſting hir father had beine at ſum malice;
My deireſt on, ſcho ſaid, quhat may ȝow pleis?
The King, he ſaid, wald ſpeike with ȝow allone.
He wald not let Romaryn with hir gone.
And quhen, aleace, thistender innocent,
Thus with hir Eame throw the hall is went,
He hir delyverit hes or he wald ſtint
To the murderer, quhilk haiſtilie hir hint
On felloun wayis, rycht rudlie with ruſching,
Nocht handillit as the dochter of a King,
Bot as treſpaſſour with awfull cheir and ſchore;
Hir tender bonis thay ſtronglit all ſo ſore

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Scho wald have cryit; bot ſcho micht not, alleace,
So with hir courtche they wompillit all hir face,
Stopping hir mouth ſo hard and cruellie
[That] ſcho micht uneis draw hir breath gudlie:
So furth at ane privie poſtrum hir led
Suiftlie to ane forreſt as the traitour bad,
To murther hir quhar na man micht tham ſe.
Ah! be this warldis inſtabilitie
Wha ſould in riches or hie eſtate beleive,
Sen nane the chance of fortoune [can] echeve!
Hir variance and unſtabillitie
Alyke is redie to heich and law degre;
For febilnes oft cumis efter micht,
And efter dayis cumis the dewlie nicht,
And oft tymis joy cumis efter ſorrow and caire,
And efter winter cumis the ſumer fair;
Throw wyldnes of [the] froſtis and of haill,
Murnis full oft the merie nichtingall,
And blythlie ſingis on the ilk branch againe
Quhair ſcho befor had weipit hard for paine:
So men full oft throw walth and grite riches
Fallis in povertie and in febilnes,
Whom efter fortoune glaidlie dois reſtore
To mair honour nor ever thay war before;
And ȝit thairefter flydis doune fra hir quheill,
From weill to woe, and ſyne from wo to weill.
This tranſitorie joy it micht not leſt,
Heir is no eaſe bot trubill and unreſt;
For alſe unſiker is heir ȝour dwelling,
All changing is our joy fra abyding.
Schir Thomas is returnit to the King,
And ſaid, Be glaid, Sir, take gud conforting,

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Ze ar delyverit weill and haſtilie
Of zone wickit and deidlie enemie,
I thinke to delyver zow eik alſo
Of him that is the worker of this wo;
Ze ſall the morne gar call to zow the Queine,
And all zour maiſt familiaris bedeine,
And ſchaw to them the cace how it is went;
And gif that thay be not thairwith content,
Ze ſall them puniſch as it weill effeiris,
Sen that ze know the danger that appeiris.
When this was donne he paſſit to his bed,
Thinkand that he his purpoſe weill had ſped.
The King, in his melancolike paſſioun,
The nicht all ower turnit up and doune,
And in his breiſt ay wirking to and fro
This ſuddane vengance and [alſe] haiſtie wo
Upon his dochter and himſelf in eike,
For ſake of hir that ſeamit wyſe and meike,
And ſyne ſo ſweit and fair ane creature,
And ſo weill taught and lovit abone meaſoure,
And was his only bairne withoutin mo;
Unſufferabill was his paine and wo
For his awin chyld of fatherlie pitie,
That ſcho the caus of ſic ane treaſoune be.
Romarein trowit, that ſcho ſo long abaid,
The King in tender commoning hir had
Of pleſand materis, ſo that ſcho thocht not lang;
And this ſcho thocht, aleace, ſcho thocht all wrang,
It was not ſo, it was the more pitie,
Scho being of ſo wounderfull bewtie.
Upon the morne the King ſent for the Queine,
And tauld hir of Meliades the ſcheine,

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And quhat was wrocht; thair is no mair to tell,
With pitious cry ſcho to the eard doun fell
In ſwouning cauld, and with ane deidlie face,
And of hir ladies oft was the Aleace!
Then nobill knichts with wofull heartis ran,
And held hir up with viſage paill and wan.
When this is knowin in caſtell and in toun,
The clamour raiſe with lamentatioun
Amongis the pepill, with hiddious noyis and beir
[For ſake of her, that was their Princeſs deir,]
Them ſelfs demainand that pitie was to ſee,
Wringand thair handis, and cryand for pitie,
Beitting thair brëiſtis and face ſorowfullie,
And tormenting them ſelfs without mercie.
No wofuller in Troy raiſe up the ſoun,
For Hectoris daith, thair mightie champioun;
Nor quhen the Greikis enterit in thair ire
In ower thair wallis, and ſet thair toun on fyre,
And ſlew Priam, and brint Paladeon,
Nor was into the court of Philipon,
With lamentatioun, and with ſorrowfull cry,
For hir that was the richt lodſtar and gy
Of vertew, bewtie, and of gentilnes,
Fredome, renoune, honour, and nobilnes.
Wo worth the King, thay cry, and his counſell,
Doing this deid ſo wickit and cruell,
Quhilk ſall this realme turne to diſtructioun
By the vengence that ſall from hevine ſtryke doun
Upon [thir] wretchis for the blood ſaikles
Of hir that in all vertew ſtude maikles
Into this wyde warld without compariſoun;
Fy on the murtherers! fy on the falſe traſoun!

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Fy on the cruell daith for ever more!
The ſkaith is done that no man may reſtore.
Bot had it beine kend to the pepill thair,
How that Sir Thomas kindlit had thair cair,
He hade beine rent thair with ane thowſand handis,
That ȝit the mater na thing underſtandis.
Romaryn rave hir hair out with hir neives,
And with hir cairfull voice the court ſcho deives,
Smyting hir face that ſorow was to ſe.
Now of this lamentatioun let I be,
And ſpeik I will of fair Meliades,
How that ſcho was demainit, and quhat wayis.
When that thir four murthereris anone
War with the Ladie to the forreſt gone,
And had hir brocht unto the ſamine ſteide,
Whair [that] they thought to put hir to [the] deid,
Thay ſaid, Ladie, richt heir mone ȝe die;
Hir countinance than pitie was to ſe;
Trembling for dreid, abaiſit of hir cheir,
With quaiking voice ſcho ſaid, My ſrindis deir,
Why ſould I die? Have ȝe that in command?
What have I donne? Thay ſaid, without demand
We wait no caus, but we commandit ar
To ſlay ȝow heir, dreidles we want no mair.
Then fell ſcho on growſe richt pitiouſlie
Befor thir murthereris, aſking ay mercie
Full rewthfullie, with lamentabill voice,
For love of Jeſus that diet on the croſe,
With ȝour waponis have pitie me to ding,
Thinke that I am the dochter of a King,
Let manlie pitie enter in ȝour hearts,
To doe to me, ane ſillie woman, ſmarts,

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And thinke that of ane woman ȝe war borne;
Mercie, for him that wore the croune of thorne,
Of me, alleace, that may ȝow not gainſtand,
That now ȝour ſcharpe ſwordis hes in [ȝour] hand.
Thay ſaid, No buite is for to carpin ſo,
We mone our ſelfs be ſlaine or ellis ȝow ſlo.
Then towart hir they went with awfull fair.
Now grant me this, ſcho ſaid, I aſke no mair,
Let me heir to God do my oratioun,
Syne this mone be my laſt devotioun.
Go ſpeid ȝow ſoune, quoth thay, and tarie nocht.
Alleace, hir ſpirit than was all on ſlaucht.
Doune on hir kneis ſcho ſat full humbillie,
Quaiking as aſpe, and ſchaiking pitiouſlie,
For dreid of daith afrayit out of meaſure
Fra that ſcho ſaw [that] thair was no favour.
Scho ſaid, O Lord, that ſittis in hevinis hé,
Of mercie King, thow mercie have on me;
As thow diſdainit for me thy creature
To licht into the glorious virgine pure,
And ſufferit for me deidlie woundis fyve,
And raiſe upon the third day [ſyne] to lyve,
And ſyne aſcendit to the hevinis with glore,
Thow grant me this that meikle I implore;
As I am innocent of this mateir,
Have mercie on me, Lord, I thé require,
And ſave me from thir tormentouris fell,
Quhilk in this wood with waponis wald me quell.
When ſcho had prayit lang upon this wyſe,
To God ſcho hir betaught, and ſyne did ryſe;
Syn to hir tormentouris ſcho did returne:
And thay that hard hir praying thus and murne,

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And hard hir pitious lamentatioun,
Hir bening wordis and hir oriſoun,
Weill knew of gylt that ſcho was all ſaikles;
Whairfor they rewit on hir hevines;
They went altogither, and was advyſit
To baniſch hir, quhilk ſoune they have deviſit,
And thocht thay wald hir nocht ſaikleſſlie ſlo;
And, thus according, [unto] hir they goe:
And ſcho, that weinit to have bein deid anone,
Fell into ſwound alſe cauld as ony ſtone;
And quhen ſcho overcome, ſcho cryit Mercie:
Thay ſaid, Lady, for rewth we will apply
To ſave 3our lyfe, bot 3e ſall baniſchit be;
For verilie we think it grit pitie,
To ſlay ane Ladie of ſo grit bewtie.
Scho thankit them on kneis heartfullie,
And with hir armis ſmall thair legs imbract,
And height to take the ſea in all heaſt,
Saying, Fair ſiris, I may 3ow never aquite,
That me to leive hes grantit ſik reſpite;
Rewardis I have none to give 3ow heir,
Sic as I have ſik ſall 3e have but weir;
Scho hir denudit of hir veſtur thair,
And left no thing upon hir bodie faire
Except hir ſark bot ſcho to them it gave;
Thay neidit nothing at hir [for] to crave,
For ſcho them frelie offerit but diſdaine
All that ſcho turſit, but hir litill chaine.
When this was donne thay to toun tham adreſſt;
And ſcho in middes of the wyld forreſt
Full waine of wemen was left hir alone;
Hir viſage was all [weit and] wobegone,

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In ſarke allone, withoutin cloathes moe,
At midnicht mirke, and wiſt not quhair to go.
To Shir Thomas thay turnit hame againe,
And tauld him that the Ladie thay had ſlaine.
With wordis fair ſo flatterit he the King,
He was content quhen he hard this tyding;
The auld ſervandis haill he gart remove,
That to the King [leill] favour had or love;
Whom he ſuſpectit gart baniſch furth totell,
And quhom he lovit thay ſtill in Court did dwell:
So be his wickit wayis of traſoune,
He brocht this realme neir to confuſioun.
He dreid the Count of Eſturis ham cuming;
Quhairfor he ſent to him but tarying
Counterfute letters upon the Kingis name,
That he ſould dwell in his cuntrie at hame
Ay quhill he ſend to him ane wryting [cleir,]
Or ellis that he ſould cum on no maneir.
This Lady naikit in the wood allone
Full pitiouſlie did weipe and make hir mone,
Beſeikand God to ſend hir help and grace
To ſchape out of that dreidfull wildernes.
Scho paſſit furth and wiſt not quhair to go,
Into the wood ay turnand to and fro
Forward and bakward amongs the thornis keine
Whill all to rent on breeris hir ſarke beine;
And quhen ſcho hard ocht ſteiring hir beſyde
Into ane buſch full darne ſcho wald hir hyde,
Quaiking for dreid that folk ſould hir eſpy
And murther hir, alleace, ſcho wiſt not quhy;
Whyllis ſcho wald ly ſtill and tak [gude] keip,
And uther quhyllis out throw the hedgis creipe,

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Whill that hir hyd as luſtie lillie quhyt,
Whairon to luike was ſumtyme grite delyte,
Was all to rent and carvin heir and thair
With thornie pikis wounding hir full ſair;
Hir tender hyd and [luſtie] ſnow quhyt ſkine,
As Mayis bloſſome, ſmoth, [and] quhyt and thine,
Was all depaint, allace, of reid cullour,
As mixteoun of roſe and lillie flour,
Throw blood that was [from] hir bodie bereft,
As ſcho with ſcurgis had beine all to beſt.
That nicht ſcho paſſit with ſo grit pennence,
Praying to God with bening ſufference.
And be the morrow cleirit up alyte,
Out of the forreſt ſcho was paſſit quite;
Then went ſcho furth in warld ſcho wiſt no quhair,
Whill that for fault of meit ſcho hungerit ſair.
Syne of ane litill hous ſcho gat ane ſight,
To quhilk ſcho did hir ſpeid with all hir might,
Whair ſcho ane woman fand, to quhome ſcho ſaid,
Fair dame, for love of that ilk bliſſit maid,
That bure the birth that ſufferit for us deid,
Refreſch me with ane litill peice of breid,
And gif me of zour almous for to eit,
That am in poynt to ſwone for want of meit.
This woman was bot rud of conditioun,
And hir beheld ſo maiglit up and doune,
Scho ſaid, Evill woman fra my dore ze go,
And aſk them meit that thé demainit ſo.
Then weipit ſcho that was full will of reid,
And furth ſcho paſt, aſking of God remeid.
Richt far ſcho went and ſaw na kynd of toune,
For fault of foude ſcho was in poynt to ſwone;

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Febill ſcho wox, and full of hevines,
That had beine in reſt with all tendernes;
Be ſurfute of travell and hir grit rebute,
Quhilk was not wonit to gang upon hir fute,
Hir tyrrit lymis no farther micht hir beir;
Whairfor in heart ſcho had full mikle feare.
Bot, as God wald, ane uther hous ſcho ſaw,
And as ſcho micht ſcho towardis it could draw,
And fand the gudwyfe ſtanding in the dore;
Scho ſaid, Have mercie on me ane woman pure,
That far hes gaine without cloathis or fude;
For love of him that ſtervit on the rude,
Ze me refreſch with ſum pairt of zour meit,
As I that hungrie am and faine wald eit.
This woman was in heart merciabill;
When ſcho had hard hir wordis lamentabill,
Scho hir beheld that fair was for to ſe,
Repleniſchit with wonderfull bewtie,
Hir pleſant port, hir ſweit and louefum face,
Hir bricht hairis wyde wavelling out of lace,
Hir ſnow quhyt face with bloud all reid depaint,
Hir ſelf ſo made, ſo weirie and ſo faint,
Hir luſtie viſage all with teiris weite,
As bricht dew dropis on the lillie ſweit;
So ſore with mercie hir heart was owercum
Hir to behold weiping ſo allone,
Scho grat for rewth, and tuike hir in hir hous,
Saying, My doghter how hes it happinit thus?
I trow ſum folk that hes beine evill adviſit,
For zour grit bewtie hes zow thus ſuppryſit.
Nay, ſaid this Ladie, traiſt zow verilie,
That I am undeflorit of my bodie

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Of all filthines or ſic corruptioun ;
Fair dame, have mercie on my infortoun,
And ſchaw me how my leving I ſall wine,
And quhat labour firſt I ſall [to] begyne ;
I wald doe ſervice faine for my living,
And ſall be leill, doubt ȝe na uther thing.
Ane peice of gray breid the wyfe hes to hir brocht,
The quhilke to eate [ſcho] wounder gud it thocht,
That breid of maine to hir was never ſo ſweit,
Quhilk pleſantlie ſcho tuike and [ſoon did] eate :
Ane drinke of water than to hir ſcho gave,
Saying, My dochter, ſo mote God me ſave,
I wald wiſch ȝow unto ſum gud maiſtres,
Bot ane poure woman is myſelf doubtles,
I may ȝow not ſuſteine [long] heir with me ;
I have ane cummer dwelling by the ſea,
That deallis with marchandice and hes riches,
And miſter hes of ſervantes as I ges,
I traiſt ſcho ſall reſave ȝow in ſervice ;
Scho is alſe full of vertew and gentrice :
Bot ȝe ar naikit, and thairfor, Alleace !
And I have no gud claithes in this place
Ȝow for to geive ; bot for my ſaullis heill,
For love of God ſumthing ſall I [ȝow] deill.
Ane old ſakcloath [belyve] ſcho brocht hir thair,
And hes it put upon the Lady faire,
And with ane corde it feſſonit hir about.
On humbill wayis ſcho thankit hir but doubt,
Saying, Fair dame, God ȝow forwaird and quyte,
And gif to ȝow the kinrike of delyte,
For it that ȝe have gevine me richt heir,
Of meit, and cloathes, and meritabill cheir.

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This Gudwyfe raiſe, and ſaid, My dochter fair,
Now goe with me. Togidder then thay fair
Unto the ſea ſtrandis whill thay [be] come;
Scho fand hir cummer at hir hous at home,
Scho helſit hir, and on this wayis ſcho ſaid,
Commer, I have brocht [heir] to zow ane maid
That wald have ſervice, and ze have mikill to do,
I dare be bought that vertewouſe is ſcho;
Scho is weill taught, and full of gude maneir,
Scho gainis weill to be zour chalmerer.
Ha, gude cummer, that is weill ſaid of zow!
Ane chalmerer! and waits not quhair nor how
That ſcho is cumit, or gif that ſcho be leill,
I have no will with ſtrangeris to dealle.
This Lady ſaid, Fair lady, have ze no dreid,
I ſall keipe lawtie baith in word and deid.
The Gudwyfe, both for rewth and for pitie,
And for the prayer of hir commer, ſche
Hes hir reſavit into hir ſervice,
And hir aſſignit to ane [mein] office.
The woman paſſit to hir hous againe.
Meliades in ſervice did remaine
With hir maiſtres; the quhilk unto hir ſaid,
Now, at this tyme ze mane be biſſie, maid,
For unto Eſtur cuntrie mone we ſaill;
If it lykis zow with me for to travell,
Go beare ane fardill of zon wole anone
Unto the ſchipe, quhilk readie is to gone.
And quhen the Lady hard of this tiding,
Scho was full glad, and ſaid, At zour lyking,
To ſaill or go ather be land or ſea.
Speid hand, the gudwyfe ſaid, for cheritie.

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The wole to beir ſcho helpit hir maiſtres,
Whill it unto the ſchipe all caried was.
The marineris be then all redie wer
Out of the hevin to pas; the day was cleir,
The winde was gud, and up the ſaills thay drew,
Full faſt thay glyd, out throw the floodis they flew,
Whill thay com to the cuntrie of Eſture.
When thay aryvit into ane port full ſure,
Swyth landit this Gudwyfe with hir new maid,
Whair thay fand cairtis, and theron hes laid
Thair merchandeice, and unto Eſtur toune
Thir twa ar paſt or that thay maid ſojorne,
Whilk was the faireſt toune in that cuntrie,
Thair dwellis the Earle and eike the Ladie frie.
Meliades full nait and biſſie was
To beir at the command of hir maiſtres
The woll unto hir couſigne [ſaif]; and ſyne
Hir maiſtres gave hir quyet diſcipleine,
Saying, My dochter, be biſſie in ſervice,
My awnt the better [then] will 3ow chereice,
For I perchance will leave 3ow with hir heir,
Quhair 3e may vertew and gude maners leir;
What is 3our name anone 3e to me ſchaw?
Scho ſaid, My name is Ladar, 3e ſall knaw.
Ladar, ſcho ſaid, 3our cloathes doe away,
And I ſall ſumthing better 3ow aray.
Scho gave hir ſark, kirtill, [and] hoſe and ſchoune.
The Lady kneillit quhen that this was doune,
And thankit hir with ſober humbill cheir,
And was alſe weill content withouttin weir
As ſcho was quhyllume of cloath of gold pretious;
Of haill cloathing hir heart was full joyous.

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This Gudwyfe paſſit to hir couſingis,
And ather uther grate with tendernes.
Quhen thay had ſpokin togidder at laſer,
They gart belyve make redie the ſupper,
And to it went with mirrie cheir and glaid.
This Ladie ſtude, and to thame ſervice maid,
And that ſcho did ſo weill and perfytlie,
With fair effeir and countinance gudlie,
That mervellit was the Maiſtres of this hous,
Quhilk in her heart was mirrie and joyous,
And ſpeirit at hir awnt quhat [maid] ſcho was:
And ſcho hir told the maneir mair and les,
And how ſcho was ſo trew and diligent
In hir ſervice, and humbill of intent;
And counſallit hir to taike hir in ſervice,
For ſcho was vertewus ay at all devyſe.
Scho hir reſavit with ane glaidſum cheir,
And ſyne did efter ryſe from the ſuppeir.
Hir cummer departit, and hir leave taine hes,
And went to bed; and Ladar biſſie was,
And then to bed ſcho went hirſelf to reſt,
As ſcho that was with labour ſore opreſt;
Bot mikill of the nicht ſcho did bewaill,
That fortoun did ſo ſcharplie hir aſſaill;
Zit ay ſcho thankit God and gave him gloire,
Of all hir trubillis and hir chanſis ſoire:
Bot never ſcho micht forget Clariodus,
Of quhais love ſcho brint ſo mervellus,
And langit ſo, that winder was to tell
Hir ſad thochtis, hir tormentis all haill.
Unto hirſelfe with mone full pitious,
Alleace, ſcho ſaid, wiſt ze, Clariodus,

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What travell I have endureit for 3our ſaike,
Full wofull wald 3e be, I undertake;
And how that I arayit am and clede,
And how ſo purelie that I ly in bed,
3e wald not at the leiſt all be content:
Bot all is welcum to me that God hes ſent,
Whom I beſeik of his magnificence,
Clariodus, to ſend 3ow patience,
That for my ſaike 3e do not ſic vengence,
That efter may turne to 3our diſpliſance.
When ſcho was ſo weirrie, formurnit, and forweipit,
With trubillit ſpreit and frayitlie, ſcho ſleipit;
And gat up airlie be the nicht was gone,
And maid the fyre, ſyne ſet the pote thairon;
The houſe ſcho ſwoupit and did all that effeirit.
Hir Maiſtres raiſe richt as the day upcleirit,
And to the marcat [early] wald ſcho went
With Ladar as ane ſervant diligent.
Then [up] ſcho tuike ane fardell on hir heid,
And with hir went withoutin ony pleid.
The woll thay ſauld for pryce that mycht ſuffice,
And hame for it tuike uther merchandyce;
Syne to the denner went and maid gud cheir.
The Gudwyfe raiſe up efter the denneir,
And at hir aunt ſcho tuik hir leave to wend
Hame to hir cuntrie, doing hir commend
To freindis all, and to this Ladar eike;
And ſcho, with countinance bening and meike,
Hir thankit of hir gentrice, inclynand,
And wald hir have convoyit to ſea ſtrand:
Bot ſcho wald not, bot gart hir hame returne;
The uther into Ingland, but ſojorne,

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Is went to ſchipe, and ſoune arivit thair ;
Full oft this Ladar bad hir weill to faire.
Thus ſcho remainit with hir new maiſtres,
And did hir ſerve with ſo grit biſſines
That ſcho hir lovit as hir dochter deire.
Upon ane day, ſcho ſaid on this maneir
Unto hir maiſtres, Had I ſilk and gold,
I ſould make workis fair for to behold ;
Purſis, beltis, with collourit quaife and kell,
Whilkis wald full weill into the mercat ſell,
And quite the coſt that I unto zow make.
Ze ſall it have, ſcho ſaid, I undertake.
Scho bought hir pirnis baith of gold and ſilke.
And ſcho hes maid hir fair workis of that ilke.
Hir maiſtres hes them preſentit in the faire,
And mikill mony ſcho tuike for thame thair.
So at the laſt amongs hir workis all,
Full curious workis ſcho maid, and moſt royall
War ower the lave in curioſitie,
The quhilk hir maiſtres grit ferlie had to ſee ;
Whairfoir ſcho gart hir fold them in ane cloath,
And follow hir, thocht ſcho ſumthing was loath,
Unto the Earleis palice of Eſtur.
This Ladar, that was ane ladie of nurtur,
Obeyit hir maiſtres, and on with hir is went.
Unto the Countes both thay war preſent,
Whilk callit on this Ladar for to ſe
Hir marchandice ; and with benignitie
Scho com and kneillit to this Ladie doun,
And ſchew hir workis craftie of faſchoun.
The Countes them commendit grittumlie,
And ſaid, they war the fairreſt works alluterlie,

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That ſcho had ſeine into hir lyves ſpace:
So com the Earle in at the dore in cace,
Thay raiſe to him and maid him reverence.
Meliades of angellyk clemence
Be then recoverit had hir bewtie,
And was againe alſe luſtie for to ſe
As of before, and haillit haill and ſound,
Whair breer and thorne had maid hir mony wound;
Thairfoir grit mervell was amongs them all
Of hir bewtie that ſtude imperiall
Abouth all uther ladies that was thair,
Over uther flouris as dois the lilie faire.
For as ane thing celeſtiall to ſe
The Earle did behold hir pleſand bewtie,
He thocht ſcho ſemit, and eike he thocht hir lyke
To the Princes of all Brittane kinrike,
The Kingis dochter, Meliades the bricht,
Baith of hir viſage and of hir havingis richt;
Bot weill he trouit that Meliades
Sould never beine arayit on ſike wyſe.
Hir ſteidfaſtlie luik to [full] oft he wald.
[And when ſcho ſaw that he did hir behald,]
Abaiſit ſcho was, and ſumthing hir declynit
Hir bricht viſage that ſo of bewtie ſchynit,
As ſcho that never furthie was nor peart,
Nather in preſence nor ȝit into deſert;
Bot as ane innocent ever under dreid,
Full of aſſurit [modeſt] womanheid;
Far from Dormigill in crueltie,
Or Panthaſſilla in magnanimitie,
Bot neirer Griſſhald with hir tender breiſt
Of ſoverane vertew, quhilk is God aneiſt.

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When that thay had thair marchandice all fynit,
And mirrilie collationat and dynit,
The nobill Countes tuike at thaim hir leave,
Gart twentie goldin baſſants to tham give.
Grit talking was amongs them all that nicht,
Of Ladar and of hir brave bewtie bricht.
When thay come hame hir maiſtres ſaid hir to,
We are rewairdit michtilie, quoth ſcho,
All for zour verie craft; Have ſilver heir,
Be ze butlar and make us mirrie cheir.
This Ladar hes reſavit the mony,
And maid hir maiſtres weill to fair perdie,
Of mychtie wyns and pleſant meitis deir;
Syne ſervit hirwith womanlie effeir.
Scho bought hir ſtufe of gold and ſilkis than,
And with hir warkis mikill thing ſcho wan.
Now of this Ladar leave I will ane throw,
And of Clariodus ſumthing to zow ſchow.
Clariodus in armes day by day,
So mikell he wrocht at everie hard aſſay,
That wonder was to tell or zit to heir,
The knightlie deidis of him that hes no peir;
His nobill bodie was never out of ſtoure,
His bloodie ſword reſtit never ane houre
Fra day being whill that the nicht apeir,
He ſo rememberis on his Ladie cleir,
To bring the Turkis to diſtructioun,
That he may hame more glaidlie mak him boun.
Thair fell on him ſo hard rememberance
Of his Ladie, with ſic continuance,
That nather micht he ſleip nor zit take reſt,
Langourus abſence ſo ſairlie him oppreſt;

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Ather he thocht the weiris to make ſchort,
Or ellis to die among the Heathin ſorte.
He had ane quarter of the toune to gyde,
And ane port readie for to caſt up wyde,
When that him liſt, to iſche upon his fone.
On of his conſtabillis gart he call anone,
And bad make redie be the day was licht
His companie, and in thair geir themdicht,
That be the morrow all his luſtie ſorte
Sould redie be abyding at the port.
Thay ſoupit with the Conſtabill that nicht,
Diſporting thame with heartis glaid and licht;
Syne tuike thair leave, and to thair bed ar gone.
He on the morne could glaidlie him diſpone
Out at the porte to iſch with all his meinge,
And at all peices enarmit weill was he,
And iſchit furth with all his companie
Upon the awfull Turkis quhair thay ly.
The trumpit blew ane weirlyk ſound on heicht;
He gave his courſour with his ſpurris bricht,
And ſchot upon the Heathin with ane ſchout,
And with his ſpeir he enterit in the route
Amongis his foes; bot or his big lance brake
Full monie ane Saraſine lay deid on his bake.
He pullit out his ſword delyverlie,
And dang the Heathin doun diſpitfullie;
He maid alſe monie peices of thair theis,
As dois the wricht ſmall ſpaillis of the treis,
All rougently he ruſchit throw [the] rout
Of woundit men; befoir him gois the ſchout.
The Caine himſelf hes hard the ſuddan cry
Among his folk riſing ſo hidiouſly,

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On hors he lape and forward com in haiſt;
The michtie Sowdane him followed faſt.
Clariodus was war, and weill he knew
That the grit Caine com him to perſew;
He ruſchit upon him with ane felloun feir,
And with his ſword him tothe ſadill ſcheire;
His corps devidit into pairtis two;
And ſyne unto the King he did rycht ſo.
The Heathin wounderit upon that felloun deid,
And him the way thay roumit than gud ſpeid.
The Criſtein men ſeing his deidis mervellous,
Thay cryit, VIVE, VIVE, CLARIODUS!
Long lyfe, renoune, heich glorie and honoure
Be unto thé that is of warldis flour.
He namit Jeſus, that bliſſit Saviour cleir,
And forwart preiſſit with ane knichtlie feir;
His folks did manfullie thair foes aſſaill,
Thair ſwordis went alſe thik as ſchour of haill.
When the Conſtabill hard tyding of this thing,
To feild he cam withoutin tarying,
With knichtis that war valiand in feild,
On hors enarmit cleir under ſcheild;
At quhais cuming monie ane Turke can die.
The King of Cyprus, on the turret hé,
Beheld the battell furious and woode,
The crewell ſcheding of the Heathine bloode
Be Criſtine knichtis bauld and chevalrus,
And ſpeciallie be gud Clariodus,
Wha reſtit never, bot ever dang all doune,
He was in fight furious as ane lyoun.
The King did him commend, and ferliet of his deidis,
He gart his men aſſend upon thair ſteidis,

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And iſch out of the toun to thair ſupport;
Full manie thowſand thrang out at the port,
As ſwift lyouns deſyrous of thair pray;
The Criſtine men preiſit to the hard aſſay.
Faſt heir and thair the Heathine ar dung doun
With mortall ſtraikis of occiſioun;
Bot maiſt of all the gud Clariodus,
Alſe fearce in fight as lyoun furious,
His brand ay bathand in the Heathine bloode,
So fairis he as ane tyger woode;
Before his forcie arme of great renoune,
Unto the ground both hors and man gois doun;
His countinance baith wyld and terribill,
His michtie corpis baith wicht and invincibill,
Strong as ane toure againis the ſpeiris poynt,
Micht naine againe abake him put a joynt.
When he thus throw the feild ſo forcilie
With ſword in hand did ryd, richt ernuſtlie
The Heathine ſort for him war ſo adreid,
That richt as ſcheip befor him [faſt] they fled.
Of cruell ſlaughter ſeiſis never the ſtryfe,
Whill not ane Heathin man was left on lyfe,
For thay war vinquiſt all and dungin doune,
And finallie put to confuſioun;
And of the Criſtine diet few or none,
So gratiouſlie did God for thame diſpone.
Efter the feildis great diſcomfitour,
Clariodus, that mikill was of valoure,
Is to the michtie Caineis pailzeoun went,
Whair infinit of theſaure importent
Was keipit in full great quantitie,
The number of it could no man eſtimie;

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Thair was of gold, and pretious ſtainis deir,
And rich juellis to by ane reallem weill neir,
Quhilk he gart be turſit to the ſea
Unto his ſchip; and ſuith it is that he
Amongis men gave mekill of this riches,
For he all tyme was full of nobilnes.
Among all uther theſaure fand he thair
Ane tabiller of chaſe richt wounder fair,
Of gold all wrocht with pretiouſe ſtonis bricht,
Diamants, ſapheiris and roobies caſting licht;
Whilk ſtonis war ſo grit and ferlie deir,
As radious lampe ſchyning alſo cleir,
The knightis did it pryſe that war thair
To be worth ane kingis ranſoune and maire.
He gart ane ſquyer tak it and with him go
Unto the Conſtabillis tent withoutin ho,
Diſarmit of his helme; and quhen that he
Come in the tent he ſaid, Sir, God 3ow ſe.
The Conſtabill anſweirit and ſaid, Ha, gentill Knight,
In 3our arming thair is no fault of fight;
How ar 3e now unarmit now ſa ſoune,
I traiſt, quoth he, the danger is all donne.
Then lewgh thay both with joy and mirrines.
Clariodus ſaid, Will 3e play at the ches.
3ea, ſaid the Lord, have 3e ane tabilleir?
That ſall 3e ſe, I have it with me heir.
He ſchew it furth in preſence of thame all.
And quhen the Conſtabill ſaw the ches royall,
Whairof the men war all of maſſie gold
And ſtonis bricht, gudlie to behold;
So faire of forme, and great of quantitie,
He ſaid it was ane royall ſight to ſe,

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And ſaid, he never ſaw ſo rich ane thing,
The maike of it poſſeſt no Criſtien king.
Clariodus ſaid, Of zour nobilitie,
Sir, will ze doe ane pleſance unto me,
As for to give this tabiller of ches
Unto the Queine of France hir nobilnes,
Me humblie commending unto the King,
And to the Queine maiſt luſtie and bening,
As I that am thair ſervitor at all
Whill that I leive; bot ze forgive me ſall,
That I zow charge ſik meſſage for to doe,
The quhilk perteinis not zour honour to,
I meane ſik travell to undertaike for me,
War it not to the Queinis Majeſtie;
I ſould this have preſentit myſelf trewlie,
War not that I in Ingland ſuddantlie
Man pas, quhairfor as now ze me excuſe.
The Conſtabill ſaid, I will no way refuſe,
So mikill ſervice do to zow as this;
And quhen ze liſt to France to cum, I wiſe
Ze ſalbe welcum, dreidles, to the King,
For he hes hard of zow gud comoning;
Diverſe reports hes cumin to his eare
Of zour great heighnes both in peace and weir;
And ſo hes [he] reſavit the tabilleir.
Togidder as they ſpake on this maneir,
The Saraſinis tents ſpuilzeit thair meinze,
Whair thay fand theſawre [in] great quantitie,
Whilk maid thame rich for terme of all thair lyfe.
Thir Lordis hes them readie maid belyve.
The French Conſtabill and Sir Clariodus
Upon thair hors aſſendit full joyous;

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Unto the King of Cyprus thay raid ifeir,
The quhilk did meit them in his beſt maneir
Without the ports, with royall companie,
The joyous trumpits ſounding mirrilie.
The King hes donne the Conſtabill imbrace,
And him reſavit with ane mirrie face,
Oft thanking him of his nobill ſupport.
To quhom the Conſtabill thir wordis did report,
The laud heirof perteinis not to me,
Bot only to this Knicht that ȝe heir ſe,
Clariodus, the roſe and flour of armis,
From his ſword edge micht helpe no harnis;
He was the haill caus of the diſcomfitoure,
Nixt God our forcie campioun in the ſtoure,
Give him the laud, give him the thanks always,
Of victorie and Turkis haill ſuppryſe;
His nobill deidis giving great commend,
Saying, But dreid, unto the warldis end,
Thair is no Knicht onlie with his hand
That hes donne half the deidis valiand
In all his tyme that ȝe have donne this day,
Thairfor ane honour ȝe have conquiſt for ay;
I wonder nocht thocht ȝe be valȝeand,
For ȝe ar cum, as I [do] underſtand,
On baith the ſydis of rycht nobill bluid,
And thairfor, Sir, on neid ȝe mon be gud.
Clariodus ſaid, Sir, withouttin dreid,
ȝe gif to me more name than thair is deid;
Bot onlie half alſe far as ȝe report,
Richt weill beſet I wald think [me] at ſchorte.
The King put him betwixt thir Knichtis two,
And altogidder to Bruland can thay go,

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And enterit in the Kingis palice fair,
Full great triumph and feafting [alſe] was thar.
The Queine and eike hir dochter com to hall,
With monie luſtie ladie gent and ſmall.
It war ane want thair courſis for to tell.
Clariodus, that is of knightheid well,
Was cherifit ſo and feaſtit on ſik wyſe,
Long war to ſchaw the maner and the gyſe.
When thay had dynit, thay all to chalmer wente.
The King, the Queine, with luſtie ladies jent,
Thair all the day did dance and make gud ſport,
The ſeaſoun war ower prolix to report.
When even aproachit, to ſupper then they go,
Thair royall fair as now I will pas fro.
Efter the ſupper, on the ſamine wyſe,
I can zow nocht the maner all deviſe
As thay diſport, carrell, dance and ſing,
Lordis, ladies, and luſtie knichtis zing.
Clariodus requyerit was to dance;
He him excuſit with fair countinance,
Bot all for nocht, excuſe availl micht none;
With uther lordis he to the dance is gone,
So verie weill and manerlie withall,
Pryſit he was with ladies grit and ſmall,
And with the companie everilk wicht.
Thay thus diſport quhile mides of the nicht;
Syne everilk lord and ladie leave hes taine
Full courteſlie, and to thair Innis are gaine.
The King had ſonnes that war richt fair and zing,
That loved Clariodus abone all uther thing;
With him they ar to Innis gane infeir,
And all to make him companie and cheir;

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The Conſtabill eik him chereſt tenderlie,
As he that was baith vailȝeand and worthie.
Thus, day by day, thair is no more to tell,
In nobill joy and mirrines thay dwell
Whill that awcht dayis war all gone outrycht;
Syne tuike thair leave to pas everilk wicht,
Firſt at the King, ſyne at his Lordis eike,
Syne at the Queine and at hir Ladies meike.
At thair departing wofull was the King,
For he thocht that his luſtie dochter ging
Sould have beine waddit with Clariodus,
Thocht fortoun wald not tholl it to be thus.
The King maid to the Conſtabill inſtance
For to commend him to the King of France,
And thanke him of his help and gude ſupplie;
Syne theſawre gart in full grit quantitie
Deliver unto him before he went,
Imbracing [him] rycht hartlie in intent.
Ather from uther tuike thair leave anone.
Syne the King tuike Clariodus allone,
And ſaid, Fair Sir, commend me to the King,
And thanke him of his nobill ſupporting
Againis my foes ſtrong in battell;
And eik I thank ȝow of ȝour grit travell
That ȝe have maid, cuming in this cuntrie;
Syne of ȝour nobill helpe and gud ſupplie,
Bot quhais vailȝeand deidis and chevalrie
We hade not lichtlie gottin victorie.
Grite giftis profferit to him the King,
Bot he thairof as thane wald [tak] no thing.
And quhen the King hes ſeine [that] it is ſo,
He gart ane ſquyer for ane palfray go,

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Quhilk as the ſnow in collour was all quhyt,
And of faſſioun wounder donne perfyte,
Both meane and taill did of [the] bricht gold ſchyne,
In warld men deimit thair was none ſo fyne.
Then ſaid he to Clariodus, Sen ȝe
Naine uther giftis will reſave of me,
This horſe I give ȝow of a gentill kynd,
That ȝe may [ever] have me in ȝour mynd.
Full courteſlie then thankit he the King,
And ſaid, Sir, I am ȝouris in all thing
Whill that I leive, ſo wyſelie God me ſpeid,
As I that trew ſalbe in word and deid
To ȝow and ȝouris for now and ever more;
Ȝour Henes keip the michtie King of glore.
So thay depairtit with tender imbracing,
For verie pitie weipit than the King,
And rycht ſo [ſorelie] did Clariodus,
For to depart thay war ſo dolorus.
At all the Court thair leave hais taine thir two,
With thair meinȝe and to thair hors they go;
And then aſcendit all with ane purpoſe,
Thay raid unto the port of Carrados,
Whair that thay fand [thair] ſchippis all redie,
The marineris thay wrocht full biſſilie.
The Conſtabill now at Clariodus
Hes taine his leave with wordis gratious,
To cum in France requyring him ſa faſt,
So that this Lord hes grantit at the laſt,
His aquentance to make with the [gude] King,
To him anone promiſit he this thing.
When the Conſtabill his leave hes taine thus,
He bad adew to Sir Clariodus,

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And enterit into his barke, and that anone,
And all his folkis ar to thair ſchipis gone.
The air was cleir, the wind was verie gud,
They drew up ſaillis, and ſped them ouer the flude.
Clariodus gart furth ane barke hir dreſe
All full of nobill treſour and riches
That he had won into the Caines tent;
Unto his Father in Eſtur he it ſent,
And bad commend him to his Father thair,
Schawing to them at lenth of his weilfair;
Syne enterit into his ſchip richt haiſtilie,
And to thair ſchipis went all his companie;
Thay drew up ſaillis ſweith, and furth thay glyd
Atowre the floodis that ar baith roume and wyd.
Now ceiſe I of Clariodus ane throw,
And of the Conſtabill ſumthing will ſchew.
The Conſtabill of France aryvit ſweith
Unto the port of Rowan, glaid and blyth,
And went to Parice with all his folks in feir,
And to the King is gone with mirrie cheir.
The King richt glaid was of his hame cuming,
And maid to him richt heartlie welcuming,
And ſpeirit of his tydingis and his fair.
Be richt report he told him les and maire
Of all the weiris ſchortlie for to ſaine,
And how the Caine of Tartarie was ſlaine,
And of his hoſt the haill diſtructioun;
And of the valiantnes and grite renoune
Of the maiſt worthie and wicht Clariodus,
And of his deidis worthie and chevellrus,
And how his only manheid and his micht
Monie ane tyme pat the Turkis to flicht,

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And how he ſlew the Caine and put him doun,
And pat his folkis to thair diſtructioun,
Whairthrow the mortall weiris tuike ane end,
And how he bad him to his Grace commend;
And how the King of Cyprus worthines
Bad him commend him to his Nobilnes,
Him thankit of his folkis and ſupplie,
And how that he promiſit for to be
His in all thing, and ſtand in his quarrell,
Richt as he did to him in ſtrong batell.
Blyth was the King quhen he hard this tyding;
Bot of this Knicht he ferliet ouer all thing,
Throw quhais deidis the Turkis war diſtroyit,
Of him to hear his heart was ſo joyit,
That he never irkit of him to ſpeir,
His face, his faſſoun, his ſtatur and maneir.
He tuike him in ane chalmer him allone,
And ſpeirit at him uther tydings anone.
And he tauld furth as he requyrit ay;
Zit, Sir, he ſaid, I have ſum thing to ſay,
This nobill Knicht of quhilk I [do] zow tell,
The verie flour of chevelrie and well,
Hes ſent ane gudlie preſent to the Queine,
I wald anone that it war with hir ſeine.
Firſt I will ſe it, ſaid the King; and thane
To fech this tabeller he ſent ane man.
Sone it was brocht, preſentit to the King,
Quha it beheld, conſidering in all thing
Of it the valour and the [wondrous] micht;
He ſaid, Forſuith it is the faireſt ſight,
And the maiſt pretious of the quantitie,
That in my lyfe I ever ſaw with ey.

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He ſent anone to chalmer for the Queine,
Wha com with all hir ladies fair and ſcheine,
Whom the Conſtabill ſaluſt hes, and ſyne
Hes tauld hir all the cace or he wald fyne;
Scho luikit on the royall ches of gold,
That pretious was and luſtie to behold,
And it commendit wonder grittumlie,
And ſo did all the ladyes that ſtude by.
Then ſaid the Queine, I thanke the gentill Knicht,
That hes me ſend this theſaure of ſic micht,
Forſuith he was no wratch I dar [it] tell,
That hes pairtit with ſo rich ane jewell.
And ſyne conſidering, ſaid the nobill King,
That he [ȝow] never ſaw in his leving,
And ȝit to me his name [it] is unknawin.
The Conſtabill ſaid, With honour it ſalbe ſchawin,
He is to name callit Clariodus,
Knicht of this warld maiſt worthie and famous,
Sone to the nobill Earle of Eſturland.
Then ſaid the King, He man be vailȝeand,
For he is cumit of nobill parentell,
His Father the Count know I verie well;
I have him ſeine into this Court repaire,
Under the ſone I know non gudlier,
In all maner and wyſer nor is he,
The better alwayis his Sone neidis moſt be;
And eik of Sir Clariodus himſell
Out of Ingland full oft have I hard tell,
And of his manlie bewtie and vertew,
Now find I weill that thay ſaid of him trew,
Whairfor, certes, attoure all [uther] thing,
I long to have him in my Court dwelling.

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The Conſtabill ſaid, He hes promiſit me,
Within ſchort tyme in this land for to be.
That wald I, quoth the King, ſa God me ſave,
Then his aquentance dreidles I ſall have.
When they had long tyme commonit in that place,
The Queine gart put the chaker in that cace,
And gart ane ladie take it up anone,
And ſyne unto hir chalmer is ſcho gone.
Thame now in France in joy we ſet remaine,
And ſpeike we of Clariodus againe.
Clariodus did all his biſſines
To gar the mariners them ſpeid and dres
To land alſweith with all thair ſaillis bent,
Of his Ladie ſic thochts can him torment;
The more that he aproachit to the land,
In heat deſyre he was ay [more] birnand
His Ladie for to ſe: and then belyve
On Ingland coaſt he did ſaiflie aryve,
Neir by the toun that reallie is wallit,
Belvilladoun quhilk to name was callit;
Thair landit he and all his chevalrie,
And to the toun thay raid richt royallie.
Clariodus, as he raid throw the ſtreit,
None of his auld aquantance could he meit;
In all the toun no kynd of man he ſaw
That he was aquantit with or did knaw;
He ſaw ſo monie faces that war ſtrange,
He dread full ſair that thair had beine ſum change
Into the Court; quhairfor he mervell hade;
Thay fled him ay and war for him adred,
For thay war of Sir Thomas inputing,
The toun to rewle and put in governing.

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At his Innis this Lord [then] lichtit doun,
And hes gart herberie his folkis in the toun,
All bot his fellowis quhilkis ever abaid
With him ſtill quhidder he ȝeid or raid.
His hoſt him helſit ſum deill hevilie.
Perſeving hes Clariodus thairby,
Tuik in his mynd ane ſuddant trew conſait
That ſum tratour had wrocht a ſore debait
Againis him, bot moſt was in his thocht
Meliades, if hir had aillit ocht.
Full ſuddantlie to changing can his hew,
The bluide alſweith intill his face it ſchew;
Of miſbeleife the ſtound ſtruike to his heart,
That in his breiſt it trublit him ſore inuart;
Unto his chalmer ſadlie he is gone.
And to his hoſt then cumin is anone
Ane merchand of the toun, ſpeiring thus,
If he had ſpokin with Clariodus.
Na, ſaid the hoſt, I dar not with him ſpeike,
For wo my heart was abill for to breke
When I him ſaw; bot he hes perſaving,
Throw my ſad cheir he tuik evill conforting.
The merchand ſaid, Methinke that gud it war,
That to my Lord we paſſit both in feir.
The hoſt conſentit, that Bartane heicht to name.
This Allane was ane man mikill of fame,
And monie ane day was mair of the toun;
Bot from his heicht Sir Thomas pat him doun.
When unto chalmer cuming war thir two,
This Allane was in heart full hevie and wo,
Who helſit him with teiris diſtelling.
Clariodus perſavit this in all thing,

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Allane, ȝe ar full welcum unto me;
What new tydingis, my frind, [fra Court] bring ȝe?
Now tell how fairis the Kingis nobilnes,
The Queine and hir ȝoung dochter the Princes?
I cam not in Court, ſaid Allane, thir monie day,
Whairfor the maner I can not tell perfay;
All that ȝour Father pat in the Kingis cervice,
Sir Thomas hes put out on felloun wayis,
And me he hes exonerit among the leave
Of the office that I had wount to have;
The King he rewellis and gydis as he lift,
Whairthrow the realme is hereit and opreſt;
No man may cum into the Kings preſence,
Bot throw his gyding and his gud pleſance;
And ane thing, Sir, and worſt of all the leave
That he hes donne, thairfor the Feind him have,
Be falſe report and divilliſch treaſoun eike
He hes gart take Meliades the meike,
The Kingis dochter and his heare alſo,
Withoutin caus and cruellie hir ſlo,
And, fy! alleace! murderit hir foullie,
Into ane nicht without onie mercie,
With cruell churllis murdreiſt cruellie,
The trewth I may not tell [ȝow] for pitie.
When that Clariodus hard this tyding,
The crampe of death did [faſt] to his heart thring;
He gave ane ſigh, and ſaid, but wordis mo,
Ha, Ladie myne, and ar ȝe endit ſo!
The ſword of ſorrow gave him ſic a wound
Unto the heart with ſik ane deidlie ſtound
He micht not ſuffer it, bot doune he fell
So pitiouſlie that ſorrow war to tell;

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Unto the pavement as deid duſchit he,
Hiſpaill viſage was gaiſtlie for to ſe.
Pallexis up ſtart ſoune, [and] cryit Ha!
For ower grit wo he wiſt not quhat to ſa.
The Knichtis foure and burgis twa [than] ran,
And liftit up the paill and deidlie man,
And on ane bed him laid or thay wald ho,
And with thair handis ſchuike him to and fro,
And ſoune his teith oppinit with ane knyfe;
Bot ſtill he lay [thair] deid as out of lyfe,
And nothing lyke from daith [for] to revert;
Whairof his fellowis ſic ſorrow tuik in heart,
Thay maid ſik duill that never hard was maire,
Never ſicht thay ſaw grevit them [ſa] ſair.
Sik ſorrow maid Pallexis and his brother,
That naine of them micht counſall gif to other.
In this eſtait lang lay this jentill Knicht;
Bot the grit King of glorie and of micht,
That ever is wicht quhaever be waike or ſeik,
He wald not ſuffer of his mercie meike
Him that was gentill ay and merciabill
In ſik ane wyſe to end ſo miſerabill.
So at the laſt he out of ſound abraid
Alſe wode of cheir, and luikit rycht affrayd;
He ſaw ane window and wald have lappin out;
His fellowis them aſſemblit him about,
Withholding him among them tenderlie,
Him comforting with wordis moſt heartlie.
He paiſit then the chalmer up and doun,
Melancolike, alſe furious as ane lyoun;
His eine thay brint and flamit as ane gleid,
Deſyring to revenge the traitorheid

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Of the maiſt ſaikles murder and felloune,
Done to this innocent Ladie be treſoun.
Alleace! he ſaid, quhat ſall I do or ſay,
My warldis joy is [from me] reft for ay;
O now quhair ſall I go or quhair ſall I ryd,
Quhair ſall I walke at evin or morrow tyd!
Whairto for ſleip ſould I to bedis go,
Or quhairto ryſe, I waits of nocht bot wo,
Or quhairto leive I, [now] thus myne allone,
When all my cumpanie is fra me gone;
O Death, cum ſlay me cative in diſtres,
That never ſall have ane day of mirrines!
Why leſts my bodie, ſeing my heart is ſlaine,
Fairweill for ever all eardlie joy againe!
And this he ſaid with ſik ane pitious cheir,
It was ane paine him for to ſe or heir;
And ſorrow him tormentit ſo fellounlie,
Monie ane tyme he cryit God mercie,
Have mercie, Lord, that [wiſelie] hes me wrocht,
Syne with thy daith ſo deir thow hes me bocht,
That I fall not in deſperatioun;
Thy woundis fyve be my ſalvatioun
That I do nocht that may my ſoul [eer] tyne;
I aſk thé mercie, ſweit Redemer myne,
Now of my greif and my impatience,
Who am bereft of all intelligence,
And can no reſoun have nor ſufferance
Whill daith upon me do his uterance;
And eike have mercie on ȝon fair Ladie,
Sen I hir lovit for no villanie,
As for the cryme ſcho ſtervit ane innocent,
And pitiouſlie with churlis all to rent,

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And murtherit as ane theif without a judge,
Be thow hir reſſait, ſuccur and refuge;
And let thy woundis be for hir remeid,
That for hir ſinnis oppinit war ſo reid;
Among thy angellis reſave hir in thy joy,
As thow that ar of mercie Prince and Roy.
With that the teiris ȝeid out of his eine,
With ſichis deip, and ſobbis ay betweine,
That none on lyfe micht ſe him nor behold,
Bot he anone ſould weipe thoch he not wold,
Suppoſe his heart war harder nor the ſtone.
His fellowis foure maid ane pitiouſe mone
For him in ſecreit [wyſe]; bot not the les,
With ſuggerit wordis of great humbilnes,
Thay comfortit him, and oft bad him eit:
Bot he ſo fillit was with dolour grite,
No meit he wald iſay; bot bad that thay
Sould to thair ſupper go without delay.
When they had ſoupit all, thame gart he call,
And ſaid, Go ſend furth to our frindis all
In this kinrick, both Prince, Earle, Lord and Knicht
That lovis me, or in my quarrell richt
Will make defence, and pray thame tenderlie,
Into all haſt that thay will make redie
To cum with all their nobill chevalrie
In my ſupplie; for now [that] verilie,
I never thinke fleſch to eit nor wyne to drinke,
Whill that I make ȝon Tratour to forthinke
That ever he treſoun wrocht on ſike wayis,
And quhill the daith of fair Meliades
Revengit be, that all the warld ſall heir.
Then Allan ſaid to him on this maneir,

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My Lord, 3our charge I ſall fulfill alway;
Bot if 3e wairne thoſe Prinſis, as 3e ſay,
Sir Thomas will get wit, and will evaid:
Bot will 3e [now] my counſall doe, he ſaid,
3e ſall cum to him [richt] without wairning,
In that ſame place quhair he is with the King.
In the toun of Clarans quhairin he remains,
Ouklie we carie hay in carts and wains,
And I my ſelf ſall hay have to the toun;
Whairfor I wald [that] threttie men war boun,
In cairtis cloſit [all] weill privilie,
All ower with hay coverit quyetlie,
And [ſo] no man will ſtope [thame] quhill that thay
Be went within the gettis, quhair 3e may
Ane buſchment have a litill 3ow beſyde,
That haiſtilie may efter them in ryd.
When he hes hard him on this wayis conclude,
He thankit him, and ſaid the way was gud;
And bad all ſould be donne as he [had] ſaid
Againe the morne, and all thus reddie maid.
He callit on his luiftennantis than,
And bad thay ſould be redie everie man
Neir by the toun of Clarans by the day
In the wode ſyd, and hold them quyetlie
Whill that thay hard thame cry within the carts,
And then to ſpeid them [out] with mirrie hearts.
When this was ſaid, they went all to [their] bed,
Clariodus him leinit doune all cled,
All nicht bewailling hir death pitiouſlie,
That was ſo fair, ſo gud and womanlie:
Bot up he raiſe full long before the day
With his foure fellowis, doing thame aray

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In weirlyk weidis; and ſyne went haiſtilie
To Allanis Innis, quhair all war maid redie.
Clariodus and his fellowis anone,
But longer tarie ar to ane cart all gone,
With utheris whom thay lykit beſt to have,
Ane cartar come and furth [the gait] thame drave;
The uther cairt [then] fillit was alſo
With men of armis, and thus furth thay go
To the toun of Clarains be the licht of day,
Whair the draw brig ſoune drawin have thay;
The port was oppin, they enterit ſuddently,
With ane grit noyis raiſit up the cry;
With that the buſchment brake with [richt] gud ſpeid;
Clariodus aſſendit on his ſteid,
And to the palice raid or he wald ho;
Pairt of his folkis commandit he to go
The toun to ſearch, and ay quhair thay finde
Sir Thomas' men, in priſſoun them to binde.
Clariodus then [maiſt] unfrayitlie
In palice enterit with all his chevalrie,
And in that chalmer quhair that was the King,
With him Sir Thomas, not witting of this thing;
For had he wittin that Sir Clariodus
Had landit beine and com ſo neir as thus,
He wald have fled away if that he micht.
Amongs them enterit hes this nobill Knicht
And lawlie on his knie ſaluſt the King
With honour dew, and with gud bliſſing;
Syne went and hynt Sir Thomas be the hand,
Saying, O trator falſe and diſſaveand,
Thankis to God that now is cumit the day
That with thy traſoun thow no [way] chape may,

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That thow hes ſaid, ather ſall thow preive,
Or it ſall turne thé to thy grit miſcheive.
Syne to his fellowis four gave him in cure,
Commanding them that thay ſould keip him ſure.
Syne to the King he ſaid on this maneir,
Sir, for this caus I [now] am cumit heir,
This curſit tratour with his fellounie,
Of verie malice movet and invie,
Hes wrocht of his awin imaginatioun,
Be falſe and feindlie conſpiratioun,
[Sic] wayis zow and zour bloode to diſtroy,
That he micht of this regioun ring as Roy;
Zour Dochter innocent he hes put to deid
Full ſaikleſſie but mercie or remeid;
Wha falſlie leit on me, as prove I ſall
On onie He this day that is mortall
That will or dar abyde at his opinioun;
Thair is not thrie into this regioun
That will mantine his quarrell or defend
Bot I ſall give him battell to the end
Againis them all at onis myne allone,
Or with them ſyndrie feight [ſall] on be on;
Whairfor gar call him heir befor zow now,
And ſpeir if he the treaſoun will avow.
The King him callit; and then Clariodus,
In preſence of them all, ſaid to him thus,
Sir Thomas, take zow choiſe of thingis two,
Ather zourſelf in battell with me to go
And twa with zow the beſt [that] ze can waill,
[And curſt be he that in the fight ſhall faill,]
Or prove that ze have ſaid befor the King,
Than, if ze doe, I merite puniſching.

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Then this Tratur trimblit [baith] fute and hand,
And ſaid, I will not into batell ſtand,
I me confes of all this falſe treaſoune,
I have deſervit daith at ſchort ſermoun;
My Lady I gart ſaikleſſie be ſchent,
For trewth to daith ſcho is gone innocent;
Thir letteris with my handis all I wraite.
Then all the Court at onis maid regrate
For the ȝoung Princes, fair Meliades,
All cauſles put to daith on this wayis;
Thay gart the letteris thair all [be] preſent,
Cauſſing Sir Thomas wryte incontinent,
To ſe if that the writtis lyke war: thane
This ilk Sir Thomas [for] to wryte begane;
Quhilk wryting ſo lyke was to the uther,
That nane of theme micht be knowen quhidder:
Then with ane voice thay cryit all at onis,
Ha, birne the cruell Tratur, fell and bonis!
Clariodus upon his kne ſat doune,
And aſkit juſtice of the deid felloun.
The King maid mone, that ſorrow was to ſie,
For hir that was ſo full of grite bewtie,
So full of vertew and of gentilnes,
He wold have ſlaine himſelf in his madnes
War nocht the Lordis was him beſyde;
He raif his hair and pitiouſlie he cryed.
To wryte ȝow all his ſorrow and his cair,
It ſould me occupy ane long day and mair;
He fell on kneis before Clariodus,
Saying to him thir wordis pitious,
Let not ȝon Tratur firſt to his deid go,
Bot begine at me and with ȝour ſword me ſlo,

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That moſt have deſervit for to die;
All princes may exampill take of me,
Thus unadvyſit to diſtroy thair blood,
Or than advyſit, counſall thairto conclude;
Why let ȝe me in wo thus liveing heir,
On me doe furth ȝour deid, ſchrinke for no feir.
With that he raiſ his awin hair pitiouſlie,
And ſtrake him ſelf wounder fellounlie.
Clariodus alſweith tuike up the King
Into his armis, thus to him ſaying,
Sir, ȝe ſould nocht ſit on kneis to me,
Bot unto God, to him failȝeit [have] ȝe
And to the leigis of ȝour regioun,
For ȝe diſtroyit ȝour ſucceſſioun,
Thair onelie Princes, and ȝour richteous aire,
That quhyllum was countit [ſa] wyſe and fair.
The King commandit that his ſeigis royall
Sould be renewit, wher the pepill all
Micht ſe the mortall caſtigatioun
Of this Sir Thomas, for his falſe treaſoun;
At his command quhilk ſoune removit was
And in the grit court ſat of his palice:
And ſyne commandit he the burgiſis two,
Clariodus' hoſt and Allan alſo,
To make ane oppin proclamatioun
Of all things [to be done] with trumpit ſound,
That all the peipill micht of Clarains toun
Cum and ſe juſtice donne of his treaſoun;
And bad them bring the burriours alſo.
Thir two, as than commandit, furth thay go,
As he bad doe, anone the ſamine ways,
And maid ane ſcaffald upon heicht to ryſe.

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Sir Thomas callit was in judgement,
And with ane ſiſe fyllit incontinent;
Syne damnit to be drawin ilke lith from uther,
In preſence of King Philipon his brother;
Of quhilk was maid ane executioun
Upon the ſcaffold, the peipill environ:
The peipill micht not lichtlie numberit be,
Whilk thrang ſo thike the maner for to ſie.
The King in judgment ſat [exaltit] thair
Whill juſtifit Sir Thomas' folkis war
And all that gave him counſall or ſupplie
To doe that felloun deid of crueltie.
[This done,] unto Belvelladoun thay raid,
Into the Court grit hevines was maid.
Clariodus raid ſpeiking with the Queine,
Betwix quhom [ay] grit ſorrow micht be ſeine;
When they ſpake of Meliades the bricht
With weiping all to blindit was thair ſight.
The King alſweith is enterit in the toun,
Whair he repoſit, and quhyllum maid ſojorne
For to take ordour with everilk officer
That Sir Thomas had put from office thair.
Then all was wrocht and endit on this wyſe,
And enterit all agane to thair ſervice.
Clariodus his leive tuike at the King,
As he had long thocht of his tarying;
The cuntrie that ſum tyme [ſyne] he thocht fair,
And had in it ſic pleſour to repair,
Than thocht he all was bair and barren wildernes,
So far his heart was bund in hevines
That in that land he micht not eit nor ſleip,
Bot weipand ay with ſadeſt ſichis deip.

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The King ſaid, Sir Clariodus, I ſe
That ze na longer lift to byd with me;
Zit pitie this realme, gentill Knicht,
That in ſike perrell ſtandis day and nicht,
For fault of ane the peipill to convoy;
And ze depairt, fairweill fra me all joy;
Zour Father eik, efter zour [hame] cuming,
I wait will enter no more in this rigne,
Then it is put cleine to diſtructioun:
Thairfor I make zow ſupplicatioun,
That ze diſdaine not for to byde with me,
Whill that zour Father cum into this cuntrie.
Clariodus wald not him grant, for quhy,
He trouit never to cum againe ſuithly,
And for to heicht ane thing and keip it nocht
Was never in his mynd, deid nor thocht;
Whairfor he wald not grant for to abyde.
The peipill cryit all on everie ſyd,
Ha, gentill Knicht, and flour of nobilnes,
Leave never the King into his heich diſtres;
Bot rew on him, for his ſaike hes zow bocht,
For he to leive langer ſall he nocht,
For ſorrow and langour efter ze be gone.
When that this Knicht hard thair pitious mone,
Confort zow, Sir, he ſaid, for Godis ſaike,
And I ſall doe ſo, heir I undertake,
That pleaſit ze ſalbe, [as] I weill wait;
Now heir my brother that Palexis heicht,
And eik my couſing Amandur his brother,
I ſall them two leave with zow and no uther,
Albeit I war full laith them to forgo;
Bot zit with zow thay ſall byd baith the two,

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As thay that manheid and diſcretioun
Hes for to rewle the cuntrie up and doun.
This being finit, ſchortlie for to tell,
Clariodus, that is of knichtheid well,
His leave hes takine baith at King and Queine,
With wofull teares birſting out of his eine;
He tuike his leave at the merchand alſo,
And at his gud hoſt, thanking oft thay two
Of thair gud ſervice and thair biſſines;
And ſyne at all his freindis more and les:
Bot quhen anone the peipill ſaw him ryde
Ont throw the toun, full pitifullie thay cryed,
Fair weill, our confort now and all our joy!
Fair weill, our cheif protector out of noy!
Fair weill, the gentilleſt Knicht and maiſt worthie
In all the warld that beine aluterlie!
Out of the toun he haiſtilie did ryd,
For clamour of the pepill him beſyd;
And quhen he was ane myle out of the toun,
He and his fellous thair lichtit [tham] doun;
To tham he ſaid, My frindis traiſt and deir,
I 3ow reverence, and oft thankis 3ow heir
Of 3our ſervice and nobill cumpanie,
I me commend to 3ow maiſt hartfullie,
Now mon I paſe from 3ow, and nothing wote
If I to 3ow will cum againe or not:
Bot 3e ſall not be diſpurvayit at all,
My Father in this cuntrie ſoune cum he ſall,
And traiſt richt weill [that] not forget ſall I
To gar my Father compleit finaly
3our mariagis, be 3e not adred;
My frind Palexis, 3e ſall Cadar wed,

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Whom ȝe have handfaſt; and Amandur ſall get
The King of Spainges ſiſter Mandonet;
And ȝe that ar my uther fellowis two
Sall have Barronis dochteris alſo
Into our land, quhilk neir ar of our blude;
And ſeing that kyndnes ever amongis us ſtude,
Now let us keip it till our latter day,
And ſe that ȝe luife uther rycht weill ay:
And ȝe, my cuſings two, over all thing,
Exerce ȝour office and pleaſe weill ȝour King;
Amongs the peipill conqueis ȝe ſik name,
That ȝour frindis have no reproch nor blame.
With this, into his armis he did tham fange,
And then begouth ſik weiping them amang,
That pitie it had beine for to behold.
Ane efter uther he in his armes fold,
And kiſſit them, bot micht no wirdis ſay;
Syne lap upon his hors and raid his way.
Still thay remainit efter he was gone,
Sore weiping and bewailling thame allone;
Thay wiſt he wald go walke in wildernes,
And never thairefter ane joyous day poſſes;
Whairfor thair painfull ſorrow and thair cheir
War all to long for to byd on to heir.
Thir four full ſadlie to the toun thay went,
And he as woode man ſpurrit ower the bent,
As he that wiſt not quhair to ryd or go,
His breiſt was ſo opreſt with inwart greif and wo.
Clariodus raid furth on this maneir,
Ane grit forreſt quhill he aproachit neir;
Then ſped he him with all the haiſt he may,
For doubt they ſould have ſtoppit him the way.

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So in the forreſt happinit him to meit
Ane Palmer cumand, quhilk did on him greit,
And of his almes aſked him, and ſaid,
That fellðun briggandis him diſpuilȝeit had.
Clariodus ſaid, Father, for certaine,
The halie gaitis that ȝe wount to gang
Will not alway let ȝow diſpurvayit be;
Ȝe ſall have all my cloathes, and gif me
Ȝour clothes againe, and tak myne betwine.
Glaid was the Pilgrime this ilk change to ſeine.
Clariodus put on the Palmers weid,
And he gave him his cloathes and his ſteid.
The Palmer ſaid, My Lord, I weill perſave,
That ſeiknes or melancholie ȝe have;
Have patience in diſtres for ony thing,
For naturallie the warld is ay changing,
And glad joy cumis nixt adverſitie
Be cours of fortounis mutabilitie.
Clariodus than thankis to him maid,
Saying, God grant it be as ȝe have ſaid.
Thus went he furth in palmer weid allone,
Out throw the forreſt quhill the day was gone;
The nicht aproachit and he abydis thair,
Baith wind and raine [then] dang on him richt ſair,
That he in haſart was to loſe his lyfe.
As day begouth and nicht away did drive,
He paicet furth, and fand ane ſmall paſſage,
Quhilk had him throw the wood to ane village;
He enterit, aſking almous for Godis ſaike;
Sum gave him pairt, and ſum did him forſaike,
And bad him go and wirke, for he was wicht,
And fair of perſoune thocht he war ane Knicht;

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Weill tailȝeit of his bodie up and doun,
They bade him go [and] thryſche in everie toun.
Clariodus then ſped him biſſilie
Whill he come to the ſea, and tuik harbrie
Into ane hevining place where ſchipes were,
And redie for to ſaill in cuntries ſeir.
Ane was to go in Eſtur land; whairfore
He haiſtilie hes paſſit to the ſchore,
And ſpeirit at the marineris in hy,
Gif thay wald tak him in thair cumpanie.
Thay ſaid, If that he could make gud ſervice,
Thay wald reſave him into gudlie wayis.
Then hes he ſaid, no worke he wald refuſe,
That onie uther ſervitor did uſe.
The Skipper ſaid, Go let him in anone,
For he is manfull big of brane and bone;
He ſeames to be na balleiſt in the how,
He ſall weill hald ane anker or ane tow,
To mak our windis [for] to go on force,
And he will draw about lyke ony hors;
To dicht our meit, full weill gainis ȝon ſeir,
To lift ane mekill caldroun on the fyre.
Up gois the ſaillis, the ſchip gois to the flude,
And cuike thay maid Clariodus the gud;
He dicht thair meit, and maid tham gud ſervice
In humbill maner, and in gudlie wyſe.
The wind was fair, the ſchip was gud be ſaill,
The marineris wicht and biſſie in travell;
To Eſtur land aprochit thay belyve,
And in ane port ſaiflie did aryve.
The merchands unto land paſt everie one,

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Clariodus to land is with thame gone,
And at the mariners his leave he tuike,
Quhilk wald have feit him to have beine thair cuike.
He ſaid, Frindis, I mon to Andromage,
Quhilk till compleit it is a fair voyage;
Whairfor have me excuſit for to gone.
Thay bad him cloathes, bot he reſavit none.
He tuike his leave; and thay bad God him gyde.
Unto the toun of Eſtur neir beſyd
He dreſſit him to go with biſſines,
Whair that his Father and his Mother was.
Clariodus furth holdeth but ſojorne,
Whill he com neir the ſuburbs of the toune;
Beholding [all] the toun and the caſtell,
He laid him doun agrouſe beſyde ane well,
And thair he maid the ſaireſt regrating,
That micht be hard of ony creatour leving,
Saying, Alleace, O toun! O caſtell and citie!
Baith may ȝe ban that ilk nativitie
Of that divelliſch Sir Thomas the tratour,
Throw quhom to ȝow ſall cum ſic [ſad] dollour.
O Count of Eſtur, ȝe and ȝour Ladie,
What wofull painis and melancholie
Sall to ȝow cum, quhen that ȝe know all cleir
[How that for greif your Son is dying heir!]
How it is falline, and the curſit chance!
Thairwith he tuike ſik ane [grit] diſpliſance,
He briſt all out of teiris pitiouſlie,
Of his unfortoun pleinand wofullie,
And maid the hardeſt lamentatioun
That ever was hard in ony regioun.

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Bot loe, as fortoun turnis ſo quyetly,
Unto this well thair come [all] ſuddenly
Meliades, hame water for to bring,
And ſaw this wofull man on grouffe lying,
Bewailling in diſtreſe ſo pitiouſlie,
That to behold this Ladie thocht ferlie;
So him to heir with monie ſob and grone,
It wald have thirllit ony heart of ſtone;
And quhill ſcho him can [thus] behald and ſe,
Scho for him tuike in heart ſo great pitie,
For verie rewth ſcho weipit and was wo,
Saying, My frind, why do ȝe ȝour ſelf ſlo?
Or quhat ar ȝe, that thus ſo pitiouſlie
Ȝour ſelf demainis thus with melancolie?
For Godis ſaike take ȝow ſum patience,
And to ȝour ſelf do never ſike offence.
Full faine ſcho wald have comfortit him ſum wayis,
For ſcho was haly, cheritabill and wyſe.
His heid then hes he raiſit upon loft,
To ſe quha gave to him thir wordis ſoft,
That confort him upon ſo meike maneir;
Bot all to blindit was his eine ſo cleir,
That he not redilie micht eſpie hir face,
Saying, I thank ȝow Siſter, bot alleace!
How that it ſtandis with me if that ȝe knew,
I traiſt ȝe wald upon my painis rew,
Or ony in warld that is now on lyve;
Or if thay wiſt how that with daith I ſtryve,
Or knew the caus quhairfor I thus compleine,
For to have mercie rewth wald thame conſtraine
On me that is the ſorrowfulleſt wicht

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In warld that leives under Phebus bricht.
This Ladie ſaid, My freind, treſt ȝe [me] weill,
To ony wicht if that ȝe liſt reveale
Ȝour infortoun, and ȝour miſaventur,
It ſould ȝow ſwage ſumthing of ȝour dollour.
He ſaid, My ſweit Sifter, [the] ſuith ȝe ſay,
If that remeid micht be in onie way
Then gud it war for to reveill my paine;
Bot ay, alleace! thir words ar all in vaine,
Remeid is none, the ender of my wo
Is death, alleace! thairfor fra me ȝe go,
And me to confort ȝow no mair diſpone,
And let me ſterve for uther bute is none.
With that he gave ane ſigh full cairfullie,
And teiris did out rine ſo wofullie,
That wounder was that he ſould leive ane hour.
Sweit Sir, ſcho ſaid, the cauſe of ȝour dolour
Pleaſe ȝe reveale; ſould it ȝow not diſpleaſe
I ſould ȝow ſchaw how that ane woman was
In alſe grit trubill and adverſitie
As ony creatour in earth micht be,
And ȝit throw grace of God ſcho did evaid
The great miſſaventur befor hir laide,
And houpe hes ȝit confortit for to be
Alway reſtorit to hir awin degrie:
Thairefter may ȝe pryſe if ȝe or ſche,
More panis ſufferit or adverſitie.
When that he hard hir [thus] ſo beninglie
Him anſweir make, and [eke] ſo ſoberlie,
To confort him ſo gritlie deſyring,
And that ſcho was ſo wo for his weiping,

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Then hebegane with ane pitious cheire
The cace to tell, ſaying on this maneir,
Nocht long gone ſyne, I lovit paramour,
Ane Ladie quhilk was of all this warld flour,
Ane Kingis onlie dochter and his air,
Under bricht Phebus was thair naine ſa fair,
So humbill, gentill, ſober and bening,
In quhom at ſchort did everie vertew ring,
That was perteining unto womanheid.
This eike day ſtar and roſe of gudlieheid
Was be hir fatheris charge full haiſtilie
Taine to ane wood and murtherit cruellie
By the reporting of ane tratour knicht,
Alleace, that ever that wofull day was licht!
Scho was my eardlie joy and conforting,
Whom that I lovit atoure all eardlie thing,
My only pleſour of all this warld ſo wyde.
He told hir furth, and did no wordis hyde.
Scho him beheld with looke full ſtudious;
And quhen ſcho wiſt it was Clariodus,
But mair abaid anone ſcho to him paſt,
And him beclipit in hir armis faſt;
For ower grit bliſſe no wird ſcho micht outbring,
The ſuddant joy and haiſtie conforting
Unto hir heart it ſtraike ſo haiſtilie,
Scho micht not ſuffer it ſo abundantlie,
Bot reveiſt of hir ſpreit ſcho fell in ſwoun.
And than Clariodus of grit renoune,
Beholding on hir in [maiſt] grathlie wayis,
And ſaw it was his fair Meliades,
He micht for joy na words bring furth or ſay,

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Nor wiſt weill long quhair he was perfay.
And quhen that he of himſelfe ocht wiſt,
This Madine into his armis then he thruſt,
And held hir up quhilk was to him full deir,
And tuike cold water of the fontaine cleir
And ſprinkllit on hir luſtie ſnow quhyt face.
So ſcho recoverit hes within a ſpace,
Saying thir wordis, Ha, my Clariodus,
I trowit never againe to ſeine zow thus.
And with ane ſigh, fra that [was] ſaid, anone
Ane ruſch of blude furth at hir noſe is gone,
Or ellis I traiſt ſcho ſould have deid beine,
For ſcho micht not for ower grit joy ſuſteine
Withoutin death or paſſioun corporall:
For joy of nature beine celeſtiall,
And with angellis inparticipat;
Quhairfor the ſpirit mon be ſeparat
From the bodie, or it grit joy poſſeid,
Or ſorrow eik if it gritlie exceid.
The blude effuſit ſa abundantlie,
That he could not it ſtanch nor remidie.
Then of the ringe alſeweith rememberit he,
That was him gevin efter the mellie
Be him that was tranſformit in the lyoun,
Whais vertew beine for bludis effuſioun;
He tuichit hir with it, and ſcho anone
Ceiſit of bleiding; and quhan this was gone,
Thay uthir in armis did tenderlie imbrace,
And oft hes kiſſit uther in that place.
Bot zit all this micht not him ſatiſfie,
He dred that it had beine ane fantaſie

Fallin on him, throw hevie thochtis ſade,
Quhairthrow that he had witles beine and mad;
Whairfor to hir he ſaid, My Ladie deir,
And is it trewth that ȝe beine with me heir?
Treſt weill, quod ſcho, Clariodus my Knicht,
That I am heir full glad to ſe this ſight,
Whilk long gone ſyne to ſe I trowit never,
Sumtyme I weinit we partit beine for ever;
And that was quhen the burriouris me led
Unto the forreſt, and thair me uncled
At mid nicht hour, quhen ȝe war far me fro.
And with that word thay ſighit both [the] two.
Ȝour wofull daith, quod he, and gan to weipe,
Into my heart enterit is ſo deipe,
That ȝit ȝour lyfe nocht [all] ſo perfytlie
May in my breiſt ȝit ſink ſo ſuddantlie.
What wald I longer of thair joyis wryte?
I can not half report nor put in dyte
Thair bliſſfull cheir and joyous continance,
Conforting uther with wordis of pleſance.
Adoun thay ſat and fell in comoning,
And them pleaſit of monie diverſe thing,
Doing to uther all the cace reveill,
As to thame hapinit, ſchawing everie deill
Thair grit infortoun and adverſitie.
Ather of uther then had grit pitie.
And quhen Meliades on humbill wayis,
Had told him all the maner and the gyſe,
How ſcho demainit was ſo pitiouſlie,
Then he for rewth did weipe full tenderlie.
To ſpeik in this, ſik pleſour tuike thir two,

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That Ladar had forgettin hame to go;
Whairfor hir maiſtres ſpeirit for hir ſo faſt,
Whill ſcho went furth to ſeik hir at the laſt,
And fand her ſitting onlie with ane man,
[Scho thocht hir mad, and thus in wrath began,]
Saying, Evill woman, quhy hes thow me betraiſit,
Zour vertew ay I commendit and praiſit,
And now I ſe full weill how that it ſtandis,
Ze ſall have ſair punitioun of my handis:
And ze evill man, quha hes maid zow ſa pert,
To tryſt my ſervand furth in this deſert;
Wald ze hir ſteill fra me in this maneir?
Treſt weill that ſall not ly in zour power.
With awfull luik to Ladar than ſcho ſaid,
Ze ſall forthinke that ever this tryſt was maid;
In ane ſtrange hour was zour [ſad] begining
To cum to me, that neid hes of keiping.
When Ladar ſaw hir maiſtres was [ſo] movit,
Scho was not all content, for ſcho hir lovit,
And eik ſcho confidderit diſcreitlie,
That for hir gud ſcho ſpake it veralie;
Whairfor ſcho ſaid, with ſweit and humbill cheir,
With bening luike and womanlie effeir,
My fair Maiſtres, diſpleaſe zow not I pray,
For heir am I that is and ſalbe ay
Zouris at all, and redie zow to pleis:
Bot now zour heart in ſumthing to appeaſe,
The trewth of this mater ze ſall know of us,
Heir is zour Lordis ſone Clariodus
But ony dreid, and I am with zow heir,
The King of Inglandis only dochter deir.

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This woman was abaiſit than ſumthing,
And ſpeirit how it micht be ſo falling.
And ſcho hir tauld the cace then oppinlie.
Than ſat ſcho doun on kneis ſudantlie,
Saying, My Lord, I aſk 3ow forgivenes,
And 3e my Lady full of gentilnes,
Forgif me of my fault and negligens,
That have ſa far miſgone in 3our preſens,
And have me nothing in diſdaine nor heat,
That now [am] heir ane puire woman, God wait;
3e may me weill diſtroy at 3our awin will,
That hes ſo far by reaſoun ſaid 3ow till.
Clariodus [hir] up in armis tuike;
Then ſaid Meliades with freindlie luike,
Maiſtres, be glaid, and do [3ow] merrie make,
3e are forgivine, and that I undertake;
Have 3e no dreid, bot traiſt richt verilie
We ſall 3ow bring to honour ſuddantlie.
Then ſaid ſcho to Clariodus, My love,
Sen God hes ſet our heartis thus above,
That war ſo deip drounit in hevines,
I reid with humbill continence we dres
Us to the kirk, and thank God heartfullie;
Nane ſall 3ow ken in all the toune trewlie,
Into this royall habite that 3e weir.
With that ſcho ſmylit with womanlie effeir;
He ſmylit eike, and ſaid, I me conſent.
And ſwa all thrie unto the kirk they went.
And leiſt that folkis ſould unto them take heid,
Meliades gart hir maiſtres firſt proceid.
Swa in the kirke thay enterit devotlie,

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And offerit thair, with heartis meiklie,
Loving to God, with thanks a thowſand ſyſe,
Whilk gave tham grace to meit on ſik ane wyſe.
When this was donne, than ſaid Clariodus,
Madame, I think that beſt it war for us,
Unto my fatheris palice for to go.
Richt as ȝe will, ſcho ſaid, I will do ſo.
Then to the palice paſſit thay anone,
And this gudewyfe they maid with them to gone.
And to the getts quhen they cumin war,
Clariodus then ſaid to the portar,
My freind, we thre hes erand with the Lord,
Of quhilk he wald be glaid to heir record;
Whairfor I wald ȝow pray gif us entrie
Within ȝour ȝet, to remaine quhile ȝe
Our erand did, praying him ſpeciallie,
To cum and ſpeik with us all privilie.
The portar let them enter in anone,
Richt as thay bad he to the Earle is gone,
And ſaid as they him ordanit in all thing;
And he alſweith withouttin tarying,
Tuike with him bot ane varlot and no mò,
Syne to the porteris ludge culd to them go.
And quhen Clariodus [thair] can him ſe,
Adoun he ſat alſweith upon his kne.
Meliades and hir maiſtres alſo
Sat ſtill and held them quyet ȝond them fro.
He helſit hes his Father reverentlie.
This Lord beheld his Sone, and haiſtilie
Him knew, and was amervellit for to ſe
Him diſſigurat in ſo low degrie.

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He ſaid to him, My ſone, Clariodus,
How and quhat faſſioun ar ȝe rewlit thus?
Whair beine ȝour valiant actis and renoune,
Ȝour fame proclamit in ilk regioun,
That ſtandis now in ſik ane puire eſtait,
But companie thus walking diſſolat?
He ſaid, My Lord, the litill valiant deid
That in me was, withoutin ony dreid
As ȝit I have not tint it in no wayis.
And then anone his Father gart him ryſe,
And ſet him doun to reſt thair him beſyde,
Efter his ganging, quhilk was wount to ryde.
Then told he him, with ever ilk circumſtance,
All haill the maner to the uterance,
Of all Meliades adverſitie and wo.
And rycht as he was telling how that ſcho
Was led into the forreſt to be ſlaine,
This Lord micht not conteine for wo and paine;
Bot as ane wode man raif his hair for teine,
With ſorrowfull teiris rining from his eine,
For than he traiſtit that ſcho had beine dead,
And murtherit in the forreſt but remeid.
Then ſaid Clariodus, My Lord, finally,
My taill not to end [fullie] brocht have I,
Heir quhat I ſall ȝit of hir farther ſay;
This Ladie that ſo verteous beine ay,
God wald not ſuffer of his grit mercie,
Hir to be ſlaine that tyme ſo cruellie:
The burriouris of hir had ſik pitie,
That thay micht not do ſik ane crueltie,
As with thair handis ſik ane virgine ſlo;

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Bot aff the land thay gart promit to go,
That ſcho ſould never be ſeine in that cuntrie.
And ſo furth all the maner told hes he,
Of all the eventours that hir befell,
And how ſo long in Eſtur ſcho did dwell,
And quhat of travell hir betyde alſo,
And how that he in exyle thocht to go.
And quhair is my Ladie, quoth Earle Eſtur,
That hes betyde ſa mony aventure?
If that ȝe lift with hir to ſpeik, quoth he,
Beſyd ȝow ſitting heir ȝe may hir ſe.
And quhen this Lord hes hard of this tyding,
To hir he paſſit, lowlie inclyning,
And in his armis imbracit hir tenderlie,
And kiſſit hir rycht oft and freindfullie,
Having more joy and glaidnes hir to ſe,
Nor ony ſight that ever he ſaw with ey.
He ſaid, Madam, I thanke the Trinitie,
That ȝe have chapit this infirmitie;
That it was ȝe, quhy told ȝe not, alleace!
This uther day quhen ȝe war in my place,
That I ſaid ȝe reſemblit in bewtie
To ſik ane Ladie, if ȝe rememberit be?
He did hir welcum with grit reverence,
As he that was full glaid of hir preſence,
And of the cuming of his Sone alſo;
Then all to chalmer togidder thay did go.
The Earle himſelf is for the Countes went,
And told hir all the maner and event.
Scho is unto them cumit haiſtilie,
And thair ſcho ſaluſt this Ladie courteſlie,

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And thocht ſcho was in full ſimpill aray,
Scho did hir honour grit, the ſuith to ſay,
And welcumit hir fair on lawlie wayis,
And ſcho againe hes thankit [hir] oft ſayis.
Clariodus ſcho tuike in armis ſyne.
I can not all the maner to zow defyne,
Nor tell zow half the joy was thame amang.
Knichtis and Ladies thair about thame thrang,
Them welcuming with freindlie countinance.
This was ane day of feiſting and pleſance,
The nicht owerpaſt with joy and mirrines ;
And on the morrow with full grite biſſines,
The Earle gart ordane claithes rich and fair
Of gold and ſilke, [maiſt] pleſant and preclair,
With rich furringis coaſtlie and pretious,
Both for this Ladie and for Clariodus,
In all the haiſt and ſpeid that [weill] thay may.
Meliades, that wyſe and honorabill was ay,
Requyrit hes the Earle richt humbillie,
That his Ladie in bed micht with hir ly,
Into ane chalmer onlie be them ſellis,
Whair none war bot Ladies and damoſellis.
The Earle hir grantit hes with cheir bening,
And thairof hir commendit in mekill thing.
Syne on the morne quhen tyme was [for] to ryſe,
Rich cloathes of gold moſt richlie to devyſe,
Thay brocht unto Meliades the bricht ;
And to hir Maiſtres eik as it was rycht,
Thay brocht ane goune of ſkarlot gud and fyne,
That was weill furrit with potent rich armyne.
Then blyth was this gudwyfe of hir livaray,

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The quhilk unto Meliades can ſay,
Madam, I thanke 3our Ladyſchip heartlie,
That me hes gart reuaird [thus] ſo richlie;
So aſkit leave to pas hame to hir houſe,
Quhilk ſcho hir grantit with countinance joyous,
Saying, 3e mone cum oft and viſſie me;
Or we depairt 3e ſall rewairdit be
Far better be ſik ſevin; and then heartlie
Scho hir imbracit, and kiſſit tenderlie.
Clariodus upon the ſame maneir,
With cloathes that was pretious and deir,
Servit was in his chalmer royallie;
To quhom ane barbour com [full] biſſilie,
And off he ſhouife his lang hairis [all] cleine,
That weill long ſpace upon his beard had beine.
Syne luſtillie he did his geir on dres,
As flour of Knichtheid and of gentilnes.
The Earle unto Meliades is went,
And ſaid, Madame, it war convenient
Unto the kirk to go all in effeir,
And to gif thankis in all devot maneir
To God, that did ſo mekill for 3ow provide.
This Ladie ſaid, we awcht baith tyme and tyde
To praiſe the Lord, that ws ſo happie maid.
This being ſaid, no longer thay abaid.
Then be the arme he tuike Meliades,
The Court all followit upon gudlie wayis.
The pepill gatherit in grit plentie,
This ſtrange Ladie and Princes for to ſe;
Thay hir [bricht] bewtie gritlie did commend,
And ſaid, And ſeike unto the worldis end,

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Thair micht no man ſe ſik ane [gudelie] ficht,
As for ane luſtie Ladie and ane Knicht,
Nor for to luike upon that fair Princes,
And on this Knicht, quhilk wicht and worthie was.
Scho enteris in the kirk, and [eke] anone
The Countes meiklie efter hir is gone,
With hir ane Lady fair and weil beſeine.
This Princes was honourit as ane Queine,
The quhilk hir held ſo [wiſe and] demurlie
At hir devotioun, and ſo womanlie,
With ſo grit conſtancie and devote cheir,
Bening of luike, and womanlie of maneir,
That to the pepill weill it micht be ſeine,
That ſcho ane michtie Kingis dochter beine,
And was diſcendit of ane nobill hous.
When they had endit thair devotioun thus,
The nobill Earle hir be the armis tuike,
And with ane humbill countinance and luike
To Palice ar returnit demurlie,
And hame them followit all the companie.
Be than was all the denner redie dicht,
And to the hall aſſendit everie Knicht,
And went to meit and fuire rycht nobillie.
Thair was ane mirrie ſound of menſtrellie,
With interludis and ſongis of Ladies bricht.
Syne efter denner paſſit everie wicht
To chalmer quhair thay pliſantlie diſport;
Full glaid and joyous was this luſtie ſort.
The Earle unto Meliades is went,
And ſaid, Madame, it war expedient
That I furth ſend to zour Father the King

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Ane purſevant, to tell him this tything.
The Ladie ſaid, It war my will doutles,
The ſouner the better as I [do] ges.
Ane Purſevant belyve gart he [there] call,
And his intent tꝙ him declairit all;
And at Meliades ſyne ſpeirit he,
What ſcho wald bide him ſay to that cuntrie.
Than ſaid ſcho, Freind, [I bid,] with bening face,
Ze me commend unto my Fatheris Grace,
And to my Ladie eike my Mother the Queine,
And unto everie Lord and Ladie ſcheine
That hes me kend; and me commend alſo
To Romaryn and Bonvaleir they two;
And ze ſall ſay unto my Father the King,
And to my Mother eike, that, God willing,
I ſall returne to them with more blythnes
Nor I did from them pairt. Quhen this ſaid was,
The Purſevant delyverlie furth went,
And left the Court in joyis permanent.
The Earle was joyous, and his Ladie eike,
Of the recovering of this Princes meike,
And of the cuming of thair Sone alſo:
Clariodus was bliſſfull out of wo,
That ſo had fundin fair Meliades:
[And no leſs bliſſfull this zoung Ladie wes,]
That ſcho had gottine Clariodus hir Knicht;
Hir wofull heart was raiſit upon height,
That ſtude before ſo deipe into diſtres;
Bot zit for all hir joy and grit glaidnes
In conſtant leving ſo weill ſcho did conteine,
That be hir cheir it micht not knowin beine,

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As ſcho that was diſcendit of royall bluid;
For both of vertew and of pulcritude
In warld ſcho ſtuid without compariſoune,
Of all Princes, Bewtie from the ſtarris doune,
Whom with grit joy in Eſtur I let dwell,
And now of uther thingis ſpeik I will,
Of Philippone, and of his Court alſo,
And thus out of the Third Buik [will] I go.

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THE FOURT BUIK

OF

CLARIODUS.

Erle Esturis Purſevant felt no raige
Into the ſea, bot had ane fair voyage,
And at Belvilladoun [he] did aryve,
And enterit in the oſtlarie belyve,
Whair that Clariodus was wount to be;
And alſe ſoune as the oſtlar can him ſie,
He ſpeirit in quhat cuntrie he did dwell,
And of his tydingis prayit him to tell.
I am cumit, quoth he, from Eſtur land,
And if ȝe lift for to heir [my] tydand,
My Lord I left in gude proſperitie,
My Ladie eike, and all thair fair meinȝe;
Whair that I left my Lord Clariodus,
Wha never was glaider nor [mair] joyous;
Whair I left eike Meliades the ſcheine,
Wha Air and Princes of this regioun beine;
Thair ſcho is treittit nobillie at all,
As ony Queine in hir eſtait royall,

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Wha heartlie greting unto zow me ſendis;
And eik Clariodus him recommendis
To zow and to [his freind] Allan alſo.
And quhen the [worthie] hoſt hard him ſay ſo,
That fair Meliades was zit on lyve,
He than was in joy ſa exultive,
That of him ſelf almaiſt he wiſt no thing;
The Lord, he ſaid, the Celeſtiall King
Mote zow conſerve [for] ever more I pray,
For zour gud tydings in this houſe this day;
If it [may] pleaſe zow go unto the King,
Ze ſall convoyit be but tarying.
He maid him for to dyne, and than anone
To the Palice togidder ar thay gone.
Whan that the King in chalmer thair thay fand,
The Hoſt ſaid, Sir, heir is an Purſephand,
That unto zow can ſchaw the beſt tyding,
That ever I hard of in my leving.
He ſaid, that he was welcum; and than alſweith
Commandit him his creddence for to kyth.
The Purſephant ſat doun upon his knie,
And ſaid, Sir, the eternall God zow ſe,
From Eſtur cuntrie I am cumit heir,
Sent from Meliades zour onlie dochter deir,
Whilk heartlie gretis zow in humbill wayis,
And recommendis hir ane thowſand ſayis
Unto zour Grace and to my Lady the Queine,
And alſe to everilk Lord and Lady ſcheine
Of all zour Court, both unto more and les,
With all hir mynde and heartis humblenes;
And that ſcho fairis weill I zow aſſure,
And lovit is of everie creatoure.

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When that the King had hard this blyth tyding,
For ouer grit joy and heaſtie conforting,
His ſpreit was [all to] reft ane quhyle him fro;
Syne to the hevin he held his handis two,
Louing to God giveing ane weill lang ſpace;
In armis ſyne he did with joy imbrace
The Purſevant, and ſaid, My freind ſo deire,
Rycht happie tydings have ȝe brocht us heir.
The foure fellowis of Sir Clariodus
Full glaid was of this tyding and joyous.
In chalmer evill diſpoſit was the Queine,
For ſorrow and cair ay ſeike [ſcho] had beine
Sen efter the murther of Meliades,
Whilk was hir told in ſo cruell wayis.
When ſcho thir tydings hard, ſcho roſe anone,
And to the Kingis chalmer is ſcho gone,
Led be two Knichts, for ſcho was wonder waike;
The Purſevant in armis ſcho did take;
And ſcho, that micht not ſpeike ane weill lang ſpace,
Full oft ſcho thankit God of his gude grace.
Romaryn was full blyth of this to heir,
And eik ſo was hir varlot Bonvaleir.
The word of this ſame thing [did] ſpred ſo faſt,
Whill fillit was the Palice at the laſt,
Of pepill thringing [tydings] for to heir,
With heartis blyth in bliſſfull ſound and cheir.
Both King and Queine, with lord and ladie faire,
And all the pepill that beine gatherit thair,
Unto the Kirk thay ȝeid with ane conſent,
Devote of mynd and humbil of intent,
And God thay thankit wonder heartfullie,
That of his grace and of his grit mercie

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From daith preſervit had Meliades.
The word is gone upon [full] haiſtie wayis
Out throw the toun, that ſcho was ȝit on lyve;
Then all the bellis ringin war belyve
Of everie kirke that beine within the toune,
With monie ane Prelat in proceſſioun.
This being donne, the King to Paleice went,
With monie ane lord and ladie reverent;
The Purſevant thay feiſtit royallie,
And cheriſt him richt fair and tenderlie.
This day thay did bot play, [and] feiſt, and dance,
With joyous hearts fulfillit of pleſance.
Thir tydings ſpred full ſoune throw the cuntrie,
And everie wight of hie and low degre
Was blyth thairof, and ſaid, No ferlie beine,
That ſcho that was of everilk vertew Queine,
Devoid of vice and everilk villanie,
Was ſo eſcaipit from the tyrannie
Of crewell folkis, and evill devyſit mynd;
God wald not ſuffer hir of ſik ane kynd
Diſtroyit be, quhilke beine of bewtie roſe,
And of all womanheid the only choſe.
The King had ȝit ane litill jelouſſie,
This taill could nocht his mynd all ſatiſfie;
He gart be callit the foure murthereris,
And all the cace at lenth he at thame ſpeiris,
How with his onlie bairne that thay hade wrocht,
Commanding that thay ſould diſſimull nocht.
Thay ſat all foure upon thair kneis doune,
And anone begane to ſchaw the faſſioun,
Saying, Our gratious Prince and ſoverane Lord,
To ȝour Hienes the trewth we ſall record.

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We went with hir as [that] Sir Thomas bade,
Him to diſpleis forſuith we war full rade;
And quhen within the forreſt we hir led,
Scho of hir lyfe full mekill was adred,
And on hir kneis beninglie aſkit grace,
With pitious teiris rolling on hir face.
We ſaid that ſcho behuifit to be deid,
Or than our ſelfs to die without remeid.
Scho aſkit licence than for Godis ſaike,
To ſuffer hir ane quhile hir prayeris make;
Ane litill ſpace ſcho paſſit from us than,
And unto God hir oriſoun begane.
We drew behind hir privily to heir
What ſcho wald ſay, and hard the haill maneir;
And ſyne we knew be hir confeſſioun,
That innocent ſcho was of all traſoun,
To God ſcho did ſo pitiouſlie compleine.
Then verie rewth our heartis did conſtraine
For to doe mercie to that Ladie ſweit,
That aſking mercie wofullie did greit:
We gart hir ſweir out of this realme to go,
As we that not for pitie micht hir ſlo;
As naine on lyve in all this world, I wait,
That had hir ſeine as we in ſike eſtait,
Albeit he ſould have tint his awin lyfe,
Than micht have drawin hir bluid with ane knyfe.
And quhen ſcho ſaw we did ſik grace hir till,
Scho hir diſpuilzeit of hir awin fre will,
And to us gave hir kirtell of velvot blake,
And eik hir chaine, and bade in patience take;
To hold hir ſarke on hir ſcho aſkit leave,
As ſcho that had no thing mair us to geive.

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Rycht ſa to go fra us ſcho was content,
We dreid that ſcho with thorne and breer be ſchent.
The King this heirand weipit pitiouſlie,
For everie word that he hard ſpecifie
Out throw his heart did as ane arow gleid.
He callit on ane ſervant him beſyd,
And gart ane thowſand merkis [to] them give,
Becaus thay ſufferit his only doghter leive.
He thankit them, and [eike] tuik from them thair
The vyle unhoneſt office that thay baire;
Syne gave them offices of maire honoure,
And maid them men of ſubſtance and valour.
When this was donne, he was content at all;
His foure maiſteris of houſhald gart he call,
And bad thay ſould gar ordane haiſtilie
Two chariots, arayit [full] richlie
With gold, and ſilke, and pretious workis ſeir,
With nobill palfrays thairto, as did effeire,
For to bring hame his dochter from Eſtur;
And bad thay ſould gar wryt with biſſie cure
Unto his vaſſoullis ouer all the regioun,
And to his Knichtis gritteſt of renowne,
That war of moſt nobilitie and fame,
For to compeir at Bellvilladoun be name.
The letteris being directit, richt anone
The forſaids Earls can them all diſpone
To cum upon thair moſt gudlie wyſe
Unto this toune, as ze have hard devyſe.
Within ten dayis thay war all redie dight,
Be ſea and land they ſped them at thair might.
At Bellvilladoun they did anone aryve;
Nobiller Knichtis was thair none on lyve

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Nor was into that nobill companie;
Sir Panſe de Lapre, [ane knight] full worthie,
Sir Ronar de Galt, ane knight of nobill fame,
Sir Lion de la Mont [as] height his name,
Sir Bruſe de la Woy thair was alſo,
Sir Broune de la Moris, and monie mo,
Sir Pennent de la Carare thair was eike,
With his Ladie and hir ſex virgins meik,
With monie uther ladie fair of face,
That day aryvit [all] in that ilke place,
Quhilk cumin war in thair moſt gudlie wyſe,
To ryde in court for fair Meliades.
The Knightis namis heir now all to tell
At this [ilk] tyme it war rycht lang to dwell.
Unto the Kingis Palice ar thay went,
And ſyne unto his Hienes are preſent,
Whom thay have helſit with grit reverence;
And ſyne unto the Queinis excellence
Inclynit thay with bening face and cheire.
The King them welcumit on fair maneire,
And with them hes advyſit to and fro,
And at the laſt he ſaid, It ſtandis ſo,
Meliades my doghter, as ȝe knaw,
Full ſore beine trublit for ane traitors ſaw;
I wint aluterlie ſcho had beine dead,
Bot God for hir has ſchappin ſik remeid,
That ſcho in Eſtur cuntrie is on lyve:
Thairfor I have ſent for ȝow [all] belyve,
To paſe for hir, and bring hir to this land.
Full glaidlie this the Knichtis tuike on hand,
For thay hir lovit ouer all uther thing,
For hir meiknes and womanlie having.

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This being donne, to ſupper went the King,
With monie luſtie lords and ladies ging;
They feiſtit long, and maid full mirrie cheir.
And efter that thay raiſe from [the] ſuppeir,
The King ordanit thir luſtie Knightis two,
[Sir] Palexis and Amandour alſo,
And two eik of his maiſteris of houſhold,
This companie in governance to hold,
And bad that thay ſould rewle and gyd the leave,
That in all way thay ſould his honour ſave.
He then delyverit with full meike ſermoune,
And gave to them of gold ane millioune,
Sir Pennents Ladie luſtilie beſeine,
And eik hir ſex virginis bricht and ſcheine.
Then Bonvaleir tuike leave with them to go;
So did this luſtie ladie Romaryn alſo,
And to Meliades ſcho paſt, for ſuith
Scho was the Ladie hir nureiſt had of ȝouth,
With monie uther ladie freſch of hew:
Bonvaleir eik, that ay was [leil and] trew,
Did with them go, with everie kynd ſervand
That of befor hir ſervit in Ingland.
When everie Lord and Ladie leave hes taine,
Anone unto thair ludging are thay gaine;
And on the morne as the day up cleirit,
Then everie wicht him dreſſit as effeirit,
And on thair horſe aſcendit but abaid,
And royallie out throw the toun thai raid,
With ſound of trumpit and of clarioun.
Blyth was the pepill that baid in the toun,
For weill thay knew thair erand: ane and all
Then prayit God that fair thay ſould befall.

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And gif them grace to ſpeid on ſik ane wyſe,
That thay hame bring the fair Meliades,
Whais palfray with the goldin taill and mene
Was with them led, quhite as the ſnow and ſchene.
In Turkie land I heir it was the gyſe,
Thair palfrayis to depaint on ſik ane wyſe,
That from them thay will cut [baith] taill and maine,
And goldin traces hing on thair againe.
I wald the Reidar tuike not ſik conſait,
That nature had wrocht them ſo diligate,
Leaſt that he leuch thairat, and maid ane jape,
Lath ware myne Awthore to be maid thair Aip.
Thus rydis furth this royall cumpanie,
Thay dreſſit to thair ſhippis haiſtilie.
Thay hade the winde ſo richt and eike ſo faire,
They go alſe ſwift as aigill in the aire,
That thay within twelf dayis did aryve
To Eſtur cuntre; and then to land belyve
They went in feir, and on thair horſes aſcendit,
And to the toun of Belladoun intendit;
And on the Tuiſday be the hour of noune
They com to it, quhair thay diſcendit ſoune,
And everilke wicht gois from his horſe doune,
And in the faireſt Innis in the toun
They tuike thair ludging. Bot ſo befell anone,
Ane ſquyer of the Palice their was one
Into the toun, and ſaw this luſtie ſort,
Whilke home is went, and of it maid reporte
Unto Clariodus, and he alſe weill
Unto Meliades this thing did reveill,
Saying, Madame, is it zour will to go,
And take zour leave this land of Eſtur fro?

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Scho ſaid, My luſtie Knight Clariodus,
What garis 3ow ſpeir this thing at me thus?
Rather I wald, if that my fortoun were,
Of Eſtur cuntrie for to be Ladie heire,
Nor to be Queine of the gritteſt regioun
That now is under the hevins dominioune.
I will 3ow tell, quoth he, 3our Father the King
Hes ſent for 3ow ane companie tending
Of Lordis, Knightis and of Ladies faire;
Remaine 3e heir quhill I againe repaire;
Now will I to my Lord my Father go,
And tell him this. Then pairtit he her fro:
Bot firſt unto his awin chalmer paſt he,
Whair lay his riches in grit quantitie,
That he had wone from Saraſeins in fyght;
And ane bulget he tuike of ane hudge weight,
And oppinit it, and tuike of it anone
Ane rich pectrell as onie ſtar that ſchone;
And ſyne unto Meliades it brocht,
And to reſave it fairlie hir beſought,
And at the entrie of the Lords it weir.
And then ſmylling with womanlie effeire,
Scho ſaid, Clariodus my Knight full deir,
May it not weill ſuffeice the nobill giftis ſeire,
All that 3our Father my Couſing gave me,
And eik 3our Mother in that ſame degrie;
Bot 3e in all gait [ay] will them exceid?
Now of ſike thing 3e know thair is no nèid.
He cauſit eik his Mother the Countes,
To treat this Lady with all biſſines
To take this pectrell rich for to behold.
And ſcho in baith hir handis did it fold,

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And ſaid, My Ladie, do me this pleſance
This pectrell to reſave at my inſtance;
With that about hir ſchoulders [ſcho] it laid;
As onie lamp with bliſſfull beams [it] glaid.
Then ſcho, the wall of womanlie maneir,
Hes thankit them [full] oft with bening cheir.
[Then] Clariodus is to the Earle went,
And ſchew to him the maner incontinent
Of all thir folkis, as ȝe have hard me tell.
The Countes did ſtill in the chalmer dwell
Meliades to dres into hir geir
Of thingis ſik as gainit for hir to weir.
Scho cled hir in ane royall cloath of gold,
That was richt fair and pleſant to behold,
And did hir heid attyre full richlie;
And ſyne the pectrell wonder pleſantlie,
Scho pat about hir halſe as lillie quhyte,
As ſcho that beine the patroune of delyte
Of all the warld, withoutin compariſoune,
Of everilk vertew and [of hie] renoune.
The Countes to hir in ſporting did ſay,
[I will me attyre all in freſch array]
Againe ȝone ſtrangeris cum me for to ſe;
Whairfor I wald be praiſit in bewtie;
And alſe I wald [that] thay [weill] underſtude,
That Eſture Ladyis ar both faire and gude.
Meliades leuch at hir that raillit ſo,
For ſcho ane pleſant Ladie was alſo.
Scho did hir bodie cloath full richlie,
In ane fair goun of velvote cramoſie,
Furrit with armeine that was nobill and ſyne,
And luſtillie hir heid atyrrit ſyne.

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When thay had put them in ane freſch aray,
Into ane pleſant chalmer paſſit thay,
And thair abaid with all the luſtie ſorte,
Making full merrie gamis and diſporte,
Whill tyme beine to fetch them to the hall;
Of the ambaſſate was thair ſpeiches all.
Clariodus at his Fatheris commande
Two maiſteris of his houſhald hes ordand
To go and fetch the luſtie companie.
And thay anone are paſſit full glaidlie,
With ſquyeris and with knightis freſch and ȝing;
And he to thame command gave and biding.
The Count of Eſture that was gentill and wyſe
Then be the arme hes taine Meliades,
And led hir to the hall rycht honorablie,
And ſcho [unto] him told all quyetlie
Of the riche gift Clariodus hir gave.
Then ſaid the Count, Madam, ſo God me ſave,
My ſone I lovit tenderlie before;
Bot for that now I love him far the more,
To doe ſervice to Ladies honorabill,
Sen that I underſtand he is [richt] abill.
They had not talkit long on this wayis,
When the ambaſſat, gudlie to devyſe,
In fair maneir aſſendit in the hall.
And than in preſence thair com firſt of all
Sir Amandur and [eik] Sir Palexis;
And ſyne two Lordis of grite worthines,
That maiſteris of houſhald war unto the Kinge.
Helfit thay have the ȝoung Princes condinge;
And ſcho reſavit them with pleſant cheire,
With faire effeir and womanlie maneir,

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Soberlie ſaying, Ze all welcum beine.
Scho kiſſit them, with teiris from hir eine.
The Knichtis two then weipit tenderlie
For joy and pitie of the fair Ladie,
That ſaikleſlie had ſufferit ſik diſtres.
Syne halſit they the Count and the Countes.
The Kings two maiſteris of houſhold ſyne
Full lowlie to the Ladie did inclyne.
Scho tham reſavit with joy and grit pliſance,
And kiſſit them with gudlie countinance.
Syne halſit they the Earle, and he thame eike;
And ſyne with everie Lord and Ladie meike
They ſpake at lenth, and maid thair aquentance,
With heartis full of joy and all pliſance.
Meliades ſyne they tuike to ane pairt,
And told how that the King with all his heart
And eike the Queine did heartlie them commend
To hir quhom ſpeciallie they war [to] ſend
For to convoy hir hame in hir cuntrie.
Than how thay fair ſcho ſpeirit full glaidlie;
And how fure all the Court [anon] ſcho ſpeirit.
Then they have tauld hir all ſcho them requyrit.
And quhen Meliades, of grit bewtie,
Receavit had ilke Knight in his degrie,
Then com the Ladyes full of lawlieheid,
And law inclynit to hir gudlieheid;
And ſcho reſavit them with imbracing,
And kiſſit them with countinance bening,
Gyding hirſelf ſo wyſe and diſcreitlie,
With having and effeir ſo womanlie,
That everilk wicht did boldlie hir commend.
And pairt thair was with quhom ſcho was unkend,

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Long tyme before deſyring hir to ſee,
Wha than affirmit that all was veritie
That was reportit of hir womanheid,
Of hir great bewtie and hir luſtieheid.
Romaryn was with joy reveſt in ſpreit,
Hir breiſt with bliſſe was ſo full and compleit,
[With] whom dreidles Meliades the cleir
Wald ſpeik allone full faine at thaire laſeire.
The two maiſteris of houſhold of Ingland
Stude with the Earle of Eſtur, comonand
On materis langand to Meliades.
Clariodus that worthie beine and wyſe,
Cauſit ȝoung Lordis [for] to go and dance
With ȝoung Ladies of bewtie and pleſance.
So they put of the day with mirrines,
With glaidſum ſportis and with grit blythnes.
The Earle ſtude with thir Lordis advyſing;
And ſo, among all uther commoning,
Of this Princes began thay to devyſe
How ſcho ſould be at poynt anone, quhat wayis,
And how that all thingis ſould be ordainit
Of hir abuilȝement for hir eſtait.
And then the Count of Eſtur ſaid them till,
Ȝe ſall ſe, Lordings, if it war ȝour will,
What ordinit is for hir we ſall go luike;
And he them both into ane wairdrope tuike,
And gart diſcover the littar that was bricht,
And chariot eike that [pleſantlie] caſt licht,
Of gold and ſtonis that war pretious;
Unto thair ſights that it was mervellous;
And of hir horſe the coſtlie harniſching
Thay have commendit into mikill thing:

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For all that hir pertinit for to weir,
Both for hir ſelf and for hir palfray-geir,
Was wrocht with ſtone and pearle rycht potent,
Bricht twinkling as the ſtarrie firmament.
Syne with the Earle agane returnit thay,
Beholding on the danſing and the play
Whill tyme [it] beine to ſupper for to gone:
And then the hall devoydit was anone
Whill buird beine all coverit and arayit;
And then thay went to ſupper and not delayit.
I will not tell of [all] thair courſſis heir.
When they had ſoupit and maid mirrie cheir,
Thay danſit, ſang, and playit, and diſporte,
That long it war the maner to reporte.
When tyme [it] was to bedis for to gone,
Lordis and Ladies tuike thair leave anone,
And to thair chalmeris went to take them reſt.
Meliades to bed hes hir adreſt,
The Ladies of hir chalmer with hir went.
Full glaid ſcho was and blyth in hir intent
With Romaryn to commoune at laſeire;
Full long they ſpake of diverſe matters ſeire;
Whylome they ſpake of leth, quhylome of loth,
Whylome they lewch and quhylome weippit both.
[And] when they had long tyme commonit ſo,
Bonvaleir ſcho commandit for to go
At morrow to the ſuburbs of the toun
To the Gudwyfe with quhom ſcho did ſojorne,
Commanding hir to be at hir ryſing;
And that ſcho ſould the wyfis with hir bring,
That enterit war with hir in houſe to dwell.
He tuike his leave and ran [full] ſoune to tell.

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He with ſik diligence thir wyfes ſoght,
That he hes them all thre unto hir brocht
Be houris ten; and then, without tarying,
Hir Fathers maiſters of houſhald gart ſcho bring,
And ſaid, My frindis, lo! it ſtandis thus,
When I was in my maiſt diſtres noyous,
Thir wyfes me reſavit and weill relevit,
Or ellis I had in povertie beine miſchevit;
They war nixt God my comfort and refuge,
Fra hunger and cauld thay maid me weill to luge:
Whairfor I will ȝe geive unto thir thrie
Pairt of the fynance [that] is ſent to me.
Blyth war thir Lordis to doe as ſcho them bade,
Thay ſaid they ſould obey with heartis glaid,
To gif or to diſpone at hir bidding.
The wyfes was abaiſit then ſumthing,
When they ſaw hir arayit on ſike wayis.
Then meiklie to them went Meliades,
And tuike them in hir armis all about,
Saying, My ſweit freindis, have ȝe no doubt
Bot I ſall be to ȝow ane doghter trew,
And cum quhen that ȝe liſt me to perſew,
Ȝe ſalbe ſupportit [all thrie] richlie.
All kneilling, they hir thankit courteſlie.
Scho gart delyverit be unto thir thrie,
Of gold, and ſilver, and [of] gud monie
Alſe mikill as wald by of heritage
Thrie hundereth merkis worth to thair waige;
And gart be gevine unto them alſo
Ane thowſand pund or ſcho wald pairt them fro,
To by thair miſteris. And thir wyfis thrie
Oft thankit hir with voices upon hie

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Saying, Scho was to them ane thankfull gaift,
That them unto ſik riches had poſſeſt;
Praying to God and to his Sone ſo ſweit,
Ever to keipe hir in bodie and in ſpreit.
Thay tuike thair leave and hamwart [than] could go.
Rycht ſyne ſcho hes commandit thir maiſteris two,
That of that Palice everie ſervitoure
Sould be rewairdit with gold and grit traſoure.
And ſo was donne with ſike [ane] abundance,
That thay thairefter had ay in remembrance:
Whairfor the Count and the Countes alſo
Full humbillie hir thankit baith thir two.
Scho ſaid, Ze ſould no thankis gif to me;
Bot ze of me ſould mekill thankit be,
That am to zow beholdin in ſike wayis.
With this the gudlie freſche Meliades,
Out of ane coffer tuike, riche to behold,
Two gudlie collors of the fineſt gold,
Saying, Ze two in my rememberance
Sall weir thir colloris, if it be zour pleſance.
Thay thankit hir, and ſaid thay ſould glaidlie
Reſave them for hir ſaike, that was worthie,
And all thair lyfe keip them in [hie] daintie,
In the rememberance of hir blyth bewtie.
And ſyne ſcho gart draw furth ane courſour faire,
In all the warld was not ane gudlier,
And gart Bonvaleir hir ſervant him reſave,
And to Clariodus anone him gave;
Whairof he thankit [hir] rycht courteſlie,
And hir varlot rewairdit michtilie.
When this was donne, thay paſſit for to dyne;
And maid them reddie for thair jornay ſyne.

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Meliades is paſſit af the toun,
With all hir companie of grite renoune;
Full monie ane Lord and Lady hir convoyit,
In cloth of gold full richlie arayit.
Scho wore ane hate full riche upon hir heade,
Whilk ſhynit of ſapheiris and of roobies reide,
Ane rich pectrell about hir ſchoulderis hang,
Hir coſtlie brydell all of gold it rang;
And heich upon the litter was ſcho ſet,
Whilk was with ſtonis and pearles all owerfret,
With cuſſiounis wrocht with cloath of gold full fyne;
Scho ſchynit as dois the faireſt ſtar matutyne.
All voyde befor hir com ane chariot bricht
Of michtie ſtonis, caſting pleſant licht,
Hir palfray with the goldin maine and taill,
Hir varlot cled in royall apparrell.
Syne ten Ladies on ten palfrayis quhyte
Com efter hir, quhom to ſie was delyte.
The Ladie Eſtur, and Ladie de la Grance,
And Ladie de la Cariar of pleſance,
Upon ane chariot ſat in gudlie wayis,
The quhilk the King ſent to Meliades.
The leave com efter ſyne weill ordinat,
In chariots frechlie efter thair eſtaite.
The ſilver trumpits blew with merie ſound,
In joy and bliſſe this companie furth bound.
The peiple bad God be in thair companie,
[And weipit for the love of this Ladie.]
Clariodus ane quhile behind thame baid,
Garring be turſit the theſawre that he hade
Intill Syprus win from the Turkis ſtrong;
Bot he owertuike them or it was ocht long,

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And to the Count his father thus he ſaid,
My Lord, I think it ſpeidfull that we raid
Throw France, for it is the moſt pleſant way;
And heirupon accordit all beine they.
Thus towardis France they raid all in feir,
And ſo they have them ſped in ſik maneire
That in ſchort tyme thay com to Sant Dynice.
Thay lichtit thair and tuike ane gudlie Innis,
Whair thay ane day and eike ane nicht repoſit,
Whom for to ſe the peipill all rejoſit;
Whair thair was of the Kingis Court ane Knight,
Quhilke them eſpyit evin as they did licht,
And ſpeirit them; and quhen he underſtude
The Ladies name of pleſant pulchritude,
And quhat the lordis and ladies with hir beine,
Ane fairer ſight he thoght he had never ſeine.
Unto the King he raid or he wald bline,
And told him all the maner and the meine,
What that thay war, and how thay war arayit.
The nobill King no longer than delayit;
Bot haiſtilie ſent for the Conſtabill,
And with Court of Knichtis honorabill,
He ſent them for to meit, and he anone
Towardis Sant Denis with his Court is gone.
Be this the Court of fair Meliades
On horſe aſcendit was on gudlie wayis,
On gatwart cuming unto Parice toun,
Of joyous trumpits with ane mirrie ſound.
The Conſtabill hes met and helſit them all.
Syne to Meliades in ſpeciall
He paſſit, and hes maid his aquentance,
Saying, Madame, but onie variance,

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Thay ſaid the trewth that praiſit 3our bewtie ;
For verilie, as it apeiris to me,
That none 3our bewtie did ſo fare compryſe,
Bot 3e deſervit more ane thowſand ſyſe
To beine commendit, and that I dar weill ſay.
With that ſcho changit hew, as ſcho that ay
Abandonit beine with [all] ſchame and dreid,
As bloſſome [ſueit] of bening womanheid ;
For ſcho was never manlie nor 3it pert
[In ocht,] nather in plaine nor in deſert.
So raid thay furth with mirrie collatióun.
And as thay war ane myle from Parice toun,
Sex armit Knightis met they in the way,
And to Clariodus ſoune dreſſit thay ;
Syne helſit him, and then they ſaid him till,
Sir Knight, 3e tell us, if it be 3our will,
If ſike ane Knight 3e know as we do ſeike.
He anſweirit them with wordis wyſe and meike,
What Knight is he? unto me tell his name.
Clariodus, thay ſaid, of mikill fame,
The Count of Eſturs ſone, and eik his heare ;
If he be in this companie declair?
We have him ſought in monie ſeire cuntrie,
For out through all the world praiſit is he,
Both flour of knightheid and of nobilness ;
And for he is of ſik ane worthines,
Rycht faine we wald in armis him aſſaill,
If ony of us micht gif to him batell ;
And if that on micht not, [why,] then ſould two ;
And if that two micht not, [why,] then ſould mo ;
And if he war ſo abill under ſcheild,
As to us all ſex fight to gif in feild,

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On efter on, or with us all at onis:
And thus we are him ſeikand for the nonis,
For to aſſay our ſtrength and chevalrie
On him that of this warld is moſt worthie;
And if he happin for to ſtryke us doune,
We are content he have us to preſoune;
And if we fuilȝe, or dois him ſuppryſe,
To take him with us in the ſamine wyſe.
To them full meiklie he anſweirit thus,
I am the Knight ȝe call Clariodus,
Bot not as ȝe me call the warldis floure;
For monie ane Knight thair is of mair valour:
Ȝit nevertheles, if that it be ȝour will,
Anone I ſall gif battell heir ȝow till.
And quhen they harde, he ſpake ſa courteſlie,
The mair thay him commendit verilie.
When that Meliades hard this tyding,
Scho was affrayit into mikill thing,
And prayit God devotlie him to ſave,
And give him grace the victorie to have.
Clariodus pat on his helme anone,
And with his ſpeire is to the formoſt gone,
And to the eard him ſtraike withoutin ho;
Syne to ane uther dreſſit him to go,
And ſo him hit quhill on the ground he lyis;
Syne fyve he ſervit on the ſamen wayis.
The ſext againſt him dreſſit fellounlie;
Thir Knightis ran togidder forcilie,
And brake thair ſpeiris, and maid ane courſe faire.
And ſo thir two ſo oft hes counterit thair,
Whill [that] awght ſpeiris [all] in ſunder brake;
To gif them roume the Court raid all abake,

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Them to behold thay had [full] grite pleſance.
At the ſevint courſe, with knightlie countenance,
Clariodus him hit with ſik [ane] force,
Whill to the eard ȝeid both man and horſe.
Then all the Court, that was beholding by,
Heigh praiſit hes his nobill chevalrie.
Then com the [ſaid] ſex Knightis all in feire
Unto him, ſaying, that all the Court might heire,
Sir, unto ȝow we us preſoneiris ȝeild,
As to the nobilleſt Knight that ever buire ſcheild,
To priſſoun right, evin as ȝe will, [leid us.
Then noblie ſpake to them Clariodus,]
Saying, Ȝe ſall go to ȝone faire priſoune,
Unto ȝon Ladies, and pay ȝour ranſoun.
He tuike them be the hands on courteſe wyſe,
And hes them led to fair Meliades.
He ſaid, Madame, reſave thir preſoneris,
Demaine thame as to ȝour eſtait effeiris.
Then ſaid ſcho meiklie to the Conſtabill,
Call ȝe it not beſt that I be merciabill?
I wald tham freith unto thair libertie,
If that it war ȝour counſall, quhat ſay ȝe?
Madame, he ſaid, I ſweir ȝow be my trewth,
It war ȝour honour upon them to have rewth,
And for to freith them [out] of ȝour priſſoun,
Now at ȝour entrie into Parice toun.
Then ſaid ſcho thus, Fair Siris, for his ſaik
That unto me ȝow preſoners did make,
I gif ȝow fredome heir of my preſoun.
They thankit hir with [richt] bening ſermoune.
And ſyne unto Clariodus they went,
And ane of them thus ſpake with meike intent;

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O floure of knightheid and of chevalrie,
We have 3ow fought full long and biffily,
And now we have fund 3ow of grit valouris,
All to 3our worſchip and nothing unto ouris;
Heir we us offer to 3our ſervice and thrall,
Full hie we ſall exalt 3our name ower all;
We wer borne in the cuntrie of Polyne,
Cadnox de Halt my name is for certaine.
He namit all his fellowis namis ſyne,
And wald have taine thair leave and could inclyne.
Then he requyrit them with all his heart
For to abyde; and tuike them in ane pairt,
And of his purſe furth hes [he] taine anone
Sex diamonts as onie lampe that ſchone;
And ſaid, My freindis, heartlie I requyre
This litill mater to have of me heire;
Thir diamonds than ſall 3e of me taike,
And have them to 3our Ladies for my ſaike:
Quhilk thay reſavit, thanking him oft ſyſe,
Saying, The honouris and the grit impryſe
That him was gevin, it was not all for nought.
Thay tuike thair leave and hamwart ar they ſought.
The French Knightis, quhen this thing thay had ſeine,
His maners with them gritlie praiſit beine.
Then royallie to the toun furth thay raide,
And to the Kingis Palice but abaid
They have them ſped, [and] then doun all thay licht.
The Conſtabill hes taine this Ladie bright,
And hes with hir aſcendit to the hall,
Whair the King was with monie lord royall,
And eike the Queine with monie ladie fair,
All ſtill abyding on thair cuming thair:

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For the King was never into houſhold,
Within four hundereth [of] Knightis bold;
The Queine alſo, as ſayis myne Authore eike,
Was never within ane hundereth Ladies meike.
Scho ſaluſt hes the King full courteſlie,
And he did hir reſave richt gentillie,
And kiſſit hir, ſaying, Madame, but dreid
Full welcum beine to us 3our nobilheid;
For we have longit all in this cuntrie,
3our bright imperiall bewtie for to ſe,
Whom we of ſikane vertew hard reporte;
3e beine full welcum heir and all 3our ſorte:
Whairof ſcho thankit him full reverentlie.
And ſyne the Queine hir halfit womanlie,
The quhilk full honorabillie did hir reſave.
The King hartilie reſavit all the leave,
And did them welcume with countinance joyous,
And ſpecialie the gud Clariodus;
He maid to him grit cheir and welcuming,
Whom he deſyrit to ſe abone all thing.
The King hes taine the Count of Eſtur land,
And weill long ſpace ſtude with him commonand.
The Queine hir ſelf and Dame Meliades,
Held commoning on [the] moſt gudlie wayis;
In whom the Queine ſik wit and nurture fand,
Sik prudence and ſik vertew aboundand,
Scho trowit, in warld nether be north nor ſouth,
Might not be fund in ſik ane tender 3outh
Sik wit, not 3it ſik womanlie maneir;
Scho held hir thairfor abone all woman deire.
Amongs all uther thingis, Earle Eſtur
Schew to the King the pitious aventur,

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And eike diſtreſſis of this Ladie frie;
Whairat the King [ſoir] weipit for pitie.
Thairefter ſaid he to Clariodus,
Fair Sir, ȝe beine full welcum unto us;
For grit report I have hard of ȝow maid,
How in this world, that is baith long and braid,
Leifis no Knight nobiller of renoune
As ȝe that beine without compariſoun.
Right ſa I have hard now of new reports,
How that ȝe, at the entrie of our ports,
Aprovit hes ſo weill and nobillie,
And donne ſo fair ane deid of chevalrie,
That it war mervell ſik ane to be ſeine,
We thinke be ȝow our court all honorit beine.
When that the King had of his talke all fynit,
Clariodus him thankit and low inclynit,
Saying, War I of ſik [hie] praiſe and fame,
Lyke as ȝour Henes gives to my name,
I war all ȝouris without ony dreid
Alſe long as I might ryde or ſit on ſteid.
The King imbracit him with tendernes,
Saying, Alſo I thank ȝow of ȝour ches,
That out of Cyprus to the Queine ȝe ſend;
Ȝour fredome beine full gritlie to commend,
For it ane royall preſent was and gift,
To geive to ony Queine under the lift.
Thus cherifit he Clariodus full fair,
With wordis that war ſweit and debonair.
The King hes him aquentit haiſtilie
With all the knightis of thair companie;
And thay have with the Kingis court alſo
Aquentit them, and ſemblit two and two.

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They can diſport and ſpeike of diverſe things,
So that the mekill hall with joy all rings
Of minſtrallie and uther mirthes eike;
Na ſolace beine amongis them for to ſeike.
To chalmer [ſyne thay] went, and thair ane ſpace
Abaid thay quhile the ſupper redie was,
The grit triumphis and burdes coverit beine.
Then to the hall is went baith King and Queine,
And eike this princes digne and honorabill.
The nobill King anone begane the tabill,
Befor him ſet Meliades the ſcheine;
Into ane chyre abone him ſat the Queine;
At the buird heid they ſet the Earle Eſture;
Syne everilk lord and ladie in ordour,
Efter thair awin degreis war thay ſet.
Ay at the dyſe ane knight and ladie met.
The Conſtabill hes taine Clariodus,
And his foure fellowis that war chevelrus,
And all the knightis of his companie,
And led them to ane chalmer full glaidlie,
And feiſtit them on mervellous maneir,
All haill with diligats and courſis ſeire.
Then maid thay joy and ſuire ryght mirrilie,
And menſtrellis ſang and playit curiouſlie.
Alſe of the letter courſe they ſervit ware,
All be ſex pleſant ladyis of bewtie cleire,
And with aucht knightis convoyit royallie
And awght ſquyeris [that were] geing and luſtie,
Come to the King, and thair ane Poune preſent,
Saying to him thir words in verament,
Sir, to this Poune ge do as it effeiris.
This nobill King quhen he thir wordis heiris,

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Upon this wayis, quoth he, heir I avow,
Unto the Poune and Ladyis unto 3ow,
The faireſt juſting the morne I ſall devyſe
In honour of Madame Meliades
That ever was into my tyme in France,
Thairin ſall be no let nor variance.
When this was ſaid, the Ladyis reverent,
Unto the Queine the Poune thay did preſent.
And I avow, unto the Poune, quoth ſche,
When Sir Clariodus ſall mareit be,
That I and all my Court ane feiſt ſall make,
For him and for his ſoverane Ladies ſaike.
The Poune was ſet befor Meliades,
The quhilke demurelie ſpak on this wayis;
Heir I avow unto the Poune but dreid,
When everilk Knight is armit upon ſteid,
Efter my cuming I ſall them eſpy,
And quha with lance [than] provis moſt worthy,
I ſall gif him this hat upon my heid.
And with that word ſcho wox a litill reid.
The Poune was borne before the Earle Eſtur.
I ſall avow, quoth he, [and that] moſt ſuire,
For to behold and ſe on biſſie wayis
Of everilk juſting and haill interpryſe,
And quhaſa paſſis other in bountie,
I ſall declair if it be ſpeirit at me.
And ſyne unto the Countes of Eſtur
The Poune was borne; and ſcho with ſpeach demure
Said to the Poune, I vow and heightis thus,
At mariage of my ſonne Clariodus,
In my beſt cloathing I ſall me aray,
And never mair againe efter that day;

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I ſalbe furrit then with grice allone,
For now the bé of my 3outhheid is gone.
Syne efter this the Poune went throw the hall,
And thay richt honorabillie avowit all.
Syne to the Conſtabillis chalmer [they] it baire,
And ſaid to him, My Lord, aquyte 3ow thair.
I [ſall] avow, quoth he, quhen everie Knight
On the juſting day ſalbe arayit richt,
That ſax Knightis I ſall put from thair ſteidis,
Or them unhelme, thoght thay be cleir in weidis.
The Powne they buire befor Clariodus,
And he with gudlie maner ſpeikis thus;
Heir I avow, upon the juſting day
That I ſall juſt, if weild ane ſpeire I may.
Then hes the Ladyis to Sir Amandour
The Powne preſentit, and ſet it him before.
And I avow, quoth he, upon the greine
When everie Knight on horſe inarmit beine,
From aucht Knightis I ſall ſtryke [doun] awcht ſcheilds,
And ſkatter them full wyde into the feilds.
And to Palexis they the Poune [did] bring.
I avow, quoth he, to Cupide lovis king,
When everilk Knight enarmit beine in weids,
That nyne Knightis I ſall ſtryke from thair ſteids.
Unto ane French Knight [then] the Powne brocht thay,
That was full fearce and hardie at aſſay,
The quhilk Sir Charles height De les Carere.
And I avow, quoth he, on this maner,
When all fellowis beiris plait and maill,
Than [ten] Knightis in preiſe I ſall aſſaill,
And ten ſpeiris eik I ſall breke aſſunder,
Or ſum of us ſall ly our ſteidis under.

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Then to Sir Broune [hecht] de la Amouris
The Powne [they] brought, for he was amourus;
The quhilk avowit ane gantellit to weir
Upon the hand quhairwith he ran his ſpeir.
Sir Pennent de Carare, [ay] bold and wicht,
Nixt him avowit as ane luſtie Knight,
That he ſould be enarmit all in greine,
For the love only of his Ladie ſcheine.
All thair avows war long for to declaire,
How everilk Knight avowit that was thaire.
When that the Knightis had avowit all,
The Ladyis buire the Poune unto the hall,
Whair that they lewch with heartis glaid and licht,
Rehearſing the avows of everilk Knight.
When all was riſſine and gone from ſupper,
Unto Clariodus on this maneir
The Conſtabill ſaid, Be zour avow it ſeimis
Ze ſall not juſt the morne, for ſo men deimis.
Then ſaid Clariodus, Not juſt I may,
For I am hurt upon the hand perfey,
With [the] ſex Knightis at our laſt juſting.
And quhen it was rehearſit to the King,
He was forſuith thairof nothing joyous;
For he had rather ſeine Clariodus
Ane ſpeir have run all right and under ſcheild,
Nor all the Knightis that wald cum to ſeild.
With this thay all unto thair chalmer went,
Up gois the ſound of hevinlie inſtrument.
Lordis and Ladies anon gois to the dance;
The nobill King with gudlie countinance
Meliades hes taikine by the hande;
Clariodus the Quein at his command;

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And ſyne the nobill Lord [the] Conſtabill
Led the Countes of Eſtur honorabill;
And uther Lordis ȝoung and rycht luſtie,
Gois to the dance with Ladies by and by.
In joy and pleaſour was the luſtie ſorte.
Thus quhill bed tyme full glaidlie thay diſporte.
The Lordis then cauſit fetche ſpyce and wyne.
Meliades tuik leave, to bed dreſſit ſyne;
The Lordis eike at the King and Queine,
And went to chalmer with thir Ladyis ſcheine;
Whom to the Queine did ſay, I pray that ȝe
Be airlie up, the juſting for to ſe.
Madame, qwoth ſcho, I ſalbe, and bad gudnight.
And then anone to bed went everie knight.
At morow as the larke begowth to ſing,
Awalks the luſtie Lords and Knichtis ȝeing,
That hes avowes maid on this maneir,
And all anone thay beine enarmit cleir:
Alſweith thay ſervit God and tuike diſjune,
And maid them redie for the counter ſoune.
The King alſo was redie thame to ſe.
The Queine with great triumph and royaltie
Arayit hir the juſting for to ſeine,
With all hir luſtie Ladies [faire and] ſcheine.
Hir goun was of the cloath of gold potent,
And circulat with ſtonis redolent.
Full michtilie arayit was hir heid,
Hir cullour ſchew as roſis quhyt and reid.
Scho wore ane croune of gold mekill of pryce,
In quhilke thair ſchynit monie flour de lyce.
Hir Ladyis war abuilȝeit richlie,
And put to poynt richt weill and royallie.

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They ſervit God and diſjunit ſyne.
Meliades, the luſtie ȝoung Roſyne,
As Mayis bloſſome newlie brokin quhyte,
Adreſſit hir as goddes of delyte,
Arrayit hir as of Ingland the gyſe,
Becuming hir upon moſt gudlie wayis.
Alſe quhyt as ſnow of ſatine was hir goune,
Raiſit with gold richt curious of faſſioune,
With giltine traiſis hang doun leming licht;
Hir hat was of the gold all birneiſt bricht;
Hir belt was all of michtie ſtonnis plantit.
No poynt of bewtie nature on hir ſcantit;
For ſcho hir paintit as Goddes devine,
Alſe bright as Diane, or as Apolleine.
In cloath of gold hir Ladies war beſeine,
Hir damoſellis in quhyt ſatine ſcheine
Arrayit war, in ſuit all fair to ſe.
This flour of ȝowth and Princes of bewtie,
Unto the Queine ſcho went debonarlie,
Hir followit all hir Ladyis by and by.
The Queine commendit the gyſe of thair clothing,
And ſo did all the Court of Ladies ȝing.
Syne furth they went all into ane greine meid,
Whair hovit monie nobill Knight on ſteid,
With ſpeir in hand, [and] cumming for to range
To the aſſay, that ſeimit nothing ſtrange;
Whair that the King him ſelf [alſe] thair abaid,
With cloath of gold all ſtintit and overlaid.
The Queinis ſcaffold neir beſyd it ſtude,
Whilk ſchynit all of pleaſant pulcritude,
With goldin torris and goldin chainis cleir,
Whilk leimit licht as Phebus in his ſpeire;

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Thairin affendit hes the luftie Queine,
Meliades and all hir Ladies ſcheine.
The King gart in ane ſcaffold by him neir
Earle Eſtur ſit, and auncient Lordis ſeir,
For to be judge quha provit knightlieſt,
And tell quha thair avowis keipit beſt.
Unto the preiſe the pepill them adreſt,
Thair heartis all in curage than increſt;
Thair bright enarming, cleir as [the] criſtall,
Againſt Phebus bright birned as bereall;
As glorious angellis thay gleimit on thair ſteidis,
Whill all the land leimit of thair weidis.
Among them was Clariodus the Knight
Inarmit on ſteid, unwitting of ony wight;
The cauſe thairof befor ȝe hard me ſay,
For thay all trowit he ſould not juſt that day.
Of all the rout was no man thair him knew.
For, the more ſtrange, of quhyt was all his hew,
His ſcheild, his ſpeir, himſelf, and eike his ſteid,
His ſervitouris was in the ſamin weid.
This Knight he held him quyet at ane ſyde,
Beholding them quhilk ſtill did ay abyde.
The Conſtabill com firſt to the aſſay,
Full weill at poynt and in knightlie aray.
He was all ower inarmit into blew;
His ſervitouris war in the ſamine hew.
He had into his thimber, fair be ſight,
Ane luftie madine with giltine traces bright,
Hir ȝellow hairis keaming as the wyre.
As pecoke fetherum was hir buſke alſe faire;
Pouderit with ſtonis as the hevinis ſtellat
About his helme ane cirkill deaureat.

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His mightie ſpeir he gripis in his hand,
And as ane boare abraiding out of band,
He ſpurrit forward his avow to hold.
Sir Dovans de Lapri that was [full] bold,
Sir Ronar, [and] Sir Lyon de Lamount,
Sir Bruce de la Voy, thir foure in frunt,
To hold thair avowis forward ar thay gone.
Sir Amandur and Sir Palexis anone,
Sir Broun de Lamours, and Sir Pennent alſo,
Richt wounder knightlie to the preiſe they go.
Sir Charles de Lefterer luſtie under ſcheild,
Com with his fellowis luſtie in the feild.
Ower long it war thair namis for to note,
Thay war ane royall companie God wote.
All that [did] com of juſteris to the meid,
Full weill at poynt inarmit [wer] on ſteid.
Knightlie and fair the juſting they begane;
Full monie fair and royall courſe thay ran.
They met ſo fearcelie that it was wonder;
Both heir and thair the ſpeiris gois in ſunder;
Up gois the trenſchers in the air on height,
Doune gois the horſe and the inarmit knight;
Out gois the fyre from ſcheilds as reid as gleid,
Off gois the helmis falling in the meid;
Syne gois the ſcheildis to brift in two;
The ſound of trumpits never could to ho,
With weirlyk ſoundis could thay blow on height;
The knichtis met with monie ane hit unlicht,
Whairof the rearde raiſe with ſike ane ſound,
Whill all at onis dynit Parice toun.
Monie knightis was thair of full grit ſtrenth;
I can not ſchaw ȝow on ane dayis lenth

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Thair nobill deidis richt nobill to praiſe,
Nor as I aucht thair nobill fame up raiſe.
Clariodus that ſaw the manlie faire,
Within his breiſt his courage waxit maire;
Then he him put with them that war thairin,
For he them waiker thought and waxand thin;
Doune gois the ſpeir [that was] both grit and wicht,
In gois the ſpuris that of gold was bright
In the ſydis of his ſteid, quhilk ſwiftlie rane,
Thair he to juſt full royallie begane.
Before his ſpeir the knightis gois to grund,
Whill from the meid the helmes did redound;
Or he wald reſt he ruffellit thair atyre,
Out of the ſteill befor him ſtart the fyre;
The knightis lay befor him on the greine;
Might no man ſit on ſadell and ſuſteine
His mightie ſtraike, bot him behuiſit fall,
And he in ſadell ſat as ony wall.
Thay thoght he ſat on ſteid inviſibill,
As campion in armis invinſibill.
Full corpolent he was with breiſt urſyne,
With maſculine heart and ſperit leonine;
Fullfillit of vigoure and of fortitude,
And he in formeheid full of pulchritude.
Of his knightheid quhat beine thair maire to ſaine,
His potent lanſe might no man ſit againe,
Sa fra thair ſteidis he maid them to declyne;
As beiſtis ſmall befor the wolfe rampine,
Alſe faine they war his ſtroaks for to evaid;
Full roume wayis thay maid him quhair he raid.
He all to fruſchit ſteidis on the greine,
He tumit ſadills to the number of fyftine

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Right at his entrie within ane litill thraw,
That thay about had ferlie that him ſaw.
When that the King had ſeine his gudlie fair,
And how ſo wonder knightlie he him baire,
He ferliet grittumlie quha it ſould be;
For never in all his lyftyme ſeine had he
Ane knight in armis prove ſo worthilie.
Rycht ſo thoght all that pleſand companie.
Full royall juſting amongs them might be ſeine;
For monie ane knight enarmit fair and ſcheine
Myght men behold [then] into the greine meid,
That duchtie war and valiant of thair deid.
The Lord Conſtabill he provit weill that day,
For monie ane faire courſe he maid perfay.
His vow he keipit as ane nobill knight;
For he devoidit of thair helmis bright,
Sax armit knightis [all] of grit valoure.
Sir Amandur full weill did his devoir;
Sevin ſcheildis from ſevin knights he ſtrake.
And Sir Palexis ſtrong as ony aike,
To grund he put nyne knightis from thair ſteidis;
For he full worthie was in all his deidis.
And ſchortlie for to tell zow [all] the trewth,
Than everie knight aquyt [him] weill of flewth,
And his avow weill keipit that he maid;
And all that war about the ſamen ſaid,
And that befor that day thay never ſaw
Sa monie luſtie knights rining on raw.
And moſt of all the Quhyt Knyght is praiſit,
Thay have his name to the ſtaris raiſit;
For on that day, his knightlie governance
Will never with them forgottine be in France:

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For he, that was without compariſoun
Than leveing under Mars his regioun,
So wonder knightlie all the day continuit,
And eik ſo mekill travell he ſuſteinit,
Unfatigat, unweirie, and unfaint,
That I can not zow wryte nor zit depaint
His worthie deidis and nobilnes at all,
That beine of knightheid floure imperiall:
For as the awfull lyoun beirs the croune,
I meane of beiſts, as terreſtriall campioun;
So is he alſe ſtronge of all etheriall myndis,
Beine lord and king, thair pryde ſo he declynis,
As prince of knightheid and floure of chevalrie
Of all this wyde warld alluterlie.
Grite ferlie had the King quhat he ſould be,
That was of ſike ane wonderfull bewtie.
He conſidderit that the ſtrong Clariodus,
Whilk holdin was of knightheid chevalrus,
That day hade he not juſtit nor borne ſcheild;
For gif that he that day hade beine in feild,
He wald but dreid have ſaid it had beine he;
The King hade full grit pleſance him to ſe.
The Queine alſo full gritlie did him praiſe,
And unto faire Meliades ſcho ſays,
What thinke ze of the Quhyt Knight of renowne,
That now he is of zon ſtrong faſſioun?
I traiſt firmlie that he ſall have zour hat.
Thus raillit hes the Queine, and lewch thairat.
Meliades then ſaid, ſmyling alyte,
If he it wyn, he ſall it have alſe tyte.
Rycht full glaid ſcho was and rycht joyous,
For weill ſcho wiſt it was Clariodus,

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Scho knew him be hir varlot Bonvaleir.
Scho was diſpleaſit eike in ſum maneire,
That he nothing before unto hir ſchew,
That he unto the juſting wald perſew.
His Father eik him knew be his faſſioun,
And had grit pleſance of his hie renoune
That he hard gevin him in everie ſyde.
What ſould I longer in this thing abyde;
The juſting ſtill induret quhill the nicht,
That to his Innis bounit everie wight.
The King diſcendit thair incontinent;
Grite number of torches hes before him went
Fast to the Palice, for gone was dayis light.
The Quene, and alſe Meliades the bright,
Diſcendit ſoune with all thair ladyis faire,
And to the palice did with joy repaire.
Clariodus is to his chalmer gone,
And thair he hes unarmit him full ſoune;
And thair he did on him full luſtillie
Ane pleſant goune of velvote cramoſie,
And on ane hearpe begouth he for to play,
As at the juſting he hade not beine that day.
And then the King, quhilk no tyme forget myght
The nobill deidis of the ilke Quhyt Knight,
He gart foure privie ſquyeris to him call,
And bade them doe thair biſſines at all
Full knowledge for to get of his ludging,
And great him heartilie with all cheriſing,
Him praying to cum unto the Palace,
And him diſport with joy and ſolace
With knightis and with ladies of bewtie,
Saying, That welcum in the courte is he.

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The four ſquyeris paſſit at command
To the oſtlaris but farder demand,
As he them bade this Knight to ſeike ower all.
The King is enterit in the mekill hall,
With monie ane lord full mekill of renoune,
And richt glaidlie to ſupper [they] can boune.
The Queine in chalmer veſtit hir all new
Into ane luſtie goune of velvote blew,
And coverit all with orpharie faire;
Eike all hir ladies changit gounis thair.
Meliades hir veſtit in ane goune
Of greine velvote, full gudlie of faſſoune,
Circumferat with ſtonis caſting licht;
About hir neke ane chaine of gold [full] bright.
Hir hairis bright that nature ſpan ſo cleire,
In aureat treſis hang doun circuleir,
Full angell lyke, that ſchynit ſcho with gleimis
In orient bright with Phebus goldin beamis,
Doun ſchading from hir face, that was alſe quhyte
As the illuſtar lillie of delyte.
Ane rich cornall about hir hair was ſet,
With radious ſtonnis mightilie overfret.
What ſould I tell of her feminitie;
Scho ſtrave with Venus in hir bright bewtie.
Away thou Lucres with thy pleſant eine,
And with thy bright hairis thou Palexine,
And thou faire Heline with thy hairis quhyte,
And Candas with thy culloure of delyte,
And with thy rewth thou [chaiſt] Penelope;
For all this, [ſtill] ſcho might ȝour princes be,
In vertew, bewtie, and of womanheid,
Ȝour cleir lodſtar in everie luſtieheid.

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Hir ladies changit weidis thair alſo,
And to the Queinis chalmer two and two
Hir followit all hir damoſellis be pairis,
In greine ſatine and gold traced hearis,
With pearle ſcheaplet thair hearis ſet above.
Meliades with hir [fair] court of love
Com to the Queine, quha did hir weill behold,
Commending thair hir bewtie monifold.
And thus thay paſt the tyme as was the gyſe.
With that the juſteris upon gudlie wayis
Enterit within the Palice of renowne,
With weirlyke noyis and victorious ſounde
Of clariouns, trumpits, and loud minſtrelly.
The heraldis with ane loude voyce thay cry
The namis of thir lords with grit clamouris,
Under thair grit and mightie coat armouris.
The King was ſet to ſupper at his tabill,
With pleſand lordis and ladies amiabill.
The juſteris in thair chalmeris ſoupit all,
Ilk ane with other maid diſporte royall,
Of minſtrallie and uther grit pleſance.
And eike the Lord Conſtabill of France
Into his chalmer ſoupit hes alſo;
And of his companie was none him fro
That with him ſoupit had the night before,
Bot Sir Clariodus; and he thairfore
Diſpleaſit was ſumthing in his intent.
And as the Prince moſt [hie and] reverent
With all his lordis in hall had ſoupit neire,
In com the foure ſquyeris all in feire,
Quhom that the King unto the Quhyte Knight ſend,
Sir, ſaid thay, We mak it to be kende,

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That of the Quhyte Knight ȝe ſall have tyding;
Of him we have ſum knowlege and witing;
And if ȝe will that ſchawin be his name,
Clariodus he height of mikill fame.
And quhen the King this harde he was full blyth;
Syne to the Count of Eſtur turnit ſweith,
And ſaid, Fair Couſing, have ȝe knowleging,
Quha was the Knight in quhyte at [the] juſting.
No Sir, he ſaid. Then I ſall tell, ſaid he,
It was Clariodus ȝour ſonne perdie.
Glaid was the King, and he commandit than,
That the foure ſquyeris in all the heaſt thay can
Sould go anone and fetch the Quhyte Knight.
They but more, with torches birnand bricht,
Soune in the chalmer of Clariodus
They enterit ar, and ſaid unto him thus,
My Lord, ȝour ſecreits no longer may be coverit,
Ȝour counſall is [all] to the King diſcoverit;
Heir ar we cumit at his Hienes command
For ȝour Lordſchipe. Quoth he, Without demand
I ſall obey him quhill I am on lyve.
Togidder are thay paſſit on belyve.
Clariodus nocht enterit in the hall
Whill ſoupit had this [gude] Prince royall;
Bot in the chalmer of the Lord Conſtabill
He enterit with thir Lordis honorabill.
The Conſtabill, quhen he did him eſpy,
Up lap he from the table demurely,
And met him, ſaying, Quhyte Knight! Quhyt Knight!
Of all the world the mirrour ſchyning bright,
In fame of knightheid and of chevalrie
The reſt exceiding ſo excellentlie;

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It ſeimit nocht 3our hand was hurt to-day,
Whilk 3our companiouns teſtifies perfay;
It had beine gud for all the companie,
That 3our hand had not hellit ſo ſuddanlie.
He ſet him at the begyning of the tabill,
And feaſtit him with cheir [richt] amiabill.
The King cauſit awcht awntient Knightis go,
And taike with them cuning heraldis two,
And bad them be advyſit on the Knights deidis,
Quha war maiſt valiant [that day] on thair ſteidis,
And quha maiſt worthie war of [hie] renoune.
Thir auntient Knightis of diſcretioun,
Ar paſſit furth at command of the King,
With the heraulds to advyſe on this thing.
The King was ſervit with meitis amiabill,
Almaiſt his courſis was innumerabill.
The hall owerſchynit [all] with torches bright,
That thame among it ſeamit dayis licht.
The intermeiſes long war for to tell,
On quhilks as now I mynde not for to dwell.
The King, quhen he hade ſouppit, went anone
To his chalmer, quhilk [all] of torches ſchone.
The antient Knights and the heraldis eike
Com to the King, and ſaid with wordis meike,
We wald have 3our advice. Then ſaid the King,
Sirs, We have beine advyſit of this thing;
Sen 3our deſyre is my advyſe to have,
3e ſall it heir anone, ſa God me ſave:
Of them without, me thocht the Conſtabill
The louing haill me thocht was moſt abill;
Of them within, it is ane mater plaine,
Clariodus, of knightheid ſoverane,

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Hes all the laude, quhilk knowis everie wicht,
As flour of armis and chevalrie full richt.
They anſweirit, Sir, as ȝe have ſaid, ſuithlie
So it is jugit amongs us veralie.
The King gart ſchaw this [jugement] to the Queine,
Wha did gif ane hinger of gold moſt ſcheine
To them, and bade them as thay lift diſpone,
And gart twa Ladies of hiris with them gone.
Unto Meliades have thay paſſit ſyne,
And hir preſentit ane hat of leves greine,
Luſtie, and ſaid, Madame, ȝe knaw
Ȝour awin avow. This Ladie, without aw,
Hir hat of gold [ſcho gave,] and bade that thay
Sould it full richtlie it diſpone perfey.
This luſtie hat [all] of greine levis plet,
Inſteid of it upon hir heid ſcho ſet;
And with thir Knightis ſcho ſent ladies two.
And firſt unto the Conſtabill thay go,
Saying, The Queine weill gretis ȝow, Sir Knight,
And dois preſent this gudlie hinger bright
To ȝow, my Lord, with greatings monie fold;
For to hir Grace ſuithlie it is told,
That of the Knightis all that war without,
Ȝouris beine the praiſe and louing haill but dout.
Then the Lord Conſtabill full reverentlie
Thankit the Queine, and ſaid full humbillie,
Thair was full monie Knightis of renowne,
To quhom I may be na compariſoun:
Bot ſen the Queine [out] of hir nobilnes
Rewards me ſo, I with all humbilnes
Will it reſave, for ſaike of hir Henes,
Whom God preſerve in joy and luſtines.

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Two diamonts he gave the Ladies two,
And kiſſit them or he wald pairt them fro.
The Heralds he rewairdit with monie,
And gave them gold that was [rycht] fair to ſe.
Syne ar thay paſſit to Clariodus,
Him greating [eik] with countinance joyous.
Thay him preſentit [then] the hat full cleire,
And ſaid, Meliades with glaidſum cheire
Sent it to him, ſaying, The Ladies all
Him jugit to be moſt victoriall
Of them within, and moſt of hie renoune
Of all the juſteris but compariſoune;
And told that ſo him jugit King and Queine,
Lordis, Ladies and Knightis all bedeine.
Clariodus with wordis richt bening,
Joy everlaſting, he ſaid, be to the King,
And to the Queine, and faire Meliades,
And all the Lordis that on ſike wayis
That gave me name ſike as I did not ſerve;
God give me grace thair thankes for to deſerve.
I dar not tak on me this to reſave,
Nor for ſike cauſe ſike ane rewaird to have;
For thair war monie and better knights nor I,
Quhilk to reſave this gift beine more worthy.
Schortlie to tell, no thing might him excuſe,
Bot to reſave thair preſent he behuiſe.
He gave them thankis oft and courteſly;
Syne kiſſit he the Ladies by and by,
And gave ilk ane of them ane chaine of gold;
Syne to the awcht ancient Knightis bold
He gave awcht courſouris luſtie for to ſe;
And to the Heralds in grit quantitie

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He gave of gold and ſilver full largelie,
And two gounis of cloath of gold mightie.
Thay cryit Larges! [Larges!] hé on height
Of Sir Clariodus the gentill Knight.
Then begouth minſtrellis luſtilie to play,
And luſtie wichts the dance begouth to ſay.
The King commandit Clariodus to take
Meliades, ane beaſe dance to make,
And bad the Conſtabill go leade the Queine,
And he him ſelf did lead ane madine ſcheine.
And quhen Clariodus had be the hand
Meliades, he ſoune did underſtande
That ſcho at him diſpleaſit was alyte;
Whairfor his heart beine full of wo and ſyte,
And wox ſo ſadlie that mynd he hade of nocht,
Bot how into hir favour cum he mocht.
When thay had danſit ſo ane litill ſpace,
They ſufferit utheris to go into the beace
Whill thay repoſit beine. And ſuith to tell,
Clariodus abake went be him ſell
Behinde the danſers, and in ane windo ſate;
Grite was the dollour that his heart was at,
He durſt not ſpeir at hir quhairfor or quhy
That ſcho was wroth, love ſo victoriouſlie
Him vinquiſt in his breiſt; and at the laſt,
Quhan that ane ſtound or twa had him owerpaſt,
He tuike him hardiment, and thus ſaid he,
Madame, I thanke zow, ſo mot God me ſe,
Of the gudlie preſent ze to me ſend,
The quhilke I ſall unto my lyves end
Remember with my ſervice at my might.
With ſoft ſpeech then anſweirit ſcho hir Knight,

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Clariodus, no thankis gif me to,
Sen that I was avowit ſo to doe.
Be hir wordis hir grivance weill he knew,
Whilk did his woe quadruple [now] of new.
Madame, ſaid he, to me diſſimull nocht,
If that at me diſpleaſit ȝe be ocht;
Weill knew I be ȝour wordis in this place,
That ſum pairt now I ſtand out of ȝour grace.
Quoth ſcho, Bot at myſelf I am diſpleſit.
Clariodus in heart the worſe was eaſit,
And ſaid, Madame, if that it war ȝour will,
Ȝour diſpleaſour I wald ȝe ſchew me till;
And if that ȝe not pleaſe for to do ſo,
Into ſum ſtrange cuntrie [then] will I go;
I will not heire remaine and ȝow diſpleiſe,
To do ȝow grevance and myſelf uneiſe;
[And] beſt it war me think, for to doe ſo,
Nor ȝow diſpleiſe and [alſe] my ſelfin ſlo;
One ſkaith is les nor two ȝe may beleive,
My paine I reput not unto ȝour greive.
Bot quhen ſcho hard tell of his depairting,
Hir heart wox cold, and furth ane ſigh did bring.
Full red ſcho was that he ſould pas hir fro,
For weill ſcho trowit that it ſould have beine ſo
Bot gif he gat hir peace; quhairfore, quoth ſcho,
Clariodus, ſen that it man be ſo,
That ȝe will wit now quhat I have in mynde,
No thing I meane bot that ȝe ar unkynde.
Fair Sir, or now [oft] I have ſeine the day,
[That, having come, thocht ȝe war far away,]
Ȝe wald me bid ȝour cullour choſe and weill,
Seing in tornament it might prevaill,

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And comforte zow my livary for to weire;
And now I ſe ſike uſes ze forbeire.
At this juſting ze liſt not to diſdaine,
Unto my ſight and preſence to atteine,
Nor let me wit if ze wald juſt or nocht;
The quhy I have conſidderit in my thocht;
Heir beine Ladies [that ar] fairer nor I,
Zow to direct in way of chevalrie,
Whom with ever ze [now] advyſit be,
Sumtyme ze war advyſit bot with me.
And quhan ſcho had ſaid all, Clariodus
Upon his kneis ſate doun all dolorus,
To ſchaw hir his intent in humbill wayis;
And ſcho anone hes maid him for to ryſe,
And ſtand beſyde hir as he did before.
Quoth he, My Lady, to quhom I ever more
Have beine ane trewthfull ſervitor and man,
Sen firſt to love or ſerve zow I begane,
Treſt weill in me thair is no variance;
Never could I deale with diſſimulance;
I liet never in earneſt to na wicht,
Than unto zow, my heart and Ladie bricht,
Why ſould I do ſo curſit ane treaſoun?
Fy on ſike feingit falſe perditioun!
Zit ſchope I never no wicht for to deceave,
Sike longis to ane harlot or ane knaive,
And to no wicht that lovis his honoure;
For ſo mot God gif to my ſaule ſuccoure,
As ever I lovit uther Ladie zit
Bot only zow, ſen firſt I did promit
To be zour ſervant and zour [ain] trew Knight,
The quhilk I ſalbe ever efter my might

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But ſlight or ony diſſimulatioun,
As God alſe trewlie be my ſalvatioun:
And in ſo far as I nocht to zow ſchew,
That I this tyme to juſting wald perſew,
Treſt not that I of male ingyne it wrocht,
Quhilke enterit never nor ſall into my thocht,
And never zeilds; zit I zow mercie cry,
Now of ſleuth and ignorance that I
So me miſgydit in my rakleſnes,
Forgive me, Ladie, for zour gentilnes,
And of zour rewth and womanlie pitie,
That ze no longer have no hait at me
In this mater; and thoght my wite was dull,
It ſalbe efter amendit at the full.
With that he ſate upon his kneis adoune,
Aſking hir mercie [pitie] and pardoune.
Scho is content quhen [he] hir mercie cryit;
And eike ſcho be his countinance eſpyit
That he diſpleaſit was and wo begone,
And uther thing ſave trewth he meinit none.
Then was hir breiſt aſſwagit of all thing;
Bot ſcho hir heart ſa fare had donne reſing
Unto hir Knight, that [it] atoure meaſoure
Maid at hir heart of jelofie ane ſchoure,
Whairof the ſtraikeand unſufferabill [ſtound]
The breiſt aſſaillis quhair love dois ſo abound.
In heart then was ſcho glaid and rycht joyous,
And ſaid, My only Knight, Clariodus,
Sen it is ſo, I heir forgeive zow ſall,
And af his knie thair raiſit him at all.
And this was donne and that ſo privily,
That naine of them perſavit ſtanding by;

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For with two loveris, being of ane conſent,
Full ſecreitlie monie ane gait is went.
Then turnit he againe unto the dance,
And tuike be hand this Ladie of pleſance.
And with [new] curage danſit then thir two,
As thay that war relaxit out of wo;
That then before with painis war opreſt,
And now againe with joyis new poſſeſt;
Upon ſo fair and gudlie wayis they dance.
Then ſaid the King, he never ſaw in France
So pleſant danſeris, and more for to commend.
And quhen thair danſing all was at ane end,
Clariodus ſaid to Meliades,
Madam, I gart grath on [maiſt] gudlie wayis
Twentie fair robis all of ſatine quhyte,
And wrocht all with orphand arte of delyte,
To give unto the Kingis Knights and 3ouris,
That freſcheſt beine all furrit with amouris;
And if 3e think the tyme war oportune,
I wold gar fetch them or the danſe war donne,
And diſtribute them efter 3our pleſance.
Scho anſweirit him with gudlie countinance,
Rycht honorabill is 3our devyſe perfey,
I wald glaidlie have ane of 3our aray
Intill ane hat of cullour quhyte as floure.
Glaidlie, Madame, he ſaid, with grit honoure.
Unto the Conſtabill eik he this told,
Saying, My Lord, I pray 3ow that 3e wold
Helpe me to diſtribute my livaray,
And to beſeike the fellowſchipe that thay
Wald not diſdaine ſike gifts for to reſave,
Thocht they be ſymple to ſike lyke men to have.

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Quoth he, My brother, Sir Clariodus,
Sen ȝe diſpone to gif ane livaray thus,
Me of ȝour livaray quhy will ȝe refuſe,
Sen I ȝow love as other Knightis dois.
With that he lewch on him full joyouſlie,
For he him lovit ay full tenderlie.
I pleaſe weill, ſaid Clariodus, that ȝe
Formiſt of all into my livaray be,
Seing that ȝe deſyre it. Then ar thay gone
Unto the Conſtabillis chalmer, and thar anone
Devyſit they on this thing. Then Clariodus
Sent for the robis that war pretious.
To Bonvaleir he gave command anone,
That he ſould to the merchandis buithes gone,
And bade that he ſould by ane hat alſe quhyte
As is the Mayis bloſſome of delyte;
And ſyne it geive to Romaryn in keiping,
And bad hir with it to hir Ladie ging.
Then to the Conſtabill ſaid Clariodus,
Sen that ȝe beine ſo gentill and gratious
To be ane of our ſuite, choſe ȝe anone
Into this lovarray quha ſall with ȝow gone.
Then ten Knightis choſit the Conſtabill
Out of the Court of France, [the] moſt abill;
Clariodus ten Knightis aveinand,
The pik of Ingland and of Eſtur land;
Thair naimis heir neids not for to reporte,
The gudlieſt thay war of all the ſorte.
When that the Knightis war rewardit thus,
Glaidlie thay thankit Sir Clariodus.
Thir valiant Lordis veſtit all in quhyte,
Them to behold it was [ane] grite delyte.

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The Conſtabill tuike ane torch bricht birnand,
Clariodus ane uther in his hand,
And all the leave hes torches taine alſo,
And ſwa went furth thir Knightis two and two,
With hand in hand, all cled into ane ſuite,
Befor them ȝeid ane harpe and eike ane lute.
Thay fand the King in joy and grite pleſance,
With Ladies enterit in ane carroll dance,
Meliades full freſche leiding the ringe,
With ane cleire torche, into hir hand, [birning,]
With hir whyte hat on heid of roſe culloure,
And ſcho als freſch as is the lillie floure.
Thair was the Queine into the danſe alſo,
And monie uther luſtie ladies mo,
And danſing, that to ſe it was delyte.
The Knightis entering ſo in culloure quhyte
The King beheld, and had ane grit pleaſance
To ſe the gudlie gyſe and countinance.
Unto the Conſtabill and Clariodus
He ſaid, Fair Siris, freſch and amorus,
Ȝe have conſeillit fra me this noveltie,
Ȝe beine all luſtie danſers as thinkis me:
Bot [weill] he knew that Sir Clariodus
Thir quhyte livoras hes ordanit thus,
Becaus that he the Quhyte Knight was before,
Him praiſing in his mynde ay more and more:
And all the maner eike perſavit he,
How to Meliades of grite bewtie
He ſould be waddit; bot he was wyſe at all,
And rewlit him as ſould ane Prince royall.
So in the midis of the joliſie,
Thrie Counts are cumit that ar of grite degrie,

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And in the Palice enterit ar anone;
The Counte of Deckare of the thre was one,
The Counte of Diſtempis and the Counte of Champangie,
Unto the hall aſcendit ar all thrie.
They helſit have the King on gudlie wayis,
And eik the Queine and fair Meliades,
The Counte and eik the Countes of Eſtur.
The King, that was ane Prince of grite nurture,
Hes them reſavit on ane gudlie faſſoune,
And weill them chereiſt efter thair renoune.
Thair purpoſe was to beine at the juſting,
Bot it all endit was or thair cuming.
The danſe indurit long, and the diſporte,
The circumſtance war long for to reporte.
When day approachit neir, to beddis they went,
Both King and Queine, Lordis and Ladies jent.
Meliades hes taine her leave to gone,
The thrie Countis convoyit hir anone
Unto hir chalmer; ſyne tuike leave hir fro,
And unto thair reſt they all thrie can go.
Thus all to beddis went, and ſleipit ſtill,
Whill bricht Apollo ſchynit ouer holte and hill.
Right as the mirrie larke into the ſky
Aſcendit with ane joyous harmonie,
When miſtie vapours ryſis from the vaile,
And leavis hinging full of ſilver haill,
And ſmall foullis delytis them to ſing
Among the tender roſie blumis ſeing,
Of freſch Titane all againis the ſighte,
From langour them comforting with [the] licht,
This luſtie Prince no longer might he ſleipe,
Fra he unto the mirrie day tuike keipe,

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Bot thocht he wold in hunting for to ryde,
And callit on ane varlote him beſyde,
And bade him gar his maiſteris of houſehold,
To Boyce de Wincente, that luſtie hold,
Go and provide with everie ordinance
Pertaining to his kinglie governance.
This being donne, up raiſe baith King and Queine,
With all his royall Courte richt weil beſeine,
And ſervice harde with gude devotioune,
And ſyne of menſtrallie with merrie ſounde.
Diſjunit they baith lord and ladie bright,
And to thair horſe anone they can them dicht.
With this unto the fair Meliades
Bonvalier com to hir on humbill wayis,
Saying, My Lord Clariodus me ſend
To zow, Madame, and doing recommend,
Quhilke hes zow ſend ane diamond full bright,
Remembering that he is zour trewthfull Knight;
And he alſo hes ſend to zow ane ſang,
The quhilke he maid rycht as the morrow ſprang;
He and his ſervandis ar cled in levoray blew,
In tokine that he ſalbe ever trew;
If ze the cullour pleiſe, he bade me ſpeire.
I pleiſe it weill, quoch ſcho, in all maneire.
Scho tuike the ſong and diamonde alſo,
And threw ane goldin ring hir finger fro,
And ſaid, Anone preſent this to my Knight,
And thanke him of his gyftis all at ryght.
Bonvaleir went and did as ſcho him bad.
With this the luſtie Courte, with hartis glaid,
Muntit on horſe with weiddes freſch and gay.
Meliades, in nobill and rich aray,

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In bewtie blumit as bloſſome on the ryce,
Triumphant as terreſtrial paradice.
To tell 3ow of hir freſch abuil3ement,
Or of hir palfrayis pretious ornament,
It war prolix, thairfor I let it go.
This nobill Courte and Prince furth ryding ſo,
Up to the hevin gois the trumpits ſound,
Up gois the curious ſound of clarioun,
With hornis blaſt they cheir the hardie houndis,
Whill Parice wallis reardit with the ſoundis.
So furth thay raid at the ports of the toune,
On fra the royall Palice of grite renoune.
Clariodus cled in ane mantill blew,
With his four fellowis alſe in the ilke hew,
Full rich furrit with mertrix that is fyne,
Upon ane curſour, with heart leoneine,
The quhilk Madame Meliades him gave,
Softlie he raid quhill he owertuike the leave.
Him followit varlots awcht in blew all clede,
On wantoun curſouris fate and full weill fede,
With ſilver chan3eis about thair halſe full bright.
Aucht gentill men, that luſtie war and wight,
He hade alſo all cled in dameis blew,
With golden chan3eis that war bright of hew.
Into the Courte he raid. His luſtie entrie
It was ane ſight full gudlie for to ſe.
The King him callit, [and,] but mair abaide,
Clariodus, tell me, anone he ſaid,
The maner of the tornament in Spaine;
[And] quha did beſt to me do 3e not faine.
Weill wiſt the King the haill renoune hade he,
At the ilk juſting was ſo fair to ſe.

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Ane litill reid than wox Clariodus,
And to the King he hes maid anſweire thus:
Sir, if that I the treuth ſall ȝow declaire,
Full monie mightie and nobill knight was thaire,
That ſo weill provit, that harde was for to tell
Whilk of the ſorte in chevalrie did excell,
Althoght the ladies, of thair courteſſie,
To ſike ane honour did me magnifie,
As for to gif the laude and praiſe to me;
Ȝit I deſervit it in no degrie,
For monie ane Knight thair better was nor I.
Then ſaid the King, I traiſt rycht veralie,
That men full far might ſeike, or that they fand
Ane Knight that ware of deidis ſa valiand,
To wine renoune in armis ȝow before.
Of other diverſe materis ſpake they more.
The King ſo gentill was in commoning,
[That] thair was none of honoure, old nor ȝing,
Of all the Knightis of Meliades,
Bot he with them at leaſoure did advyſe.
And quhen this royall Courte of nobilnes
War cumit to Boyce de Vinſentes,
From horſe all doune [thay quicklie] did deſcend,
And in the mightie Palace as they wende
The Ladies all ar unto chalmer gone,
The nobill King to hall is went anone.
The wallis ware arayit full luſtillie,
With rich arace [that] thar war full mightie;
The hall was mikill and [eik] full of licht.
And quhen the denner was all redie dicht,
The King ſent to [the] chalmer for the Queine,
And for Meliades the luſtie ladie ſcheine;

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They com anone at his commandiment,
Himſelf begane the buirde incontinent,
And ſet abone him all the ladies faire,
For he no ſtait wald let be keipit thaire.
The ladies at his tabill grit and ſmall,
He gart be ſete, thoght they refuiſit all.
The Count of Eſtur, and the Lord Conſtabill,
Clariodus with uther lordis abill,
Palexis and his brother Amandur,
With thair two fellowis of grit honoure,
Sir Pennent de la Carier full famous,
Sir Charles, Sir Broun, and eike Sir Donaus,
And all that longit to Meliades,
He hes gart [thame] be ſet in gudlie wayis
At his awin tabill, thocht thay refuiſit thairto,
His bidding ȝit behuiſit thay all to doe.
He thair hes maid him fellow and no king,
As myne awthour hes maid [trew] rehearſing.
He was both manlie, wyſe and gratious,
He could be mirrie and ſolatious
Whair that him lift, for till make companie.
The courſis com right fair and royallie.
The King wold not ſit long in that degrie,
So longit he the royall chaſe to ſe
Of fellow deire within his perke royall.
Then ſuddantlie up ryſis ane and all.
The King twike be the hand Meliades
Before them all, and ſaid on this wayis,
Faire Siris, ȝe ſall know, that it is ſo
That none [this day] ſould into widdis go
Without ane lady, and thairfor that I
Of brighteſt bewtie choſe me ane lady.

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They leuch all at the King that raillit ſo.
Be this was ſaid, anone to horſe they go.
The nobill King aſcendit on his ſteid,
And him behinde the floure of womanheid;
Syne hes commandit Sir Clariodus
To take the Queine gudlie and gratious
Behinde him on his horſe: and but demand
Thair hes he fulfillit the Kings command.
The Count Samphange with [alſe] biſſie cure
Twike behind him the Countes of Eſture.
The Earle of Eſture twike behind him eike
The Ladie De la Carier fair and meike.
So everie luſtie Lord and gentill Knight
Hes horſit ane Ladie of beawtie bright.
Out of the royall Palice have they paſt
With pleſant ſound of [hunting] hornis blaſt,
And to the wodis raid full royallie,
Whair thay hade hunting right aboundantlie.
It was ane nobill ſight for to behold
The fair freſch forreſt and the floriſchit fold,
The ſaitis ſet with hunters of knowledge,
The eger hounds deſyrous of courage.
Furth gois the dogis throw the ryſe on raw,
The deir doun cumis dunting throw the ſchaw.
With How and Cry they follow them behinde.
The hunteris lurkis law under the lynde.
The heard in cumis. Fearflie but abaid
The hundis in thair leaſches dois abraid,
Thair heartis dunting in breiſtis for deſyre.
Thus ſeing, the bukis go bak then in the ſwyre
Be two and thrie, endlong the water ſyd.
The hunds fra monie ane leaſch dois out glyde,

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That under the bewis beine louſit monie brace.
The hunters glaidlie followis on the chaſe.
Lo! heir the hynde is letherit be the hunde,
And thair ane heart gois gronand to the grunde.
So this day fair quhat is thair maire to ſaine
Whill thay of deiris ane grit number had ſlaine.
Clariodus, that raid befor the Queine,
Had in his hand ane dearte both ſcharpe and keine,
That he was uſit ay weill for to caſt;
So com ane [deir] buke by him at the laſt
Into his way [and] halfling him againe.
Madam, quoth he, pleis ȝe for to have ſlaine
ȝone faire deir buke that cumis in our way?
I ȝow requyer, the Quene can to him ſay.
He did his courſour with his ſpurris broch
Whill neir the buke ſwiftlie did he aproach,
And with ſike force the darte did in him dryve,
Befor the Queine, that he fell deid belyve.
Lordis and Ladies that this thing hes ſeine,
Gritlie it praiſit, and moſt of all the Queine
Hes him commendit into mikill thing.
Ane Knight hes it reherſit to the King,
Quhilke rydand was before Meliades.
I know, quoth he, that mekill beine to praiſe
The deidis all of Sir Clariodus,
Whilke is both ſtrong, hardie and chevalrus.
This being ſaid, the King ſchuipe him to ryde;
Clariodus he gart ryde him beſyde,
And bade him ſing. He ſaid, he wald anone,
For he of diſſobedience maide none.
Then ſaid he to Meliades, Madame,
Sing ȝe "Si je ſuis touſjours a Madame"?

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Scho ſaid, Forſuith that ſong I can not ſing.
Clariodus, let heir it, ſaid the King.
On of his ſervitours he callit thane,
The quhilke ane tennour pleaſantlie begane,
And he the truble ſang rycht curiouſlie,
That it reſoundit ane dulſe melodie.
The King grite pleſance had it for to heire,
So had the Queine and all the ladies cleire.
When he had ſung, the King ſaid, Verament
This is ane luſtie ſong, and right pleſant;
This is ane ballet freſch and amorus,
Is it new maid? Zea, ſaid Clariodus.
Meliades then ſmyllit, changing hew,
When that he ſpeirit if it was maid of new;
For the ilk ſong it was that he hir ſend
That day of morrow with ane recommend,
The quhilk Bonvaleir did to her preſent.
The King in muſike was intelligent,
He ſang ane tennor to Meliades,
And ſcho the trubill ſang on gudlie wayis.
The thrie Earlis that cumit ware of laite
Did ſing alſo with voices dulcorate.
In cumpanies ouer all the courte they ſong,
Grite mirrines and joy was them among.
Thus pat thay off the tyme with faire paſtance,
With mirthful breiſtis bathit in pleſance,
While that they enterit at Parice portis bricht;
And throw the ryndis raid with heartis licht,
As thay that to the royall Palice tendit,
Whill fra thair horſe alſweith they have deſcendit,
And enterit all in thair chalmers anone,
Whill tyme was unto ſupper for to gone.

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The King, that ever in honour did excell,
Them feiftit faire, the trewth if I ſould tell,
Ane monethes ſpace, with ſike triumphe and cheir,
That none on lyfe under the ſune ſo cleire
More pleſance hade, nor levit in more joy,
Nether in land of Greiſe, nor 3it in Troy.
And quhen the moneth aprochit neir to ende,
The Ladie purpoſit then hame to wende,
And garte hir folke make readie in all thing,
Againe the day of hir depairting.
So happinit in the meine tyme to be,
Ane herald cumit out of Ingland cuntrie
Thair from the King unto Meliades,
And in hir chalmer as ſcho did up ryſe
He enterit, and hir ſaluſt courteſlie,
Saying, The King 3our Father rycht heartilie
Commendis him to 3ow, and eike the Queine,
The quhilkis for 3ow grite langoure dois ſufteine.
Thay have me chargit hame 3ow for to ſpeid;
For thair is cuming withoutin ony dreide
Thrie faire ambaſſants from thrie ſundrie Kings
For 3our wadding. Outower all uther things
Thay 3ow deſyre; but neverthelefe the King,
Into that mater worke will he nothing
Whill 3our hame cuming, and quhill that he have
[Advice] of Earle Eſtur; ſa God me ſave,
Without his counſall he will doe nothing.
And quhen this Ladie hard of the tyding,
Sum thing ſcho was into her heart adreid,
Believing to ſum King thay ſould hir wade;
Whilke rather wald be deid, without feinzeing,
Nor of the world to have the gritteſt King

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And leive Clariodus hir onlie Knight.
Fair countinance ſcho maid 3it at [hir] micht,
Saying, My frind, welcum 3e ar to me;
Thankit be God, of the proſperitie
Both of my Father, and of my Mother eik;
To ſave them two, Lord Jeſus I beſeike.
Me for to wade quhen ever that they will,
I ſalbe reddie thair counſall to fulfill.
Within thrie dayis we ſall out of France
Depart, God willing, but more circumſtance.
When this was ſaid, to Earle Eſtur he went,
And in this mater ſchew all his intent,
And all this thing to him maid manifeſt;
Syne went unto ane Oſtlarie to reſt.
The mariage of [the] faire Meliades
Into the Court hes ſpred on ſike ane wayis,
Whill it come to Clariodus audience,
Whilke throw his breiſt withoutin reſiſtance
As grundine dairte then awfullie did glyde.
With ſade thochtis his mynd was occupyed.
He was diſpairit and right ſore adrede,
Evin that the King her Father ſould hir wade
Upon ane of thoſe Princes right potent;
Beſeikeing God full oft in his intent,
On ſike ane wayis that it ſould not proceid.
This Ladie eike, that leives in ſike ane dreid,
Ever to God ſcho prayis devotlie
To ſend hir him quhome that ſo [richt] trewlie
Scho lovit ay, and ſould quhill ſcho might leſt.
Thus, nather of thair heartis beine at reſt,
To ſpeike with uther deſyring ſo gritly
At laſoure, quhair no wight might [thame] eſpy.

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Clariodus anone went to the King,
Whilke then with his thre Counts wes advyſing.
The King then drew aparte fra them anone,
And with Clariodus at laſoure ſpake allone
Of diverſe things; and ſo amongs the lave
He ſaid, Clariodus, ſa mote God me ſave,
I wald have 3ow ſtill in my Courte dwelling,
Whilk my deſyre is ower all uther thing.
I heir now that Our Brother of Ingland
Hes for his Doughter ſent, [and] deſyrand
To have hir waddit at hir hame cuming.
Clariodus, 3e doe for me this thing,
The quhilke anone I ſall unto 3ow ſay,
Be freſch and luſtie on hir wadding day;
With that he ſmylit on him luſtillie.
Clariodus weill underſtude the why,
Whairfore, he ſaid, and this he [ſmyling] ſpake,
Sir, 3our command to fill I undertake;
For that ilk day full blyth I think to be
Of everie knight in that ilke aſſemblie.
Then ſaid the King, God grant that it be ſo,
That ware my deſyre, and ſalbe ever mo.
The King he thankit in all humbill thing.
Then to the Queinis chalmer went the King,
And thair he fande the faire Meliades,
To quhome ſweitlie he ſaid on this wayis,
Madam Meliades, as I ſuppoſe,
Of luſtie princes 3e [ſall] have 3our choſe;
Be not haiſtie, bot weill advyſit be,
And chuſe ane valiant man in all degrie
Of might; for landis 3e neid nocht to crave,
Seing ane mightie kingdome that 3e have.

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Sir, ȝe know, ſcho anſweirit, in all thing
I mone obey unto my Father the King.
Thus raillit he with hir full pleaſantlie,
And ſcho him anſweir maid debonarlie.
When cumin was anone the latter day
Of this moneth, withoutine mair delay
Meliades unto the King is went,
Saying unto him with full meike intent,
Sir, I am readie to paſe in my cuntrie,
Gif thair be nocht ellis ȝe wald with me.
Madame, quoth he, gif ſo be that ȝe will,
Now hamewarte paſe, God ȝour purpoſe fulfill,
And ȝow conſerve in pleſance and in joy,
I will my ſelf in gaitwarte ȝow convoy.
Thoght ſcho ſaid nay, and laith was thairunto,
Was none excuſe, bot [that] he wold it doe.
Then ſaid ſcho to the Queine, in humbill wayis,
I thanke ȝow heire, Madame, ane thowſand ſayis,
Of the grite jentrice ȝe have ſchawin to me,
Of ȝour hie honoure [and] nobilitie;
My Father hes me ſend ſex faire courſouris,
And ſex haiknayis pleſant attoure meaſouris;
Ȝe ſall have ſex of them, and I ȝow pray
Them to reſave; and tho the Queine alway
Excuſit hir, ȝit ſcho maid ſike inſtance,
The Queine garte take of them delyverance.
Thair ſadillis war of cloth of gold full bright,
Browderit with ſtonis radious and light,
And they alſe quhyte as onie ſnowis doune.
The nobill Queine, that was of grite renoune,
Hir thankit ſweitlie, and gave to her alſo
Ane chaine of gold; and ſyne with heartis wo,

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They kiſſit utheris with teirris diſtelling.
Scho tuike hir leave at Ladies auld and ȝing.
Syne come the gudlie Countes of Eſture,
And tuike hir leave with countinance demure,
Both at the Queine and at the Ladies all,
And at the Kingis Court univerſall.
Unto them all grite giftis gave the Queine.
Meliades to cloſe diſcendit beine.
Syne at the Queine leave tuik [the] Earle Eſtur,
And at hir Ladies pleſant of portratour.
And laſt of all, Clariodus the Knight
Inclynit to the Queine, and bad gude nicht
To hir, ay recommending his ſervice.
And ſcho againe upon full humbill wayis
Said unto him, Ha! Sir Clariodus,
Faire weill, in world the Knight moſt gratious!
And moſt of deidis famous and of pryſe;
I am weill holdine unto ȝow oft ſyſe,
The richeſt jewell to the worldis end,
Ȝe, the moſt nobill Knight, unto me ſend.
With that ſcho tuike thair of [the] bright gold cleire
Ane verie luſtie firmaleit moſt deire,
And ſaid, Clariodus, ȝe ſall this take,
And weire it in ȝour cuntrie for my ſaike.
He thankit hir full courteſlie at all;
And then ſcho hes him kiſſit anone withall.
He tuike his leave at everie Ladie faire.
The King was mountit on ane palfray thaire,
Ane of the ſex the quhilke Meliades
Gave to the Queine, quilke mikill beine to praiſe;
He ſaid thay war ane gyft moſt honorabill,
And thankit hir with wordis amiabill;

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He ſaid he wold with hir on gaitwart ryde.
Not on of them no longer wald abyde;
Thay raid out throw the toune full royallie,
With trumpit ſound of hevenlie melodie.
And quhen they war two mylls without the toune,
The nobill King moſt worthie of renoune
Tuike leave at hir, and gave hir ane colleir,
With curious worke that pretious was and deire;
And ſaid to hir, Madame Meliades,
I me commend to zow on humbill wayis,
Beſeiking zow, the pearle of pleſance,
That ze wold have on ws rememberance;
Ze ſpair ws not, for we all tyme ar zouris.
This luſtie Princes with changing collouris
Inclyning then, and reverencing the King,
Thay kiſſit thair, and [ſo] maid depairting:
Syne kiſſit he hir Ladies ane and ane.
The Count of Eſture thair his leave hes taine,
And his Countes; and ſyne Clariodus,
To whom the King, with wordis gratious,
Said, Faire couſing, in heart I am full wo,
So ſuddantlie that ze depairte me fro;
Thair leivis none in all this world ſo wyde,
That is ſo welcum with ws to abyde.
This Knyght inclynit law with reverence,
And humblie thankit the Kingis excellence;
Saying, Zour Hienes I thanke humbillie,
That hes me treitit heir ſo nobillie;
My ſervice ſalbe zouris for evermore,
Whilke celſitude conſerve the King of glore.
With that he tuike his leave with courtes faire,
Both at the King and at the Lordis thaire;

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And eik forȝet he not the Conſtabill.
Thir Knightis two with wordis amiabill
Tuike leave at uther, imbracing tenderlie,
As thay that lovit uthers ay parfytlie.
Depairtit ſo thir Lordis of renoune,
Eik my Lord ſayis in his tranſlatioun,
That from the King none unrewairdit went,
Of all the Court nobill and excellent,
For unto them with grite humanitie,
He ſchew his regale liberalitie;
The quhilk againe to Parice did returne,
And thay raid furth withoutin more ſojorne.
This Princes and hir luſtie companie
Unto thair cuntrie ſped ſo biſſilie,
That to the ſea they approachit belyve,
They ſchipit all and ſyne did [ſaif] aryve
In Ingland, whair on horſe thay have aſcendit,
As thay that north into the cuntrie tendit.
Thus in thair voyage all was fair and well,
Whill, throw ane forreſt as thay did travell,
They ſaw ane pailȝeoun luſtillie upſtent,
Of ſilke all reide, that ſchew full redolent.
The Earle ſaid to Meliades the bright,
Behold, Madame, beſyde ȝow ſtent on height,
The faireſt pailȝeoun that ever I ſaw with ey,
What is within I reid we go and ſee.
Within the pailȝeoun luikit thay anone,
And ſaw ane Knight thair ly with monie grone
Above ane bed that luſtie was to ſeine,
Full richlie coverit all with ſatine greine;
Ane arrow ſtake into his ſchoulder deipe;
Beſyde him ſate ane Ladie doing weipe

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So wofullie, that pitie was to ſee.
Meliades abaiſit than was ſche,
And bade the Earle within the pailzeoun go,
And ſpeir the cauſe quhairfore that he lay ſo,
And quhy ſcho was ſo wobegone ane wight.
The Earle enterit and helfit hes the Knight.
With febill voice he helfit him againe,
Lyke as he hade felt unſufferabill paine.
And then unto the damoſell he ſaid,
If that ze pleiſe, [my] faire and luſtie Maide,
I wald ze did the cauſe to me declaire,
Whairfor ze weipe ſo pitiouſlie and ſaire.
Then ſpake the Ladie, Sene that ze requyre,
I ſall zow ſchaw, this is my brother deir;
We beine diſcendit of ane hous royall,
For of our blude we ſtand imperiall
In our cuntrie callit Northumberland;
And he that was ane Knight full valiand
Raid ſeikand adventuris in ane forreſt dicht
And met foure Knightis that was fearſe and wicht,
Whilke ſemblit on him hes ſo cruellie,
And he defendit him right nobillie,
That of the foure thrie [had] he broght af lyfe,
The fourt then fled and let ane arrow dryve,
Whilke hurte him in the ſchoulder as ze ſe,
The quhilk was lanſit with ſike deſtanie,
That of the world the jentilliſt Knight but doubt
Mone with his hande this arrow now draw out,
Or than, alleace! he leivis never more.
The nobill Earle ſaw hir weipe ſo ſore,
Ladie, he ſaid, comfort zow and be ſtill,
Peradventure God hes ſend helpe zow till.

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The Earle went to Meliades againe,
And hir declairit the haill mater plaine
All worde be worde richt as the Ladie ſchew,
Saying, Will [now] ȝour Knightis all perſew
Whilk will the arrow draw out of the Knight?
Thairof, I pray ȝow, ſaid this gudlie wight.
Sir Amandour then [firſt] the Earle did call,
And unto him the cace declairit all,
And prayit him to go and to aſſay
For to draw out the arrow gif he may.
Sir Amandour this anſweir maid him to,
It noth effeiris ſike things for to doe,
And Sir Clariodus in the companie:
Bot him the Earle treitit ſo nobillie,
That he is went the mater to aſſay,
Richt modeſtlie withoutin grite delay,
And pullit at the arrow with his hand;
Bot thair alſweith impediment he fand,
For him it wald not ſteire out of the wounde;
The Knight full ſorelie ſchrinkit at the ſtound.
Sir Amandur was in his heart full woe,
And furth out of the pailȝeoun can he go.
With wordis wrath his Eame he could reprove,
That ſike ane mater unto him did move.
Palexis paſt thairefter to aſſay;
Bot he might noth the arrow draw away.
The ȝoung Knightis [then] preiſit all aboute;
Bot for thèm all no way it wald come out.
Than meiklie ſaid Meliades, I pray
That ȝe will cauſe Clariodus aſſay.
That war, quoth he, ane grite preſumtioun,
Efter ſo monie Knightis of renowne,

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That I ſould go aſſay quhair they have failzeit.
Bot his excuſe [in] nothing him availlit;
Scho him commandit for his Ladies ſaike,
The quhilke ſcharplie unto his hearte did ſtryke.
Then lichtit he and in the pailzeoun went,
The Knight he helſit and the Ladie jent,
Saying, Faire Sir, cumin I am to ſie
Gif I may helpe zow of zour neceſſitie.
Neir him he went with full grite humbillnes,
Haveing in God all houpe and confidence,
To helpe the Knight; of him he hade pitie,
And ſoftlie at the arrow pullit he.
It com to him but preiſe or vehemence,
Without obſtakill or onie reſiſtence.
The bluide with that ſprang out aboundantlie
Out of the wound, and bled continuallie;
Bot nevertheles the Knight on fute up ſtart,
And thankit him full oft with all his heart
Imbracing him, ſaying, Of Knightheid floure,
All haill! the Eard awcht zow [for] to honoure.
I thanke our gratious God ane thouſand ſayis,
That hes zow ſent to me upon this wayis
To be my helpe, the quhilk nane uther might;
For it aſſayit hes full monie ane Knight,
Bot none of them micht it remeid bot ze,
That is of Knightheid floure and A per ſe.
What is zour name, if that it war zour will?
And he anone anſweirit hes him till,
Clariodus of Eſtur they me call,
Zone was my Father viſite zow firſt of all.
This Knight and eike the Madine humbill and wyſe
Unto the Earle and to Meliades

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Ar paſſit, and them thankit reverentlie,
And ſo did thay to all the cumpanie,
Onlie for ſaike of Sir Clariodus.
Syne to the pailȝeoun mirrie and joyous
They went, quhair that Clariodus thay fand,
To ſtanche his [wounde] quhilk ȝit was abydand.
The wounde out ran with grite effuſioun,
Alſweith he tuike the ring of the Lyoune,
And twichit it and ſtemmit it anone.
Clariodus then to his horſe is gone.
He tuike his leave, and efter them he raide,
Whilke them among grite avanceing hes maid
Of him and of his hie renoune and priſe,
And how he gentill was at all devyſe.
This woundit Knight relievit of his woe,
Commandit than ſex knightis for to go
And make his litter of gudlie faſſioune;
And ſyne thairin hes [he] garte lay him doune,
To have him to his friendis haſtillie,
This Ladie [alſo] ryding neir him by,
With all hir madinis [full] faire in feire:
Thus hame he went, rycht gladſome of his cheire.
Sir Brounar de la Haunt it was his name,
Ane Lord he was of grite renowne and fame,
Quhilk to Clariodus was efterwarte,
Ane ſervitoure richt faithfull in [his] heart.
Clariodus hes ſped him haiſtillie,
And ſoune he hes owertaine the companie,
And long with them raide ſpeiking to and fro;
And ſyne unto Meliades can go,
And ſpake of diverſe materis by the way,
And of the woundit Knight eike ſpeak did thay;

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He tauld how he him ſtanchit of bleiding.
To hir he ſaid among all uther thing,
Madame, ȝe ſould be blyth and have courage
That rydis hame now to ȝour mariage;
Fair Princes bydis [for] ȝour hame cuming.
Scho anſweirit him with wordis richt bening,
Saying, Monie aſkis the thing thay not get;
To love and ſerve quho may loveris let?
Quoth he, Madame, full ſuith it is ȝe ſay,
Bot ȝit me thinke that gude it war alway
That ȝe providit war of mariage,
Conſidering that the King is of grite age,
And hes no bairnis bot your ſelf allone.
And that is ſuith, quoth ſcho, ſo mote I gone;
Thairfor ane thing at ȝow I will require,
Whilke of ȝone Princes war it ȝour deſyre
That I ſould marie, diſſimull not at all.
Quoth he, Madame, my wite it is bot ſmall
[Thus] the eſtaite of Princes for to judge;
Becaus as ȝit to ȝouth I beine ane ſudge,
And can not on ſo grite maters decerne,
For my ȝoung counſall wyſe men will diſperne.
And than, quoth ſcho, to this anſweir ȝe can,
Into this warld of everie leving man,
Whom wald ȝe tyteſt hade me to his wyfe?
Quoth he, Grite Lordis wyſer be ſike fyve
The King your Father hes to his counſell,
Whairfor in vaine it war for me to tell,
For, as thay ſay, is abiller for to be;
Whairfor, Madame, ȝe ſcorne to ſpeir at me.
Then ſaid the Ladie, ȝe faſt your ſelfe excuſe,
Of ȝour counſall ſay on for ȝour behuiſe;

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For thocht ȝe know not quhat the lordis ment,
ȝe know thairof quhat is ȝour awin intent,
Whom with ȝe wold [that] I ſould maried beine;
Know ȝe not eik the trew love us betweine?
Now go I alſe neir ȝow as [that] I may,
To gar ȝow ſumthing in this mater ſay;
And I remember that ſike thing hes beine,
Quhen thair was nothing ſpokine us betweine,
Bot ȝe wald anſweir, and not be dangerous.
I cry ȝow mercie, ſaid Clariodus,
My mynde thairin rycht as my ſelf ȝe knaw,
Whairfore thair was no neid to ȝow to ſchaw;
ȝe can not weill conſidder as I deime;
And ſen ȝe will the ſuith that I expreime,
Gif it ſould be as I wald wiſch, I ſay
I wald no wight in world ȝow had bot I,
And thocht I ſpeike ſik words, ȝe not diſdaine,
For grite deſyre dois [ever] me conſtraine.
To ſpeik thir wordis, then ſaid Meliades,
My Knight, I thanke ȝow on moſt humbill wayis,
That ȝe wold do me ſike worſchipe and honoure
As me to wade, and ȝe of knightheid floure.
Full weill I waite, had ȝe not lovit me,
ȝe wald not aſk with me to mariet be;
Bot I ſa far beholdine ame trewlie
Unto ȝour Father the Count [maiſt] worthie,
And alſe unto ȝour Mother the Countes,
And to ȝour ſelfe in love and worthines,
I ȝow promit I ſall no huſband have,
Bot quhom ȝe wald I hade, ſa God me ſave.
I height to keipe ȝow this promiſſioune,
As I am Kingis dochter of renoune;

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Or I it breke ather for weill or wo,
I ſall dreidles out of the countrie go,
As I have done before tyme for 3our ſaike;
And thairfor no diſpleiſoure in hearte 3e take,
Whatever 3e heir or ſe, 3e hold 3ow ſtill:
In ſigne that I this promeis ſall fulfill,
Ane ring of gold I gif 3ow heir, my Knight,
And for my ſaike 3our heart 3e hold on height.
Clariodus the gold ring did reſave,
And courteſlie he oft thanks to her gave,
Saying, Madame, nixt God I awght to ſerve
And love 3our Ladiſchipe quhill that I ſterve,
That hes me gevin ſik conſolatioun,
Quhilke falling was in diſperatioun.
For gif I ſall the trewth to 3ow declaire,
My heart was full of dreid and [of] diſpaire,
Ay ſen I tyding hard of 3our wadding;
Whair I hade will to ſigh, now may I ſing;
And quhair I trowit langour ſould me ſlo,
3e have delyverit me of all that wo.
Of this mater as then thay ſpake no more;
He let hir ryde ane litill him before,
That ſchoe might talke with uther companie;
And he began to ſing all ſecreitlie,
For the grite joy was at his heart perfay.
This luſtie courte thay raide furth [all] the way,
Whill thay com neire to Londoun the citie.
Thair monie ane Lord that was of grite degrie
Them met triumphantlie without the toune,
Baith Biſchops, Duiks, and Earlis of renoune,
And hir convoyit throw the rewis faire,
With ſilke and arras that arrayit war.

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The bellis range in kirkis up and doune,
The ſilver trumpits maid ane mirrie ſound;
Among the pepill haill was this clamoure,
Welcum our luſtie Princeſs of honoure!
Then at the Palice richt as ſcho diſcendit,
The nobill Lordis ſtill on hir dependit,
And hir convoyit up into the hall;
Of hir cuming [richt] glaid was ane and all,
And of the cuming of Clariodus:
Thus was the Court richt blyth and joyous.
The ſupper was anone [all] redie dicht,
And to the tabill with monie Lord and Knight
Adoune [then] ſate this Princes honorabill,
And ſervit was with meitis delectabill.
The night before thair cuming to the toune,
Thre famous Biſchops of full grite renoune,
And thrie grite Earlis that war full worthie,
Quhilkis war ſex hundereth horſe in companie;
Ane of them ſent was to Clariodus,
The uther to Palexis richt famous,
The third to Amandour the nobill Knight,
And broght with them thrie golden crounis bright,
To croune them Kingis of thrie kynriks cleire,
As ȝe ſall efter in this ſtorie heire.
Into ane luſtie Innis ludgit thay,
Whair they on windowis and on ſtairis lay
And ſaw this Princes and this Courte ryde by,
And ſaid they ſaw never ſik ane company;
And of thair Oiſt they ſpeirit of the thrie
That ſould the Princes of thair realmis be.
And he them ſchew unto [the] Knightis thair,
Vailȝeand of deidis and of thair bodies faire.

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Thir Lordis them commendit grittumlie,
Saying, That they war nobill and worthie,
Of thrie realmis to be crounit Kings,
And happilie providit war thair rings
To have ſike thrie Princes for to be,
That both war cumit of ane linage hie,
And ſyne was faire and ſeimit gratious;
And moſt they praiſit Sir Clariodus.
This night owerdrave, day cumand was anone,
And bright Apollo with his beamis ſchone
Ower land and ſea, and all the land abreid;
This gudlie Princes, floure of womanheid,
Addreſſit hir in hir freſcheſt aray,
As is the freſcheſt bloſſome into May;
And up him dreſſit everie Lord and Knight;
Thir thrie Ambaſſats freſchlie hes them dicht
Unto thair Lordis, preſents to attaine,
Full monie ane gowne of ſilke and golden chaine
Was thame among, and gif [I] tell the treuth,
Unto the Palice bounit they all but ſleuth.
Thir tydings harde hes [Sir] Clariodus;
Them to convoy he hes ſent Knights famous.
When all hade ſervit God, and ſyne diſjunit,
Talbrounis and trumpits ſyne up tunit;
Meliades knights convoyit them the way.
Alſweith within the Palace enterit they.
Weill orderit, and on ane gudlie wayis,
They come before Madame Meliades;
They helſit have this Princes of bewtie;
Syne everie Lord and Knight in his degrie.
When they hade ſaluſt other courteſlie,
Then to Meliades thay ſaid humbillie,

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Madame, with leive of 3ow we will advyſe
Heir with the Earle of Eſtur in ſum wayis,
And we at lenth ſall commoune with 3ow ſyne;
With that thay doe full low to hir inclyne.
Doe as 3e pleiſe, quoth ſchoe, I am content.
Thir Lordis and the Earle togidder went
Into ane chalmer be them ſelves allone.
Ane of the biſchops ſpeikis thus anone,
My Lord, 3e know the Lady 3our Countes
Beine ſiſter to the Kingis nobilnes
Of Ireland, quhilke [now] febill is and old,
And may excerſe no juſtice as he wold,
And hes no heares abill unto the croune,
That cuming are of his ſucceſſioune:
Whairfor unto 3our Sonne ws ſent hes he,
To gar him cum and ringe in our countrie;
And heir we have brought for his [hie] renoune
The regale wande of juſtice and the croune,
To delyver to him, and give poſſeſſioun
Of all his nobill and mightie regioun;
And bade, or we returne, to croune him King,
And in his name the realme to him reſinge.
We underſtand that this may not be donne
Into ane tyme that ware mair opportoune
Nor heir befor this royall companie.
The Earle maid anſweir, and ſaid full courteſlie,
Firſt God I thanke, from quhilke cumis all grace,
And ſyne the King, that ſo weill ordanit hes
His tender bluide efter himſelf to ringe.
Clariodus he gart unto him bring,
And ſaid, My Sonne is heir, the quhilk I geive
Unto the King alſe long as he may leive.

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Of Ireland two Lordis that was of mikill ſame,
Of quhom as now I neid not ſchaw the name,
Ane Biſchope and ane Earle, them betweine
Hes led him furth, quhilk gudlie is to ſeine.
Full joyfull was the pepell auld and ȝeing,
Quhen that thay ſaw him led then as ane King,
Betweine two Lordis nobill and potent:
Bot thay ſum pairt in heartis war dolent,
Trowand that into Ireland he ſould go,
Full loath war thay he ſould depairte them fro.
Two famous Biſchopis and honorabill Earlis two
Palexis tuike and Amandour alſo,
And to them ſaid on this [ſamine] maneire.
Becaus thir brether two Uncles war but weire
To thir two Princes that grite war of degrie,
The King of Garnet and of Caſtelȝie,
They war lede furth upon the ſamine wayis.
Full gudlie was the maner and the gyſe
Of the triumph was maid at thair crouning.
All to the kirke are went thir Lordis dinge.
Thir Kingis thrie was ſete full royallie
In regale ſeats, coverit mightillie
With cloathes of gold, befor the hie altere,
And on thair heidis thrie goldin crounis deire,
With awfull wand of juſtice in thair hand,
Servet with nobill Lordis inclynande.
And Prelats that war dinge and honorabill,
Begane the ſervice in wayis conveinabill,
And thair ane pſalme [full] ſolemelie they ſang,
For noyiſe of organis all the collage rang.
When that the royall ſervice all was fynit,
The Earlis, Lordis and barrounis all inclynit

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Befor Clariodus with blyth viſage,
Randering to him of Ireland the homage;
Richt ſo was donne unto the uther two.
And ſyne unto the Palice can thay go,
Whair ane full royall denner ordanit was.
The Kingis thrie war lede with nobilnes
Out of the kirke, with ſeptour, ſword, and croune,
With noyſe of trumpit and of clarioun;
They enterit in the Palice joyfullie,
With mirthfull ſound of hevinlie menſtrellie.
Heir to be ſchorte, and leive all circumſtance,
Thay go to tabill with joy and all pleſance.
Betwix two Kingis ſate Meliades,
Ane King ſat hir before on gudlie wayis;
Thrie Biſchopis, and of Eſtur the Countes,
Sate at the tabill thair with all glaidnes;
Two maiſters of houſhold to King Philippon
War merchald at the tabill end anone,
With them Earle Eſtur of nobilnes and fame,
And the richt honorabill Biſchope of Durhame.
I may not tary on thair marchelling,
To tell ȝow all the royall triumphing,
Thair excellent and thair [maiſt] pleſant cheire,
Nor of their gudlie ſervice the maneire,
Nor of thair grite diſport and minſtrellie,
Nor of the courſis that did multiplie,
Nor among courſis the intermeiſis glaid,
Nor the delectabill comoning thay hade,
Nor of the pretious meitis delicate,
Nor of thair ſyndrie ſtories prorogate;
I let owergo all ſik prolixitie.
Foure ſyndrie liquoris ran with royaltie,

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From foure beiſtis in foure nuiks of the hall,
Whilke was ane ſight richt fair and triumphall:
Ane was ane lyoun, right awfull and terribill,
At quhois gaiping mouth, full horibill,
Rane myghtie wyne, right pleſant, cleir, and cauld;
It was ane gude ſight him for to behald:
The uther was ane luſtie unicorne,
Fyne Ipocras did ryn out at his horne:
The thride ane tyger was, felloun and ſtout,
Roſe water fearcelie at his noſe ran out:
The fourte ane marmaide was, with traces bright,
At both her papis mylke ran out on height.
And at the letter courſe, in come ane gyſe
Of ſmall chyldreine, [full] gudlie to devyſe,
To the number of fortie, all tranſfigurat
As wolfes full wyld, and [ſtrangelie] deformate,
Quhilk ſcatterit flouris faire throw the hall,
With ſavoure ſweit as ony balme royall;
And ever ilk ane on ane inſtrument,
On courious wayis, with fyngeris diligent,
Diverſlie glaidand, all in ane accorde
Raiſing on loft, with joy and grite conſorde,
The hearts of all the nobill audience.
Of eardlie joy thair was no indigence.
What ſould I longer tell of thair feaſting?
Thair cumis ane end of everie worldlie thing.
When thay hade feaſtit long upon this wayis,
Both Kingis, Lordis, and Ladies, up thay raiſe,
And went to chalmeris fair at all pleaſouris,
Thair to delyver the ambaſſadouris.
The Ireland Biſchope, and the Earle alſo,
[Hes] thair delyverance aſkit hame to go.

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The King Clariodus on faire maneire,
Thus ſaide, My Lordis and [my] friendis deire,
I thanke the King my Eame of his [gude] grace,
That hes his croune, his ſeptore, and his mace,
Donne of his nobilnes to me reſinge,
Albeit thairto I am no thing condinge;
And quhair he wold I to his ringe repairit,
It may be with expedience declairit
Before 3ow all now at this [ſame] inſtante,
My companie this Princes may not wante,
Whilk to hir Father rydis furth anone,
Go I hir fro, ſcho then is left allone;
Bot of this voyage quhen [that] I have donne,
And quhen I ſe the tyme is oportune,
Sall none ambaſſage neide me for to bring,
Unto my Eame and honorabill King:
3e counſall me thairfor in this mater,
And to 3our myndis I ſall aſſent right heir.
Then ſaid the Biſhope with all reverence,
3our wordis beine, Sir, fructuous of ſentence;
Nothing we can 3our ſpeache [as now] impunge,
So ſcharpe with reaſounis cyllit beine our tonge,
3ow in this preſent voyage we excuſe;
Sen on no wayis fro hir [3ow go] behuiſe,
3e may not leave the realme deſolate,
Thairfor ane louetenant to us create,
Our realme to governe in [richt] regiment,
Whill 3e gif us your preſence excellent.
The King conſentit to this petitioun,
And gave right thair his [hie] commiſſioun
Unto the Earle of Durhame right famous;
And ſoune anone they war delyverit thus.

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And finallie thir other Kingis two
Thair ambaſſatis hes delyverit alſo.
Full grite giftis thir Kingis gave all thrie
Unto thir Lordis mikill of dignitie,
Commending them with hearts unto their Kings,
Them thanking oft [ſyſs] into mikill things.
They tuike thair leave full fairlie on this wayis,
Both at the Kings and at Meliades.
Earle Eſtur them convoyit biſſilie,
Unto the cloſe quhair they fand all redie
Ane Knight ordanit be King Clariodus,
With monie ane goldin jewell pretious,
Both goldin coupis, changeis and rings,
Rich cloathes of gold, and monie coaſtlie things,
For to preſent to the ambaſſadouris;
And ſyne they did with [verie] grite honouris,
Convoy them [all] weill far out of the toune.
The Biſchope and the Earle of great renoune
Of Durhame hes thair leavis taine anone,
With the ambaſſate grathing them to gone;
With that their gaitis they did depairt, and than
Thair leave at uther hes taine everie man.
Earle Eſture tuike his leave and hamewart raid.
And the Ambaſſadours, withoutin more abaid,
In thair voyage uſit ſik diligence,
Whill thay all come ſoune into the preſence
Of thair thrie Kings, and than thay all declairit
How thay had donne, and hade [in] nothing ſpairit.
Full glaid they war quhen they hard this tyding
Of thair Uncles and of thair honoring.
All thrie they feaſtit the Ambaſſadouris,
That had ſo pleſantlie donne thair pleaſouris.

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To chalmer King Clariodus is gone,
And his rob royall hes laid af anone,
And eik his crown of gold i-forgit new,
And pute on him ane goune of velvote blew;
Syne went unto the chalmer of Meliades,
To quhome ſchoe courteſlie did [thair] up ryſe,
And unto him maid kinglie reverence,
Saying to him, with ſmylling countinance,
Is this the faſſioun of ane King, ſaid ſche,
So quyetlie to cum in this degrie
Into ane chalmer quhair ladies dois abyde?
Scho ſet him on ane cuſcheine hir beſyde.
He ſaid to hir thir wordis ſecreitlie,
Nather King, Earle, nor [ȝit ane] Duike am I,
Nor uther Lord, Madame, in ȝour preſence,
Bot ȝour awin Knight to doe ȝow reverence
To ȝow abone all uther warldis wight,
Alſe long as I have ather wite or might.
Long ſpake they thus of materis to and fro.
The Earle Eſtur towardis them can go,
And ſaid, that ſpeidfull [now it] war that we
Schoupe ws this night in Belvilladoune to be,
Whilk is from ws bot awcht mylis of way.
All to this thing anone conſentit thay,
Thair horſe thay gart be grathed ſuddenly.
When everie thing was at poynt and readie,
The quhilke perteinit unto thair eſtaite,
At ſchorte thay maid them readie for the gaite,
Kingis, Knightis, and Ladies of renowne,
Aſcendit on thair horſe with trumpit ſoun.
The Lordis of the toune did them convoy,
Rycht honorabillie with pleſance and with joy,

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Whill thay war riddine ane great pearte of the way ;
Syne to the toune againe returnit thay.
The luſtie Courte them ſped on ſike maneire,
So at Belvell they come to the ſuppeire.
When the King wiſt his Dochter was ſo neire,
He hes delyverit on ane fair maneire
The thrie Ambaſſats, ſo thay war content ;
Syne them rewairdit with giftis richt potent,
Quhilk leave hes taine and hame raid ſuddanlie
To their Princes, commending grittumlie
The Kings honoure and [eik] his gentilnes.
Meliades this luſtie ȝoung Princes,
With [all] hir Courte [full] greatlie to advance,
Aproached quhair the King maid reſidence,
Whair monie Lords maid full grite reverence,
Preſentlie com before hir excellence,
Fairlie hir met weiping with joy and blis,
That ſchoe againe in hir cuntrie cumin is.
Scho enterit in the toun right royallie,
Quhilke ſtentit was with royall tapeſtrie,
Into the honour of hir hame cuming ;
Minſtrellis did play, and bellis long did ring.
Full faſt the pepill praiſit hir bewtie.
And ſo, with all hir Court of royaltie,
On gudlie wayis ſcho rydis throw the toun,
And at the Kingis Palice lichtit doune.
And when the gudlie freſche Meliades
Was from hir horſe diſcendit on this wayis,
And enterit in the cloſe of the Palice,
The King hir Father, with [ane] mirrie face,
Upon his heid put on his nobill croune,
Incontinent undid from him his goune

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And doublet, all alleane he hes diſcendit
To hir quhom to he had ſo far offendit.
Then all the Courte hade ferlie him to ſie
Go meit his Doghter in ſik [ane] degrie.
Rycht thair to hir he ſate on kneis adoune,
All bair heided, ſaiffand he hade on his croune,
As not the father to the chyld ſould do:
Bot he ſo gritlie failzeit hir unto;
Whairfor he thoght he wald to hir amende.
This Princes ſaw her Father and did attende,
And ſaw him on his knie, and thocht ferlie;
For ſcho was then abaiſit grittumlie,
And him before ſcho fell on kneis eike.
The King wirdis lamentabill and meike
Firſt ſpake upon this wayis, I aſke God mercie
Of my delyverance curſit and haſtie,
And of my wit that beiſtlie was and wyld
For to believe ſike treaſoun of my chyld:
Syne I aſke mercie at zow, Dochter deir,
In this eſtait as I am ſitting heir,
Beſeikand zow that ze wald me forgive;
For I repent, and ſall do quhill I leive,
The grite treſpaſe that I have to zow wroght.
With that from weiping he [refrain] might noght.
His beard begane with teares to weit for ſorrow
As daſie buſke bedewit in the morrow.
Then all the pepill that this thing could ſie,
Full faſt they weipit for rewth and for pitie,
To ſie the King regrate on ſike ane wayes.
This bening Ladie, fair Meliades,
Heiring hir Father to hir compleaning ſo,
Hir tender heart almaiſt it fell in two;

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For ſorrow and pitie neir out of wit ſcho braid.
I cry zow mercie, myne Father, ſcho ſaid,
Ryſe up, my Lord, quhy ſit ze ſo, alleace;
For it no thing perteinis to zour Grace,
To me, zour Chyld, to ſit upon zour knie:
Bot ſuithlie it pertenis unto me
To ſit on kneis to zow, my Father deir,
My ſoverane Lord and Prince moſt inteir;
For weill ze knaw that I full humbillie
At zour command will do aluterlie;
And, Father, I forgive zow hertfullie.
And both with [that] they weipit pitiouſlie.
Than raiſe the King but ony wordis mo,
And tuik his Doghter in his armis two,
Whom that he lovit attoure all eardlie thing,
And kiſſit hir with tender imbracing.
Syne he reſavit King Clariodus
Into his armis, with countinance joyous;
And on the ſamyne wayis his Couſinge two
With kinglie honour reſavit he alſo;
[Then the] Earle Eſtur and his Countes eike
He hes reſavit with ane viſage meike;
Syne all the Lordis and Ladies on be on
He helſit hes. And quhen the Queine anone
Hir Doghter ſaw, uneis ſcho might conetine,
Or in hir heart ſo grit ane joy ſufteine,
To ſie hir in ſo gude proſperitie,
That ordanit was ſo crewellie to die.
Hir bairne ſchoe tuike in armis tenderlie,
Ane weill long ſpace imbracing heartillie;
Schoe kiſſit hir [full] oft, with ſpreite joyous.
Syne ſcho reſavit King Clariodus,

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And ſyne [the] uther Kingis both in feire,
Kiſſing them [all] with mirth and glaidſume cheir;
The Earle of Eſtur eik, and his Countes,
Reſavit ſchoe with joy and mirrines;
Than everie Lord and Ladie that was thair,
Scho welcumit. Syne to the hall they faire,
Whair ſeiges royall was gudlie to behold
For foure Kingis coverit with cloath of gold,
Above thair heidis ſiklyke thair was ſtent,
Whilke to behold was pretious and potent.
The hall was all arayit with the ſamyne,
Thair was grit joy of menſtrallie and gaming.
So quhen thay war all enterit in the hall,
King Philipon ſaid this befor them all,
Lordingis, it is not unkend perdie,
How the knightheid and magnanimitie
Of King Clariodus, [the] moſt famous,
And alſe his Father, worthy and gratious,
This kingrik now exaltit hes ſo hé,
So that it ſtandis imperiall of degrie,
Nixt under France, of lawde, honour and fame,
Whome fra nane mortall tribute may recleame,
Out of [all] thraldome and ſubjectioun;
And eik hes put our foes to afflictioun,
Onlie be thame active and chevelrus,
And ſpeciallie be King Clariodus,
That hes beine haill protectour and defence,
Into this regne, quhilk haid [grite] indigence
Of help and comfort while he came in refuge,
And uther regnes he maid unto us ſuge.
Now with rewairde I wald faine him requite,
That might doe him baith [honour] and delyte;

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And gif that heir for to reſave him lift,
I ſall him geive the thing that I love beſt,
That is my Doghter, heare of this regioun,
Thairto I gif my kingdom and my croun
Heir unto him with hir in marriage,
All unconſtrainit, of my awin curage.
For joy at onis the pepill all could cry,
Thanking the King that ſaid ſo worthily.
Syne he ſaid to Clariodus the King,
Sir, if ſa be that ȝe no promiſing
Hes maid unto no uther Ladie cleire,
I gif to ȝow my onlie Doghter deire.
Meiklie him thankit King Clariodus
Of his grite gift that was ſo gratious,
[Thus] ſaying, Sir, I dar ȝow weill aſſure,
I ȝit promittit to na creatoure,
Nor covenant maid, nor conditioun,
To earthlie wight into na regioun.
And Sir, if that ȝow pleiſe into this wayis,
To gif ȝour Doghter, fair Meliades,
In mariage to me, believe ȝe ſall
Glaidin me more, and better pleaſe at all,
Nor me to gif ane hundreth realmis faire,
And all the riches eike under the aire.
King Philipone on this moſt gudlie wayis,
Delyverit thair this faire Meliades
To King Clariodus; and he anone
This fair Princes into his armes hes tone,
Imbracing hir, and lowlie did inclyne
Unto the King: but quho could all defyne
The joy that did enter into his heart!
With that the King alſwyth did him revert

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Of Ingland to the Cardinall famous,
And gart him handfaſt thame, and be joyous
To go togidir in Godis holy band.
When this wes done with feiſtis triumphand,
Quhilk wer ane proces owir lang on to dwell,
King Philoppon convoyit them him ſell,
And maid hir Queine of all his regioun;
Syne in his handis two he tuik the croun,
And on the heid of King Clariodus
He hes it ſet with countenance joyous,
And maid him King of all his regioun faire,
Before the people all wer ſtanding thaire.
Than did they to Clariodus of knightheid well,
Zeild thankis more nor I can think or tell,
Reverencing him with all diligence.
Bot he, before that gudlie audience,
Said he wold not as zit the honour have
Of his kingrik, nor zit the croun reſſave
So long as he on lyf wes it to bruike.
Zit nevirtheles, thoght he it oft forſuike,
King Philippon ſik inſtance maid him till,
That he behuifit to obey his will.
Thus he of Ingland and Ireland both was King,
To the [quhilk] zit ſucceidis his offſpring.
This beine donne, the dance anone begane,
Grit joy and pleaſoure was them amonge than.
In chalmer they diſport ane weill longe ſpace,
Whill that the ſupper almoſt redie was.
The foure Kingis to ſupper all they went.
King Philippon nobill and reverent,
And King Clariodus ſat at [the] tabill;
Before themſate thir Kingis honorabill:

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King Amandur and King Palexis ſyne
Sate before uther thair as ony lyne.
The Cardinall of [richt] grite nobilnes
Was ſet of Eſtur before the Countes,
Next [to] the Counte at the tabillis ende;
The diſcreit Marchell thair eſtaitis kende.
And at the uther end, I ȝow aſſure,
Sat the Duike of Gloſeſter, and the Earle Eſture:
And ſyne ever ilk Lord ſate in his degrie.
They ſowppit with triumph and mynſtrallie.
And efter ſupper quhen iſchit was the hall,
The Maiſteris of Houſhald them commandit all
To gǫ into thair Innis for that night
Bot ſecreit Lordis. And than everie wight
Devoydit beine that was not of Counſell.
Than King, Queine, Lord, Knight and Damoſell,
To chalmeris went with mirrines and pleſance.
The Kingis foure with ſade rememberance,
Devyſit togidder be themſelves allone
Anents the wadding how [that] all ſould gone;
And certainlie within ane moneth day
For to compleit the mariage ordanit thay;
And devyſit what Princes of honoure,
What Duikis, and what Lordis of valoure,
Thay wald have at the forſaid mariage.
And quhen the King with uther Lordis ſage
Had long devyſit upon this mateire,
Then went to beddis Knights and Ladies cleire.
King Clariodus and his couſingis two
Tuke leave alſweith, and could to chalmer go.
This nobill Prince, full freſch and [full] luſtie,
Put on ane goune of velvote cramoſie,

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And to his Ladie Meliades is gone ;
The quhilke up raiſe and kneillit hes anone.
Then tuike he hir in armis tenderlie,
And ſaid into hir eare full quyetlie,
This is ane ſtrange warld that dois indure,
When Ladies kneillis to thair ſerviture.
Meliades than changit hew alyte,
Of ſike language that had no uſe perfyte.
And ſyne he ſchew to hir the namis haill,
That he wald have to be at the brydell ;
And firſt the King he namit of Spainze,
And ſyne the King of Galice namit he,
And his ſiſter Madonat, of Spainze Queine,
And eik the King of Spainzes ſiſter ſcheine,
And Ladie Cadder that ſould mariet be
With King Palexis, as ellis hard have ze.
He ſpake of this and diverſe thingis mo,
Syne tuike his leave ; bot zit or he wald [go,]
To hir ane gudlie diamond he gave,
And of the Ladies rewairdit he the leave.
When this was donne, he to his chalmer went,
Syne for the Count his Father hes he ſent,
And with his counſall delyverit he hes anone
In foure realmis foure heralds for to gone,
And everie ane directit ane ſyndrie way,
Thir ſaid Princes and Ladies for to pray ;
And gart expenſis delyver them anone ;
And thay belyve hes taine thair leave to gone.
King Philipone gart make ane royall croune
Of gold and ſtainis, richt pretious of faſſioun,
To this zoung Prince, with uther riche aray,
Of quhilk the maner war lang for to ſay.

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The King Clariodus gart grath alſo
For himſelf richlie; ſo did his Couſings two;
And ever ilk Lord, Ladie, and Damoſell,
Hes for them ordanit royall apparrell.
Thus them I leive in mirth, joy, and bliſſe;
So of this Taill the Fourt Buik endit is.

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THE FYFT BUIK

OF

CLARIODUS.

THE PROLOGUE OF THE FYFT BUIK.

In Mayis ſeaſoune [that is] ſoft and ſweit,
When balmie liquore dois on leavis gleit,
And bewis brekes and blomis upon breid,
And pleaſantlie inamillit beine the meid
All ower depaintit with collouris new,
. . . . . .

Having paſſit the ſea and cum to land,
I meane the foure heralds out of Ingland;
Firſt two of them arryvit into France,
And to the King with humbill reverence
Thay ſchew thair credence and commiſſioun.
He them delyverit with bening ſermoune;
And ſyne anone ſent for the Conſtabill,
Saying to him thir wordis honorabill,

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We have gude tydings of Sir Clariodus,
Of two realmes now is he King famous;
And heir anone he hes ane meſſage ſend,
Beſeikand me to gif 3ow leave to wende
In Ingland cuntrie agains his wadding day,
The quhilke I grant 3ow, ſchortlie for to ſay.
Hade he my ſelfe deſyrit for to be,
I wald not have denyit it perdie.
3e ſall take threttie knightis of renoune,
Whilke nobilleſt beine of all my regioun,
To go with 3ow to doe to him honoure,
Quhilk is of knightheid verie well and floure.
The Conſtabill thankit him humbillie,
And to the heralds did promit trewly
Againe the day unto the tryſt to wend.
The nobill King bade oft him recommend
To him, and to his Queine Meliades.
And quhen thay war delyverit on this wayſe,
He gart gif them ane thowſand pound of gold,
And two riche garmonds gudlie to behold.
Thay thankit have this Prince of [hie] renoune,
Inclyning low upon thair kneis doune;
Syne tuike thair leave, and tuike them to the way.
Into few dayis in Ingland landit thay;
Whair thay aryvit, and ſchew unto the King
As 3e have harde me ſay in everie thing,
And how thay ware rewairdit of this wayes;
The ſame they ſchew to Queine Meliades,
And how the King and the Lord Conſtabill,
Did them commend in wayis honorabill
Unto the King and unto hir bewtie.
And ſcho was glaide of thair proſperitie.

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Within awcht dayis efter thair cuming,
The uther heraldis both come to the King,
Whilk war delyverit on the ſame maneire.
Then was the King richt glaidſume of his cheire.
King Philipone aucht barrouns hade ordande,
The moſt active that was into Ingland,
To helpe the maiſters of houſhald to devyſe
And rewle his Palice on moſt gudlie wayis,
And to reſave with gudlie countinance,
All Lordis, Knights and Ladies of pleaſance,
And eik all ſtrangeris [baith] moſt and leaſt,
That with thair preſence honour wald the feaſt.
The Lordis awcht with all [thair] diligence,
With grite triumph, laude and magnificence,
Apperrellit hes the Palice royallie,
And all the wallis coverit luſtillie,
With cloathes of gold, and ſtainis pretious,
And riche arras with workis curious,
With auld ſtories depaint and figurate;
How Troy be ſlaughter was depopulate,
And how the toune was taine be falſe ingyne,
And how the wallis ware broght unto ruine:
Thair was the ſeige of Thebis toun alſo,
How oder ſlew the Trojan brether two,
King Polinices, and King Ethiocles:
Thair was the deidis of ſtrong Hercules,
And all his ſtrength and courage leonyne:
And thair was Jaſon with his cheire vulpeine:
Thair was the Conqueiſe of nobill Alexander:
Thair was of Creſſeid the ſaikles ſlander:
The ſchort perſewing of Diomedes:
The fervent love of ſorrowful Achilles:

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The craftie winning of the Goldin fleice:
The reviſching of Heline out of Greice:
The dreame of Paris of the Goddis ſuperne,
The bewtie of thame how he did decerne,
And how he gave the apill to Venus:
Thair was the weiping of Sir Troylus,
When Creſſeid did depairt frome Troy toun:
Thair wes the forcie Trojane campioun,
Moſt worthie Hector in armes invincibill,
Chaiceing the Greikis with feir right teribill,
With naikit ſword in hand of bluid all reid:
Thair was of Sampſon the murthere, and the feid
Betwix him and the falſe Philiſtiane:
And thair wes Lucreis of hir awin hand ſlaine:
And diverſe Knights full trew and nothing faint,
Bot monie ane fals woman thair wes paint:
Thair wes the plaint full pitious and mone
Of Arſyte and his brother Palamon:
The treuth of Dido and Penelope:
Of Clytemneſtra the great crweltie,
Wha ſlew hir huſband with ane knyfe in bed:
Thair wes Piramus and Thiſbe both forbled,
For ſorow of other lay ſlaine be the well:
Thair wes King Orphius, that out of hell
His wife did bring with harping [wondrous] ſweit:
Thair wes Saturnus baneiſt out of Creit,
In ſik deſert by Jupiter his ſone,
For he him drink gave of the bittir cone:
Thair wes the ſtoreis of all the Nobillis nyne:
The half I can not wryte, nor ȝit defyne,
Of Campiounis the craftie depicturis,
Seiming full quick, and livelie of figouris.

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All paithit wes the hall of marbill whyte.
And cloth of gold ſurmonting of delyte
Above the deice wes royallie upſtent
Of curious champis of roſis redolent;
The buird cloth of the ſamin was but dreid,
The ſilver ſeimit birning as ane gleid,
Of ſtiff depurit gold [all] birning bright,
Of ſtone and perle the bordour caiſt ane light.
For the four Kings thair of eſtait withall
In four places wer ordanit ſeidgis royall,
With ſtone and perle [all] richelie reſplendent,
Lyk to the radious ſtarrie firmament.
The cuſchingis of deaureat ſplendure ſchone,
Ane fairer ſight into the world wes none;
And all the wallis wer full royallie
Veſtit with clothis of gold full richelie;
And all the chalmeris on the ſamine wayes
Arrayit wer full gudlie to devyſe.
The galleireis about the freſch gardingis
Wer ſtentit all with rich apperrellingis.
The Palice cloſe wes fairlie paythit new
With marbill ſtonis reid, [and] whyte and blew.
It wer prolikis, and long of circumſtancis
To tell all haill the royall ordinancis,
The fair apperrell and luſtie freſch array
That thair wes maid for the triumphand day.
The gret Conſtabill of France full mightie
Ordanit his Knights all, and maid readie
To paſſe in Ingland to the mariage.
And quhen the tyme was cumit of his paſſage,
He tuike his leave full lowlie at the King,
Whilk to him ſaid, Sir Conſtabill, fair Couſing,

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Commend us to the King Clariodus,
And bid him keipe the height he maid to us;
Quhilk was to be [richt] glaid and have curage
On the day of Meliades mariage,
And we ſall keipe all the avowis perdie
Maid at the ſupper as weill knowis he;
And bid him ſpair ws not, bot charge us ay,
For we ar his in all that we do may.
The Conſtabill ſaid all ſould be donne anone;
He tuik his leave, and to the Queine is gone,
Quhilk bad hir recommend in humbill wayis
Both to the King and to Meliades.
He tuike his leave, and to his horſe aſcendit,
With all his Knightis that on him dependit;
Lordis in France ane grite pairt of the way
Convoyit him, and ſyne thair leave tuike thay.
The Lord Conſtabill, and all his luſtie ſorte,
Ar cumit to Calice and lichtit at the porte.
And thair thay went to ſchippis all belyve,
And into Dovar ſoune thay did aryve;
And thair on horſe thay mountit but abaid,
And to the toune of Londoune furth thay raid,
Whaire diverſe Lords and marchands of renoune
With grite triumph him met without the toune.
And thair thay feaſtit him full royallie,
And him convoyit ſyne full honorabillie
Two myllis on gaitward, ſyne thair leave hes tone.
To Bellvilladoun come this Lord anone.
When King Clariodus hard of his cuming,
He lape on horſe but ony tarying
Him for to meit, and bad his two Couſings,
Of Garnat and of Caſtalze the Kings,

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Remaine in Palice with King Philippon;
And he to meit the Conſtabill anone
Furth paſſit with ane nobill companie;
And ſwa without the portis royallie
This Lord he met, and ſyne did him imbrace,
And him reſavit with richt merie face;
He helfit all his companie alſo;
And ſyne blythlie unto the toun they go.
He bad the Conſtabill ryd richt by his ſyd,
Bot he refuiſit equall with him to ryde;
Zit nevertheles he ſtreinzit him thairto,
And his command behuiſit him to doe.
Syne ſpeirit he richt heartillie of the King,
And of his Princes luſtie and beninge.
He ſaid, they heartilie greating to him ſend,
And bad that he ſould oft them recommend
To him and to the Queen Meliades;
And eik he ſaid to him upon this wayis,
The King prayit to keip weill zour promit,
And on no ways ze to forzettine it.
And what he meint weill underſtude the King,
And ſaid he ſould fulfill it in all thing;
Thairwith he lewch, ſo did [the] Lord Conſtabill.
And ſo thay raid with heartis amiabill,
Whill thay to Palice come, and thair they licht,
And up the gries paſſit they on height;
Syne enterit in the hall, and that anone,
Whair that the wallis [all] full brightlie ſchone;
Whilk the Lord Conſtabill commendit grittumlie,
And ſo did all the nobill companie.
Syne thay have paſt to Philippon the King,
To quhome the Conſtabill maid fair halfing;

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Then he him thair in armis did reſave,
And fairlie ſyne did welcum all the leave.
Syne this Lord helſit hes the Kingis two,
Palexis and King Amandour alſo;
And thay reſavit him on faire maneir,
And all his folkis, both knight and bachileir;
And then they ſpake of thingis to and fro.
And to the Queinis chalmer ſyne they go,
And thair thay halſit both the Queinis fair;
And thay him quyte with wordis debonare,
And kiſſit him with countinance demure,
Syne ſpeirit for the King, and how he fure;
And alſo of his luſtie Princes eike,
And how ſcho fure, and all hir Ladies meike.
He ſaid thay both war in proſperitie,
And did commend him unto thair bewtie.
Meliades then ſaid unto the Queine,
Madam, if ȝe of rememberance beine,
Full oft or now I have [unto] ȝow told
Both unto King and Queine how I was hold,
And to the Conſtabill heire, my faire Couſing,
To quhom I am addettit in grite thing.
The Lord Conſtabill then ſaid in this wayis,
Madame, ȝe ſay that bot of ȝour gentrice,
And of ȝour ſweit aſſurit womanheid,
And nether for my ſervice nor gude deid;
Bot traiſt, Madame, efter my pure power,
I ſall be to ȝow ane ſervant ſinguler.
When this ſaid was, the Lord [then] went anone,
And kiſſit all the Ladies on be one.
As they abaid amongs the Ladies bright,
Out of the hall alſweith thair come ane knight,

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And to the King Clariodus he ſaid,
The nobill King from tabill him abaid;
Thair Kingis, Queinis, Lordis, fair Ladies,
Com to the hall, all went on luſtie wayis.
Full reverentlie the King Clariodus
Unto King Philipon [then] ſpeikis thus,
Sir, gif it pleaſis 3ow, my Brother heire,
The Lord Conſtabill and I will go in feire,
And dyne into my chalmer quyetlie.
Thairof, ſaid he, full weill content am I.
And then anone the King Clariodus
The Conſtabill hes led furth joyous,
With diverſe Knightis of his companie.
King Philipon to tabill royallie
Was ſet betwix the [gude] King Palexis
And King Amandur that [richt] worthie was;
And at the end eike of this royall tabill
Was ſet the Earle Eſtur honorabill
Before ane famous Duike of that cuntrie;
Syne everilk Lord and Duike in their degrie
Was ſet, and ſervit wonder nobillie
With pleaſand meits and wyne aboundantlie.
The King Clariodus greate feiſting maid
To the French Lord that he in chalmer hade,
And to his Knightis freſche and weil beſeine.
Great mirth and feiſting maid baith King and Queine.
The menſtrells plays with ane melodious ſoune
Before thir Princes of ſo great renowne.
When thay had ſittine long on this maneire,
Kingis, Princis, Lordis, and Ladies cleire,
From burdes thay did up ryſe, and ſaid the grace.
Clariodus the King, with great ſolace,

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And the Lord Conſtabill ar cumit to hall
With ane cumpanie of Knights full royall.
King Amandur and King Palexis
Unto the Queinis chalmer can them dreſſe,
Thir [ſaid] Princes to bring unto the hall,
Quhair thay in chalmer, and thair Ladies all,
Dynis, as then of Ingland was the gyſe.
Thay war arayit on ane gudlie wayis.
Meliades, this luſtie [fair] young Queine,
As ony Goddes freſch was for to ſeine,
Into ane corſit of claith of gold all quhyte,
Whilk was of faſſioun wonderlie perfyte;
Rich talbart ſleves, [that war] long, large and wyde,
Upon the eard behind hir trailling ſyde,
As it was the gyſe of Ingland tho;
For in thaiſe tymis ladyis cled war ſo.
Upon hir heade ane roſie chapilet
Within ane roſeire all in bright gold ſet,
The roſeis reid war all of cullour bricht,
And carbunkle ſtonis caſting pleſant licht.
Upon the roſeire luſtie to be ſeine,
Inſteid of leives hang emeroldis greine,
Full freſchlie pouderit all with leavis quhyt,
Whilk to behald ane hevin was of delyte.
About hir ſnow quhyte throte, as bloſſome cleire,
Of curious warkis hang ane fair colleire.
King Amandur to hall did hir convoy,
As ſcho hade beine this worldis gem and joy;
And King Palexis led hir mother the Queine;
Thair followed hir monie Ladie ſcheine.
And at the entrie of Queine Meliades,
They hir beheld upon ane gudlie wayes;

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For certainlie it ſeamit to thair eye,
That day by day increſſit hir bewtie.
The King ſaid to the Conſtabill of France,
Go ȝe, fair Couſing, and begine the dance,
And take into ȝour hand Meliades.
And his command he did on humbill wayis.
He gart the King Clariodus alſo
With the fair Duches of Yorke in danſe to go.
Full luſtie Knights of Ingland and of France
Anone enterit freſchlie in the danſe.
Both King and Queine are in thair ſeiges ſet,
With ſtone and pearle mightilie owerfret.
Of inſtruments up raiſe the mightie ſoune.
Thair danſit monie Ladie of renoune;
And uther Ladies, that liſt not for to danſe,
Sate with bening and gudlie countinance
About the Queine, beholding on the feiſt.
Thus war thay all in joy, both moſt and leiſt.
In midis of thair mirthful melodie,
Doune at the Palice ȝet all royallie,
Thair lichtit Kings and Lordis of honour,
And luſtie Ladies alſe freſche as Mayis floure;
With pleſant Court [all] freſche and weill beſeine,
The mightie King of Spainȝe and the Queine:
And alſe thair enterit in the Palice tho,
The King of Galice and his Queine alſo,
With fair Cadar, that luſtie Ladie ȝeing,
With Donas ſiſter to the Spaniſch King,
With Duikis, Earlis, Lordis and [eik] Knights,
And monie uther freſch and luſtie wights:
And ſuddanlie thay ar all cumin thus,
In witting of the King Clariodus.

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And when he wiſt, he [did] diſcend anone
Unto the cloſe with Lordis monie one,
And them reſavit [thair] full reverentlie;
Syne led them to the hall honorablie.
King Philipon, and eike the nobill Queine,
And fair Meliades of bewtie ſcheine,
Thir Princes met in middis of the hall,
And them reſavit with triumph royall.
Bot thair men micht [have] learnit courtifie,
To ſie thir mightie Princes nobillie,
Reflect to uther, and reverentlie inclyne;
And eike Ladies with havings femenine
To utheris kneillit with ſweit debonar cheir,
With leuke bening and womanlie effeire.
Freſch Mandonat, [that was] of Spaingie Queine,
Hir Father of Eſtur had grite pleaſoure to ſeine;
Eik of hir Mother ſchoe was thair joyous,
And of hir Brother King Clariodus;
Thay war ſo glaid of uther everie one,
That long thay could not out of armis gone.
The Princes all war led to hall and ſet on deice,
And Lordis to the dance newlie did preiſe,
And minſtrellis to play againe begane;
Amongis them was joy and mirthis thane.
And quhen thus perſavit hes Clariodus
Sik number of folkis worthie and famous,
The wyſe Lord Conſtabill prayit he to take
On him ſike office for his Ladies ſaike,
To have the rewle as [the] moſt principall,
Abone the Lordis awcht in ſpeciall
The maiſters of houſhold, to command and correct
[That thay proviſion make with due reſpect]

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Belonging to the feiſt in everie thing.
And glaidlie he hes grantit to the King,
As he that was of ſik doings expert,
For him ſuirlie thay micht no tyme eſtart,
Bot he [ay] redie was in all maneir
To make the companie merrie feiſt and cheire,
Of Garnat, Galice, France and Spainzie,
Ingland, Irland, Eſture and Caſtelzie;
For he thir Lordis hade all on his toung,
All knowis he quhatever be ſaid or ſoung
Amongs them all; and eike he knowis perfyte,
What may them greive, or quhat may them delyte:
The Conſtabill of France all this he can,
At ſike ane tyme he was ane neidfull man.
When thay had long diſportit on this wayis,
Whilk for to ſeine it was ane parradice,
Then Kingis, Queinis, Princis and monie Lordis,
Earlis, Knightis, Ladies and all accordis,
To chalmeris went, at eaſe them to atray,
And put on them ane luſtie new aray;
And thay at leaſour changit thair cleathing,
The quhyte lillie and tender flouris greine.
Meliades the ding and luſtie Queine,
The freſch and new ſpred roſe of bewtie ſcheine,
Abuilzeit hir full fair and luſtillie
Into ane goune of ſatine cramoſie,
With orient pearles pouderat and owerfret,
Whilk war full thike and grit thairupon ſet,
Schyning upon the cramoſie ſo bright,
Of quhyte and reid full luſtie was the ſight,
Whairof full weill might likinit beine the hew
Unto the hevinlie roſe with liquor new,

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Pouderit in morrow with criſtall dropis lyke,
The reid in equal junxit with the quhyte;
And as the bloſſum honours the bloſſum in May,
So did hir bewtie in hir [freſch] aray.
Hir cleire cullour of angel lyke clemence
Full far ſurmuntit into excellence
All hir attyre and riche abuilzement:
And moſt of all hir vertew redolent
Full cleire I wis abone hir bewtie ſchone;
For in this warld zit creatoure was none
That ever perſavit in hir crueltie,
For ſcho fulfillit was of womanlie pitie,
Whilk full was of aſſurit patience,
Approvit be right grit experience;
Ay humbill, ſymple, and ſchamfull under dreid
Was this illuſtar floure of womanheid.
Be this the maiſteris of houſhold in cum wer,
And wairnit them to cum to the ſupper.
Kingis and Princes then went to the hall,
Queinis and Ladies [fair] went with them all.
Betwix twa Duikis, freſch at all devyſe,
Unto the hall led was Meliades;
God wit if ſcho was luſtie for to ſie,
So entering them among in that degrie,
Hir following in weidis freſchlie dicht,
Ducheſſes, Counteſſes, and pleſant Ladies bright.
Fyve mightie Kingis was ſet at the tabill,
With them thair Queinis freſch and honorabill;
Bot King Clariodus wald ſit no way
From the Lord Conſtabill, for togidder thay
Held companie without diſſaverance.
This Conſtabill, full wyſe of governance,

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Ordanit the hall ſo weill in everie thing,
Alſe weill in cheire as in thair marchelling,
That he commendit was of everie wight.
Fair was the hall and the ſupper that nicht.
The King Palexis, and King Amandur,
Oft ſent to Donas and to faire Cadar
Them praying to be glaid and make gude cheire.
When they hade feiſtit long on this maneire,
Foure maiſters of houſhald, that war honorabill,
At the command of the Lord Conſtabill
Servit them with the latter courſes thair,
With towell and water that was cleir and faire.
When thay had waſchin and [the] grace all ſaid,
From tabill then thay raiſe but more abaid.
This being donne, the minſtrells playit on height;
Syne to the hall come monie ane Ladie bright,
That ſoupit had in chalmer royallie:
Thus pair and pair thay preſent pleaſantlie.
The King Clariodus commandit thair
The Lord Conſtabill to take his Sifter faire,
The Queine of Spainze, and leid hir in the danſe;
The quhilke he did anone without neance:
And he himſelf the Queine led of Galice:
The King of Spainze led Meliades:
The King Palexis led Donas maiſt bening,
Whilk Sifter was of Spainze to the King:
King Amandur led Cadar that was cleire,
Whilk was the King of Galice dochter deire:
Sir Gilzeam de la Forreſt led the Duches,
The quhilke ane Ladie fair and luſtie was:
Ane Countes led Sir Richard de Mayance:
And utheris Lordis and Ladies of pleaſance

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Zeid in the danſe, with countinance demure.
The King of Galice and the Count Eſture
Not danſit, bot abaid in companie
With Philipon that was King [maiſt] worthie.
The uther Ladies, that lift not for to dance,
Sat with the Queine, to pryſe and to advanſe
Them that beſt danſit of that luſtie ſorte.
And on this wayis glaidlie can them diſport
Ane weill long ſpace. And quhen the dance was ceiſit,
Princes and Ladies to thair chalmers preiſit.
King Clariodus the Conſtabill hes taine,
And to the King of Spainis chalmer is gane,
And unto him he ſaid, My Brother deire,
I will my Siſter borrow at zow heire,
The Ladie Donas; thairto I zow exhorte,
That we ane quhyle may commoun and diſporte
Into the chalmer with Meliades.
The King him anſweirit into humbill wayis,
Fair Brother, all beine zouris that beine myne.
With this to uther ather can inclyne.
He tuike fair Donas, that luſtie was to ſeine,
And garte the Conſtabill of France leid the Queine.
And then thay went upon the ſamine wayis,
Unto the Kingis chalmer of Galice,
And tuike with him zoung Cadder that was faire.
Syne to the chalmer glaidlie can repaire
Of Queine Meliades; and in the way
To Donas King Clariodus can ſay,
Madame, I have to your Brother the King,
Anent zour mariage ſent my wryting,
Thairwith to be advyſit of that cace;
And I him thanke that in that mater hes

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Done all according unto my intent;
And veralie, if that ȝe wald conſent,
I wald ȝe waddit Amandur the King;
And ſuithlie if I trowit that this thing
Sould ȝow diſpleiſe, I wald it ſchow no way;
Now quhat ȝe thinke of this to me ȝe ſay.
Scho ſaid, My fair Brother, [full] weill I knaw
That ȝe no thing into this world me ſchaw
Bot it according war to my honour;
My Brotheris will and ȝouris at all houre
I will obey. And this full ſoberlie
Scho ſaid, and ſmyllit ſum deall quyetlie;
Quhilk he perſavit, and the caus [he] ſpeirit
Why that ſcho lewch. And quhen ſcho was requyrit
The cauſe to tell; then ſaid ſcho womanlie,
Why that I lewch, if ȝe rememberit be
When with my Brother ȝe war into Spaine,
The trewth heirof I ſall tell ȝow [all] plaine,
When with ȝour Siſter weddit was the King,
Betwix us two was quyet commoning,
I ſpake to ȝow belonging ȝour mariage,
I lewgh quhen [that] I thoght on that language;
For then certes thair was no man on lyfe
Whom to that I deſyrit to be wyfe
Bot unto ȝow, quhairof none ſould me blame
To have deſyret the Knight of nobileſt fame
In all the world, thoght I ſo ſymple was;
For it perteinit to ȝour nobilnes
To have ane ladie of mair luſtiheid,
As ȝe have now withoutin ony dreid.
My faire Siſter, ſaid [King] Clariodus,
I thanke ȝow of ȝour [love,] that gratious

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Stude towards me into ſike [ane] degrie;
For ſuith it beine ane fair debait, ſaid he,
Of two fair Ladies upon ſike ane wayes,
Of 3ow Sifter and of Meliades.
With gudlie wordis and pleſant commoning
Thir luſtie Knightis and thir Ladies 3ing
Enterit in the chalmer of this 3oung Queine,
Meliades the roſe of bewtie ſcheine.
Scho raiſe upon hir feit full courteſſie,
With all the Ladies of hir companie;
And doun ſcho ſet the Queine, hir Sifter faire,
Upon ane couſchen of claith of gold preclaire
Abone hir ſelf, quhilk alwayis ſcho refuiſit;
Bot at that tyme ſcho micht not be excuiſit.
With fair treatie ſcho gart hir take that place,
And ſcho ſate doune betwix hir and Donas.
The 3oung Cadar ſcho gart them ſet before,
That thay might at thair eaſe ſpeike all the more.
The King Clariodus and the Lord Conſtabill
Commoned with uther Lordis amiabill,
And them diſportit with full grite ſolace.
And monie ane luſtie ladie fair of face
Was in that blythfull chalmer of pleſance,
Ane with ane uther maid [thair] aquantance,
Ladeis of France, Spainze, and Inglande,
As thay had all beine nureiſt in ane lande.
Ilke King diſportit theme full pleſandlie
Amongs thaiſe ladies that war womanlie.
The tyme thay ſchorte with heartis glaid and licht,
Whill neir the houre was cumit of midnicht;
And thay war loath 3it than for to diſſever,
Thir ladies tyre of uther could thay never.

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Bot quhen the gudlie freſch Meliades
Saw that thay wald depairt upon this wayis,
Scho callit Romaryn, and gart hir gone
Unto ane calfer, and gart hir fetch anone
Ane croun of gold that maſſie was and wight,
All ſet with ſtonis radious and licht,
And two riche hearts of gold all birning new,
Circulate with roobies and ſapheiris blew.
Into hir hand ſcho tuike the crounall ſcheine,
And ſaid richt thus unto the Spainȝe Queine,
My Sifter fair, in France was maid this croun,
And for that it is maid of new faſchoun
Ȝe ſall it have with ȝow in ȝour cuntrie;
The quhilk for to reſave full laith was ſche:
Bot ſcho hes hir beſoght in ſik maneire,
That ſcho hes taine the croun of gemis cleir,
Reverencing hir Sifter grittumlie.
The two heartis of gold that war luſtie
Scho gave to Donas and to Cadar faire;
And unto everie ladie that was thair
Scho gave rewaird and that full largelie.
Quhilke the Lord Conſtabill perſavit tentivelie,
And ever ilk wight of hé and law degrie
Grittumlie praiſit hir liberalitie.
Thir Princeſſis hes thane thair leavis taine,
Them to convoy this Ladie wald have gaine:
Bot thay wald not hir ſuffer in no way;
For it the uſe of Ingland was perfay,
Ladies the nicht before their mariage
Sould dwell in chalmeris, of auld uſage,
Whill thay went to the kirke to ſpouſit be;
So ſtude that Ladie in that ilk degrie.

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Efter the leave the King Clariodus
Baid with the Queine, for he was amorous.
They ſpake ane quhyle wordis pleſand and fàire;
And ſyne he tuike ane diamond full cleire
And gave to hir, and kiſſit hir alſo;
And ſyne him grathit efter the leave to go.
The Queine of Spainze ſchew unto the King
The gift that was ſo honorabill and ding,
Unto hir gevin be Meliades.
The King forſuith it [weill] can ruſe and praiſe.
Bot moir abaid ilk ane to beddis gois,
Them with the nightis reſt for to repoſe,
Except worke men that war laborius,
And biſſie makand workis curious;
Sum for the cleithing into freſch aray
Of Lords and Knights; and ſum for the turnay;
Sum [for] to build the liſtis tuike grite cure;
Sum biſſie was for to forge new armour;
And ſum to make the barras great and wyde.
Thus everie man was biſſie to provide
For thingis longing to this nobill feiſt,
Whill that the day up ſprang into the eiſt;
And when that Phebus did all the world ouerſchyne,
Craftiſmen thair worke biſſielie did fyne.
When that the Duike of Miland hes hard taulde
Of this wading, and quhan that it ſould hauld,
He ſent thrie ſommeris chargit richlie
To King Clariodus that was worthie,
Ane chargit was with cloth of gold full deir,
Ane uther with ſilver chargit was moſt cleire,
The third with ſilk the beſt in that cuntrie,
For he was full of liberalitie;

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And to ane nobill man he hes them taught,
The Knight Lumbarde, that in the liſtis faught
With King Clariodus but variance,
He callit is Sir Amé de Plaſance.
Sex freſch varlots he did delyver thaire,
And four ſtout ſquyeris with him for to fair.
The Duike of Miland bad that he ſould wend
Into Ingland, and thair him recommend
To King Clariodus in forme reverent,
And thaiſe thrie ſommeris unto him preſent.
This Knight he maid no longer reſidence,
Bot hes him ſped with ſo grite diligence
That he hade all compleitit his voyage
Againe the day of the ilk mariage.
And as the King addreſſit him to ryſe,
The Knight Lumbard upon ane gudlie wayis
Is enterit in at the port of the toun,
And at the Palice ȝet is lichtit doune;
Into the Court weill knowin was the Knight.
And then alſweith as [that] thay hade ane ſight,
Of him thay told to King Clariodus,
Of his cuming whilk was full joyous,
And ſaid that he wald preſence have anone.
Then ſoune ane [fair] meſſage is for him gone.
Thay chargit him to cum unto the King,
And ſaid, that he was glaid of his cuming.
His four ſquyeris this Knight hes with him taine,
And bad the varlots with the horſe remaine,
And to the Kingis chalmer paſſit he,
[And kneillit doun, quhen he the King did ſie,]
Upon his knie richt fair and reverentlie.
The King Clariodus full tenderlie

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Reſavit him with full glaid countinance,
And ſaid, Welcum, Sir Amé de Pliſance,
What tidings have ȝe broght in this cuntrie?
All guide unto your Hienes, Sir, ſaid he,
The Duke of Myland dois him recommend
Unto ȝour Hienes, quhilk with me hes ſend
To ȝow thrie ſommeris chargit richlie
With cloath of gold and ſilver richt mightie.
How dois my Brother the Duike, ſayis the King,
I thoght full long to heir of him tyding.
At my depairting, Sir, richt weill fuire he,
I left him into gude proſperitie.
The ſquyeris went againe to horſe glaidlie,
And louſit hes the ſummeris biſſilie,
And broght the clothis thair unto the King,
The quhilk them praiſit into mikill thing.
Thay oppinit them on breade upon ane tabill,
The quhilk to ſie was fair and amiabill.
The King gart deale them all but more proces,
And diſtribute them glaidlie more and les.
The Kingis, Princes, and Queinis of honoure,
And uther Lordis and Knightis of valoure,
Thus diſtribute thir cloathis in this wayis,
All bot two peices to Meliades.
Then enterit in the chalmer the Conſtabill,
Thanking the King on wayis honorabill
Of the fair cloath of gold that he him ſend;
And eike he ſaid, that tyme it was to wend
Unto the kirk. The King Clariodus
Him veſtit hes in cloathis full pretious,
And put on him anone ane rob royall.
Be this the houſhold was arrayit all,

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To go to kirke into thair beſt aray,
Thay war ane luſtie companie perfay.
Meliades, this ȝoung and luſtie Queine,
Was in ane kirtill of cloath of gold beſeine
Of quhyte culloure, with curious champe of floure
Pouderit with pearlis, as the bright dew pure;
With mantill of the ſamyne, rich and deire,
With taill full long, quhilk buire ane Ladie cleire;
Ane broach of gold, with ſtonis caſting licht,
Togidder held hir glorious mantill bright.
Ane royall croun was ſet upon her heid,
Owerfret with ſtonis mightie blew and reid;
And luſtillie ſcho ſat in ſeige royall,
Of all bewtie as floure imperiall.
The King Clariodus of grite renoune,
With thrie Kingis triumphand under croune,
Convoyit was to kirke full royallie.
Thair was with him King Philipon worthie,
The King Palexis and King Amandur,
With monie ane Duke and Lord of [grit] honoure.
Two mightie Kings of Śpainȝie and Galeice
To kirke leidis the freſch Meliades.
Thair followit hir thrie Ladies weil beſeine,
In freſch aray and full of bewtie ſcheine.
Full monie ane Ladie [bricht] did hir convoy;
Thair was the Duches fair of Bellavoy;
Of Beline countrie thair was the Duches fair;
Of Gloceſter the Duches eik was thair;
With monie ane uther Duches and Countes,
And ſeimlie Ladies of grite nobilnes;
The Ladie Cadder, and fair Donas alſo,
Whilk honorabillie the Queinis nixt did go.

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And efter all thir Ladies freſch and ſcheine,
Thair followit threttie Ladies weil beſeine,
All cled in cloath of ſilver of delyte,
With perlit hatis ſchyning of cullour quhyte.
Full monie ſilver trumpit and clarioun
Befor them paſt with noyſe throw the toun,
With everie maner of uther minſtrallie.
The rewis all war ſtintit right richlie
With cloathes of gold, and arras wounder faire.
The royaltie I cannot half declaire
Was them among on this triumphall day,
Thair jolitie, thair feſting, and thair play.
To kirke thay come. What is thair more to tell,
For he onlie, that is of Knightheid well,
Beine ſpouſit to the floure of womanheid,
Before monie ane Prince of nobilheid,
And monie luſtie Ladie honorabill,
[That marchallit war by the Lord Conſtabill
Efter the order of thair nobilnes.]
Ane Archbiſchope anone them maryit hes;
Ane meſe was ſingin ryght ſolemnitlie,
With ſound of organs, and with melodie.
And quhen the ſervice all [thair] endit wes,
Firſt can the King Clariodus him dres
On gudlie wayis furth of the kirke to go.
The King of Spainze, and of Galice alſo,
Convoyit him with monie Duike and Lord.
And trewlie, as myne Authore can recorde,
The King Palexis, and King Amandur,
Alſweith convoyit this Princes of honoure
Unto the Palice getis of renoune,
The minſtrellis [playing] with ane myrrie ſound.

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Thay enterit in the cloſe that was right faire,
Abone arrayit, as ȝe harde of aire.
The gait and gries, arrayit to the hall,
Was all of marbill quhyte, and coverit all
With coſtlie arras and curious workis ſeire;
Whilk thay aſcendit have in fair maneire.
This royall ſort unto the hall is gone,
Quhair the hie tabill was raiſit anone;
And on the deice on [the] moſt gudlie wayis
Was ſet this luſtie Queine Meliades;
Hir Mother the Queine ſate on hir right hande,
And nixt her ſate the King of Spainȝe land,
And ſyne the Queine of Galice fair to ſe,
With Donas and Caddar baith full luſtie,
And ſyne of Belum cuntrie the Duches;
And on hir uther hand [eik] ſet thair was
The King of Spainȝe, the Count of Eſtur,
The King of Galice gudlie of ſtature,
Of Brataleme the Duches of bewtie,
The Duches of Bellavoy of Spainȝie cuntrie.
When royallie the deice [all] ſet was thus,
Anone the nobill King Clariodus,
King Philippon and [eik] King Amandure,
The King Palexis and [the] Earle Eſtur,
The Lord Conſtabill and uther Lordis ſeire,
Unto the grite chalmer went all in feire,
The Maiſters of houſhold and Conſtabill before;
They war all ſet, but ony proces more.
The King Clariodus forȝet hes nocht
The Lumbard [Knicht;] bot garrit him be broght,
And ſet him in ane honorabill place.
The threttie Virginis, that war fair of face,

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Into the hall war marchellit them allone.
All uther Lordis and Ladies everilk one
Diſcreitlie ſet war efter thair degrie.
The trumpits blawis with ane noyſe fullie,
Whill all the Palice wallis did redound.
Ower all the hall the courſis did abound;
Grite was the feiſt, and royall was the cheire,
And pleaſand was the menſtrellis for to heire
In hall amongs this royall companie;
With intermeiſis playit mirrilie,
And ſmall padzeounis that war delectabill,
Amongs the pleſand courſis ineſtimabill:
Whairfor the maner paſſis manis ingyne,
To tell the meits alſo of ſyndrie kynd,
Or zit the wynis nobill and mightie,
Quhairof the buirde was ſervit by and by.
The Conſtabill ſaid to Clariodus,
Now ſall it weill be knowin unto us,
Be zour having and be zour countinance,
If that ze keipe unto the King of France
That ze promitit at zour depairting,
For now it is the day of hir ſpouſing;
Weill aught ze glaid and joyous for to be
For ſaike of hir the floure of all bewtie.
Thus anſweirit hes the King Clariodus;
How ſould ane man be glaider of his ſpouſe
Nor he ſould of his ſoverane Ladie be?
Then lewch they both and maid ane mirrie glie.
Then ſaid anone to him King Philipon,
Ha, [my] fair Sone, will ze be of them one
Unto thair wyfis that becumis thrall?
Thairto no thing I counſall zow at all.

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Thus war thay all in joyous commoning.
The Conſtabill, but longer tarying,
Up raiſe and went to feiſt them in the hall.
King Clariodus him callit thair withall,
And privallie he roundit in his eare,
And ſaid, My Brother, ȝe beire this rubie cleire,
And at my only inſtance and requeiſt,
It preſent to the Ladie of the feiſt;
And ſay, The Knight fulfillit of all joy,
Devoyde of everilk ſorrow and of noy,
In ane rememberance hes it to hir ſend,
Unto hir bewtie doing him recommend.
The Conſtabill the rubie tuike anone,
And ſaid, Glaidlie ȝour meſſage I ſall gone;
Syne throw the Palice he paſſit joyouſlie,
Convoyit with Knights wounder royallie.
To the hie deice [anone] but more abaid
He paſt with countinance right blyth and glaid,
And all the Ladies [thair] of freſch bewtie,
He feiſtit hes, that joy was for to ſie,
With mirrie wordis and [richt] pleaſante cheir;
For he ane maiſter was and no ſcolleir
Into ſike thing, as then it was weill ſeine;
For he ane Lord of full grit nurture beine.
When he had cheirit them ane weill long ſpace,
About the tabill he paſſit hes apaice,
Whill he come to the Queine Meliades,
And hir the rubie gave in ſecreit wayis,
Saying, The Knight fulfillit of pleſance,
This ring ȝow ſent in [ane] rememberance.
Scho tuike the ring but ony perſaving;
For ſcho ſo ſteidfaſt was in hir having,

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That naine perſave might be hir countinance
When that ſcho felt of paine or of pliſance.
So happinit or the dinner was endit,
That Sir Porrus of Portugall affendit
Into the Palice, for oppine was everie porte,
Full wyde upſet, the trewth for to report;
With him was knightis ten right honorabill,
And twentie ſquyeris freſch and amiabill.
This Knight be fortoune and be thrawart fate
Into ane lyoun long was deformat,
Quhill King Clariodus, be his chevalrie,
Redeimit him be batell mightillie.
Soune to the Conſtabill this was tauld anone,
The quhilk foure ſquyers hes gart for him gone.
And he anone hes cum to his preſence,
And helfit him with all dew reverence.
The Conſtabill ſaid, Welcum, Sir Porrus,
For he him knew both worthie and chevelrus.
He hes him reverencit, and ſaid anone,
My [gude] Lord, with 3our leave now I wald gone
To Queine Meliades with freſch effeire,
I have ane preſent [unto] hir to beire.
The Conſtabill ſaid, So mote I have joy,
I ſall unto my Ladie 3ow convoy.
He hes him led to Queine Meliades,
Whom the Knight helfit hes upon this wayis,
Saying, The Lord, that power hes of all,
Conſerve 3our Hienes and eſtait royall,
Togidder with 3our [moſt] great excellence.
I comin am to thank 3our hie clemence
Of the moſt bliſfull and happie delyverance
Of my proterve miſfortune and miſchance

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Be King Clariodus; for none bot he
Nixt God micht of my fate delyver me;
Whom to was no remeid, bot if the beſt
Knight of this world, and eik the gentileſt,
Redemit me out of my paine and wo:
Whairfor in [his] rememberance ever mo,
That in this warld is of knightheid [the] floure,
His airis ſall be nureiſt with honoure
Into this creddell of gold all forgit bright,
Diſcending ay to his ſucceſſioun right;
Thus, ſall his regall ſtok and his offpring
Have of thair nobill progenitours loving.
With that he gart his armigers oſtend
The creddill of gold gudlie to commend,
Of ſik ane curious worke and quantitie
Two men togidder might laide into it be.
Then everie Prince and Princes at tabill
Said that it was ane gift moſt honorabill,
And ſaid, thay had not ſeine ſo rich ane gift,
Both of ſo grite ane quantitie and might.
The Queine him thankit hes on fair maneir.
The grite Lord Conſtabill ſent for Bonvaleir,
And him delyverit this jewell pretious,
And bad him have it to hir theſaur hous.
The Maiſteris of houſhold ſyne he did command
This nobill Knight to feiſt with cheir pleiſand.
Thay him obeyit with countinance joyous;
Bot firſt unto the King Clariodus
Thay him convoyit have full gentillie.
He him reſavit and thankit full tenderlie
Of his preſent. And ſyne unto the hall
Thay go with him, and maid him feiſt royall.

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Thairefter at the portis can doune licht
Sir Brounar de la Haunt, that gentill Knight,
Of quhois ſchoulder the King Clariodus
Drew furth the arrow that was venomus.
He broght with him ſex courſouris in gud plicht,
And ſex fair haiknayis as the ſnow [all] quhyte,
And them preſentit to Meliades.
And he anone, upon the ſamine wayis,
Declairit hes right [loud] before the tabill,
How he of ane hurt [that was] uncurabill
Lay in the tent remeidles day and night,
Whill King Clariodus the gentill Knight
[Had] him releivit furth of his diſtres;
And ſo furth ſchew the maner mair and les,
How in this world [thair] was no mediceine
That na uther wight might worke be ingyne.
Thay feiſtit him with glaid and mirrie cheire.
The Count of Eſtur and his Ladie cleire
Grite joy [than] hade in heart of the honour
That to thair ſone was donne in that [ilk] houre.
Efter all uther intermeiſis ſeire,
As of the latter courſe thay ſervit wer,
Twentie ȝoung children of fourtine ȝeiris age
On tame lyounis quhalpis, I ingage,
Full gudlie into purpur ſilk arrayit,
Come in before them ryding unafrayit,
Sadillit and brydillit and put to poynt at right;
And twentie virginis that war blyth and bright,
Of the ſamyne age, on unicornis fair,
With harniſchingis pleaſant and preclaire,
Abuilȝeit freſchlie in the ſamine hew,
And all in hatis greine, and fair and new;

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And everie madine that was into that place
Ane luſtie varlot led in goldin lace,
With ſpeiris in thair handis everie one.
And quhen thay war all enterit in, anone
The madinis lichtit gudlie to behald;
The varlots tuike thair unicorns to hald;
And thay begouth to gang in carralling,
And ſo with that ſo mirrillie thay ſing,
That everie wight thair beine had joy to heir,
Thair voices was ſo angell lyke and cleire.
And as the madinis ſong upon this wayes,
The varlots juſtit and maid interpryſe;
And he, that from his horſe was ſtrikine doune,
Gave to his fellow ane ring for his ranſoun;
And he that ring gave to ane Ladie ſcheine,
And ſcho againe gave him hir hat of greine,
And did full womanlie to him inclyne.
[This done] betwix hir and hir fellow, ſyne
Scho tuike him in the ring with grit pleſance;
Syne luſtillie begouth thay all to dance.
And this was donne, that everie wight might ſie;
For all the cloſe of [full] large quantitie
That day was ordanit to the triumphall hall,
With cloathes of gold it was coverit all;
And Lordis in the chalmeris round about
At feniſteris and windowis luikit out.
All ſaw playit this royall intermeis,
The quhilke ſurmuntit into luſtines
So far, that thay hade wonder it to ſe,
Saying, forſuith that thay in no cuntrie
Hade ſeine ſiklyke into no tyme before.
And quhen thoſe madinis of bewtie ſo decore

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Had lang diſportit [thus] and playit glaide,
The varlots hes the unicornis to them hade,
And ſet them on thair ſadillis luſtillie,
Syne on thair lyounis lape delyverlie,
And of the hall thay paſt without tarie,
And Queine Proſerpina with hir Court of Fari.
The aucht Maiſteris of houſhald ordanit hes
To draw the buirdis and to ſay the grace.
At the hie deice upraiſit was the tabill.
Kingis and Princeſſis that war honorabill
Diſpoilȝeit them of thair robis fair,
And them delyverit unto heralds thair
Of monie diverſe realmis of grit honouris
Into thair mightie Princes coat armouris,
Quhilk gyftis gat to make them rich for ever.
Ane fairer fight ſenſyne [thair] ſeine was never,
Of Kingis, Queinis, Princes honorabill,
Duikis, Lordis, and Ladies amiabill
Within ane Palice nor was it in, I wiſe,
Whair thair was nothing wanting of warlds bliſe.
All minſtrellis then with inſtruments are gone,
Both lute, harp, viole, clarcheo, and guthrone,
To play into the grite triumphall hall,
Whair monie ane Prince in thair eſtait royall
Abaid, with monie ane [luſtie] Princes faire,
And monie ane Ladie blyth and debonare.
Then ſaid Clariodus the nobill King
To the Conſtabill his Brother, I deſyre the thing,
That ȝe firſt go to leid into the dance
My Lady my ſpous, for that war my pleaſance;
Quhilk for to do he did refuiſe at all,
Conſidering thair was Princes in the hall

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Hir for to leid quhom [it] did more perteine :
Bot ȝit this Prince he will that ſo ſould beine,
For unto him he will doe that honoure,
For he in France was Lord of grite valoure ;
Whairfor the King, of grite conſiderance,
Both for the ſaike of the nobill King of France,
And for his awin great wit and nobilnes,
He did grit honour unto him dreidles.
Then the Lord Conſtabill into gudlie wayis
The dance begane with Queine Meliades ;
The mightie King of Spain led Cadder ſcheine,
And the Duike of Bellavoy led the Queine
Of Spainȝie cuntrie ; ane uther Duike alſo
With the Duches of Bellavoy in the dance can go ;
Ane Duches [eik] led Amandur the King,
And King Palexis led Donas the ȝeing ;
Ane luſtie Earle of Ingland regioun
Of Yorke did leid the Duchess of renoune ;
And eik the King Clariodus worthie
Of Spainȝe cuntrie led ane fair Ladie.
Thair dancit monie ane uther lord and knight
With monie ane ladie and freſch virgine bright.
Forȝet was not Sir Amé de Valeir,
Nor ȝit the nobill Sir Charles de le Scareir.
Sir Gilliam de la Forreſt thair did go,
Sir Richard de Maianis danſit thair alſo.
For to be mirrie thay neidit no requeiſt,
For none war glaider nor thay war of the feiſt.
Full long it war thair namis to declair,
Or ȝit to ſpecifie thair danſing thair.
The Queine of Ingland ſat at the hie dice,
With diverſe ladies, both Duches and Countes,

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Beholding on the danſing with fixit eie.
Grite was the joy, triumphe, and royaltie;
Grite was the mirth, the pleaſance, and the ſporte,
That was, God wote, among that luſtie ſorte.
Full monie ane Knight with Cupidis awfull deart
Amongs thame thair was woundit to the heart,
Whilk efterwart of langour did complaine,
Excellent bewtie ſo did them conſtraine
Thair for to love all magrie thair intent.
Full monie ane ſecreite luike among them went.
With full deſyre thair hearts war ſet on fyre,
Throw lovis thriſt, heateſt of deſyre.
Thair the Lord Conſtabill hurt was with ane ſight,
Sum thing that day he wiſt of lovis might
Onlie throw bewtie of ane ladie ſcheine,
And at ane ſight his heart all holdin beine
To ane anone, as can my Authore tell;
Upon ſik thing as now I may not dwell.
I will zow tell of ane [grit] aventoure
By Ladie Fortunis purvenance and cure,
Into the Court the quhilk betyde anone,
Quhilk ze ſall heir, or that I farther gone;
And efter that returne againe I will,
And of the feiſt the leave will tell zow till.
So happinit in the meane quhyle to be,
Ane Herald come [thair] from Polyne cuntrie,
Whilk callit was to name Bonadventur,
Whom King Clariodus with biſſie cure
Had ſent with credence to Polyne to the King,
Him heighting in his weiris ſum ſupporting
Againis the Duike of Gravan, quhom betweine
Full grit debait [thair] had [ane] long tyme beine:

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Bot thay agriet war or his cuming;
Thus he returnit hame unto the King.
When it was told to King Clariodus
Of his Herald, that [he] was cumit thus,
Unto his chalmer he went the neireſt way,
And for the Herald ſent without delay.
The Herald ſaluſt him upon his knie,
Saying to him, the eternall God 3ow ſie;
The King of Polyne him to 3ow commendis,
And to 3our Hienes heartlie greating ſendis,
3ow thanking ofter nor I can heir reporte,
Of 3our promit him to at neid ſuporte.
He and the Duik of Gravan ar at ane,
Betwix them two the weiris ar all gaine:
Bot as I come out throw the realme of France,
I ſaw the King make royall ordinance
For tornament, for joy, for feiſt, for play
At Pareis toun againe 3our mariage day;
To quhilk was dreſſit monie ane Lord and Knight,
And monie ane luſtie Ladie blyth and bright,
In companies thik ryding throw the fieldis,
With bairdit ſteidis, harneis, ſpeir and ſcheildis;
And in the honour of 3our grit renoune,
He makis all that great proviſioun.
And eik the Queine with all hir Ladies bright
3our wadding ſchupe to worſchip at thair might
With royall feiſting, danſing and diſport.
And ſcho avowit befor that luſtie ſorte
Unto the Powne that ſet was on the tabill,
This King is ſuithfaſt and undouttabill.
And ane thing, Sir, I ſall 3ow tell for treuth,
I ſaw ane ſight quhairof I hade grite rewth,

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Bot heir without the toun ane litill way.
Fyftine Knightis enarmit war perfay,
Quhilk reveift fyvetine Virginis had unright,
Thinking with thame to ly [on] this ilk night,
And of thair virginities them to deflore.
Full faft the Madinis mercie did implore;
Bot thay with cruell heartis but pitie
Demanis thame, that pitie is to fie.
Then aſkit King Clariodus, if thay
War paſſit far. He anſweirit and ſaid, Nay,
I ges them zit bot at the Woll, ſaid he,
Without the toune that ſtandis by the trie,
Whair Ladies uſis in thair diſport to go,
It callit is the Ladies Woll alſo.
On Bonvaleir than callit he anone,
And bad him ſwiftlie for his harnes gone,
And ſadell him ane courſour that was wight,
And bad the Herald go at all his might,
Unto the poſtrum ſuddanlie him bring,
And thair for to abyde on his cuming.
With ſpeir in hand [that was] both long and wight,
Bonvaleir ſoune enarmit him [at] right,
And he anone unto the poſtrum went,
And on his horſe aſcendit or he ſtint.
Upon his heid he did his helme on lace,
And them commandit both into that place
That they diſcover him in no maneir:
Syne chargit he his varlot Bonvaleir,
Alleane into his chalmer to ſojorne
All quyetlie againe quhill he returne;
And if his brother the Conſtabill ſpeire
Whair he was gaine, to tell on this maneir,

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That he was in ane ſecreit erant went,
And wald againe him ſpeid incontinent.
And than he tuike his mightie ſpeir in hand,
And ſwiftlie he did gallope ouer the land.
Thir Squyeris both thay ſat on kneis doun,
Prayand to him that wore the bludie croun
Him to conſerve from all miſaventure,
Thay him betaught in Godis bliſſit houre,
And to the chalmer ſoune returnit thay.
Clariodus, in all the haiſt he may,
Upon the Knightis followit hes ſo faſt,
Whill that he hes ouertaine them at the laſt,
Saying, O Knightis, ȝe abyde for ſhame!
Doe not ſo grit diſhonour to ȝour name,
As for to leid the Madinis on that wayis;
The Ordour of Knightheid ye [do] diſpyſe,
On ſike ane wayis fair Ladies to offend;
For ȝe thair quarrell rather ſould defend,
Nor them to trubill ſo on ſik maneir.
Sir Knight, thay ſaid, grit folie to ȝow it wer,
As now to ſchaipe our deidis to correct,
For at this tyme ȝe may ws not object.
I ſall reſiſt, quod he, if that I may.
Thairwith the formeſt ſchupe him to aſſay.
Thay ſet thair ſpeiris ſadlie in the reiſt,
And awfullie towart uther thay preiſt;
And certanlie the King Clariodus
He hit him ſik ane ſtrake diſpiteous,
That horſe and man went both unto the ground,
Whill that his helme did from the eard redound.
The ſecond and the third doun run hes he
So fellounlie, that naine was of thaiſe thrie

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Bot ather his leg or arme he brift in two.
And quhen the Madinis ſaw he provit ſo,
Right heartfullie to God they for him prayit.
The twelf Knightis with heartis unaffrayit,
Then ſet on him with ſwordis all at onis,
Traiſting to brift him, fell, blood and bonis.
Quhen this perſavit King Clariodus,
With ſword in hand as lyoun furious,
Full earneſtlie he enterit them amang;
With mortall ſtraikis he among them dang,
That it was wounder him to behald and ſie,
For he begouth into his wraith to be;
Was none ſo ſtalwart that his ſtraik gaineſtuide,
For as ane tyger that beine fearſe and wode,
He on them ruſchit than with awfull faire,
With bloudie ſword thame chaſing heir and thair,
Briſting thair ſteill helmis in his ire and teine,
Straiking thair ſteidis from them on the greine,
Carving thair lymbis and armis ay in ſunder,
So monie of them thair ſteidis lay in under.
The Knightis war abaiſit grittumlie,
Of him that them tormentit ſo fellounlie;
Ane feind thay thocht him lyker nor ane man,
For of his fighting ever mair he can.
Thay ſtraik at him ſo thik and faſt withall
As dois the hammeris on the ſtudie fall;
Thay woundit him upon the arme full ſore,
Whairthrow his courage increſſit ay the more;
For quhen he ſaw his blood rin doune ſo reid
He grew in anger and in mortall feid,
And on them ruſchit with ſik violence,
With ſo grit furie and grit vehemence,

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He huntit them with [ſik] ane feirfull cheire,
Right as the awfull hundis dois the deire,
And ſkaillit them full wyde before his face,
As the fearſe lyoun dois ſmall beiſtis chaſe;
Upon the greine he gave them tant for tant,
Whill that thay grew ſo weirie and ſo faint,
And put them ſo far to confuſioun,
That thay could not bot ly in thair ranſoune,
As goldin men his dintis to reſave,
And could not take the ſtraikis that he gave.
And quhen thay ſaw [that] thair was no remeid,
Bot them to geild, or ellis for to be deid,
Thay ſaid to him at onis pitiouſlie,
Ha! Flour of Knightheid, grant to ws mercie,
And ſave our lyfis, for thy mikill might,
As thow that beine in earth the gentilleſt Knight.
Then ſaid the King, Gif ge will have mercie,
Go to the toun ge ſall ſtanding us by;
Unto the Kingis Palice ge ſall ſpeir,
And thair ge ſall enter but ony feir,
Whair ge ſall entrie have for ſmall requeiſt,
And geild gow to the Ladie of the feiſt;
Your priſſoun ſall be ſoft, I tak on me,
If that ge be all taine with hir bewtie;
And eike ge ſall promit, or that ge wende,
In tyme cuming ge ſall gour lyfes amend,
And never againe doe Ladies ſik unright,
Bot ay defend thair quarrell with gour might;
And eik the Madinis ge ſall reſtore
Unto thair freindis quhair thay war before.
Thay ſaid anone, We ſall do gour bidding
Into all poynts, ſave onlie this ane thing,

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That is to ſay, to have thir Madins againe,
Quhilk if we doe doubtles we ſalbe ſlaine.
This weill conſiderit King Clariodus.
The damoſellis that glaid war and joyous,
On kneis fell to him full humbillie,
And wald his feit have kiſſit tenderlie;
Bot he wald not them ſuffer to do ſo.
So twentie Knightis fearſlie come but ho,
Upon thair ſteidis ſwiftlie at the ſpuris,
To ſeik the Knights that donne them ſik injuris,
And wald with ſwordis have upon them beine;
Bot King Clariodus lape them betweine,
And ſaid, My friendis, no worſchip war 3ow to,
Unto thir Knights more hermis [for] to doe;
Then thankit be God of his eternall grace,
Thir Madinis beine recourſit upon cace.
And quhen they have [weill] underſtud that he
Was onlie victour of ſo grit meinge,
Thay war ſore wonderit into mikill thing,
And come to him [full] lowlie inclyning;
And him thay thankit thair with all thair might,
As of the world the moſt nobilleſt Knight,
And prayit him his name to them to kyth.
And he anone hes anſweirit them belyve,
My name I never denyit, nor 3it ſall,
Clariodus of Eſtur thay me call.
And quhen thay wiſt it was Clariodus,
Thay fell upon thair kneis, ſaying thus,
O nobilleſt Knight of moſt excellent fame,
Out throw the world ſpringin is 3our name;
3our knightlie deidis and heigh chevalrie,
In laude and honour rings unto the ſkie;

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We ar not grit amervellit of this deid,
Sen that ȝe ar the flour of all knightheid,
Whom God haith ſent our chyldren to perſew;
We ſalbe faithfull ſervitours and trew
To ȝow for all the dayis of our lyfe.
The nobill King ane freindſchip maid belyve
Among the Knights; and ſyne did thame requyre
That thay wald go with him to the ſuppeir.
Thay have him reverencit full grittumlie,
Syne to the Palice thay [all] raid glaidlie.
The other Knightis maid varlots for to gone
Unto the wode and litteris maid anone,
Whairin thay have four woundit Knightis laid,
And ſend them hame withoutin mair abaid
With four varlotis in thair companie,
Quhilk ludging tuik in the nixt toun thairby;
Syne at the King thay tuike thair leave and went,
Thair promiſe to fulfill incontinent.
And he hes ridin againe the privie way
Unto the poſtrom, as ȝe hard me ſay.
I leive now of Clariodus ane quhyle,
And ſumthing now my pen I will exyle,
Schortlie to ſpeik of thir elevin Knights,
Quhilk to the Palice for to go them dichts.
Thir Knightis at the Palice ȝet lichtit doun,
And enterit at the portis of renoune,
Aſcendit ſyne up the gries of the hall;
Thay that them ſaw did wounder ane and all.
As diamonds in armour bright thay ſchone,
And thay all woundit war and bluid begone.
To hall thay went and paſſit throw the preis,
And or thay ſtint thay come to the hie deice.

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Anon the menſtrells ceiſſit for to play,
And Lordis left the dance for the afray;
For as them thoght it was ane uncouth thing,
In bluidie harneis to ſie thair incuming.
In ſylence was the hall of moſt and leiſt.
Thay ſpeirit quha was Ladie of the feiſt,
And thay tham kennit to Meliades.
Then all on knies thay ſat on humbill wayis,
And ſaid, Madame, unto 3our blyth bewtie
We 3eild us heir all preſoners to be,
To do with ws ryght as 3ourſelfin liſt;
For of this world the nobilleſt Knight and beſt
Ws all hes conqueiſt with his [awin] hand,
And uther foure in poynt of death lyand.
Syne quhen he had ws wone with grit mellie,
From twentie Knightis of grit crueltie
He ws recourſit againe richt nobillie,
And ws conſerved from thair fellonie.
They callit him the Knight of joy compleit,
Whois heart of everie pleſour beine repleit.
Then worde by worde they [all] the maner told
Of thair meiting, and of the bargane bold,
And of his knightlie ſtrenth and his vigoure,
And how he maid the [haill] diſcomfiture.
When they had long his honour done proclame,
Thay ſaid, Madame, if 3e wald wit his name,
Clariodus of Eſtur thay him call.
Then full of bliſe and glaidnes was the hall,
And thay all cryit with ane cheir joyous,
VIVE, VIVE, LE ROY CLARIODUS!
And that with ſik ane [michtie] noyſe and ſound,
That to the rufe the chalmer did redound.

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Meliades that blyth was this to heire,
Zit changit nather countinance nor cheir;
Bot with ane ſtedfaſt leuke debonarlie
Scho all beheld the mirrie companie,
And thankit God devotlie in hir mynde,
That her rewairdit hade on ſike ane kynd;
And [that it] pleaſit had his gratious will,
The flour of knightheid to geive hir untill:
And zit albeit ſcho hade in mariage
This nobill Knight of ſo hie vaſſalage,
And underſtuid and right perfytlie knew
That unto hir he ſteidfaſt was and trew;
Zit Cupid hes hir ſtrikin with his dairte,
And newlie woundit hir unto the heart
Throw new reporte maid of him be thir Knights
In preſence of ſo monie gudlie wights.
What is thair mair to ſay of this mater;
Both Kingis, Queinis, Lordis and Ladies cleire
Full joyous war thir things for to heir tell
Of him that beine of knightheid flour and well,
And moſt of all Earle Eſtur honorabill,
And fair Countes that was demure and ſtabill.
King Philipone them treitit nobillie,
And gart the Conſtabill treit them royallie;
And ſyne the gudlie Queine Meliades
Releivit them on fair and gudlie wayis
Of hir priſoune, and ſweitlie did them treite,
And gave them gyftis honorabill and great.
Thay tuike thair leave anone full courteſlie,
Reverencing thir Princis humbillie,
And moſt of all Meliades the Queine,
Dreſſing hir bewtie and hir vertew ſcheine.

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Syne ſoune upon thair horſe aſcendit thay,
And to thair fellows tuike the neireſt way,
Quhilk thame abaid thair, bot [ȝit neir] at hand
In ane village that callit was Garrand;
To quhom they ſhew the grit nobillitie
Was to them donne, and the grit royaltie
Of all this feaſt; and of rewairdis grite
Whilk was thame gevin thair they did repeit;
And how Clariodus, of knightheid floure,
Of twa realmis was famous conquerour;
And thair thay did remaine whill haill and ſound
War thair fellows of everie grevous wound;
Syne hame thay went unto thair awin cuntrie,
And leivit ay in trewth and chevalrie.
King Amandur and [alſe] King Palexis,
And the Lord Conſtabill that worthie was,
Aſcendit on thair horſe and that anone,
And with all biſſines can them diſpone
To meit the King Clariodus in hy.
The King of Spaine eik in thair company
Wold have ridin; bot Philipon the King
Did him requyer with wordis right bening,
Whill thair returning to make reſidence,
The feiſt to honour with his digne preſence.
And as thay went to horſe on this maneir,
Thay met the Kingis varlot Bonvaleir,
Whom to the Conſtabill ſaid, My frind, perdie
Ȝe have this thing conſeillit weill fra me,
To ſchaw to me quhair that ȝour Maiſter went.
My Lord, ſaid he, it war not pertinent
To me to ſchaw, bot quhat he chargis me,
Quhilk to conſider diſcreit anewch ar ȝe.

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Thairwith he lewch, and maid [full] grit gaming.
Thir Lords to meit the King ar gone in ſamming;
And ſoune thay ſaw him ryde a quyet way
Unto the poſtrum 3et without delay.
Then the Lord Conſtabill unto him raid,
And on this maner lawghand to him ſaid,
I am of 3ow diſſavit out of dreid,
For I belevit 3e, ſa God me ſpeid,
Had beine devyſing ſum ſtrange abuil3ement
Into 3our chalmer for the tornament,
And 3e in uther materis biſſie wer,
As be the Knightis weill it did apeire,
Whom into Court amongs ws 3e [did] ſend;
Thay maid 3our occupation to us kend.
The Kingis two, quhilk war his couſings neir,
Thay maid him mirrie companie and cheire.
The Lord Conſtabill perſavit weill that he
Upon the arme was hurt at the mellie,
And ſpeirit at him if he was hurt ought ſaire;
And he ſaid, Nay. With that thay enterit thair
In at the gardine 3et of the poſtrum.
To the chalmer of Clariodus thay come.
Thay paſſit ſoune and him unarmit then;
And ſyne ane furrit mantill have thay taine,
And laid it him about right ſoftlie,
And on his bed ſyne maid him [for] to ly,
And to refreſch him efter his weirines.
King Amandur and [alſe] King Palexis
Commandit he to paſe unto the hall,
And glaid the feiſters at thair power all,
And gar them play and make withall diſport,
The quhilk to doe mirrillie thay them exhort.

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To hall ar went thir Princes honorabill,
And with him left no wight bot the Conſtabill,
And chalmerlandis with him two or thrie.
And quhen King Philipon can behold and ſie
Thir Princes two againe returnit thus,
He wiſt that cum was King Clariodus;
At them he ſpeirit the maner and the gyſe
Of all the mellie and the interpryſe,
And gif that he was hurt he did require:
And thay to him declairit the maneire;
That he was hurt thay wold not plainlie tell,
For ſaik of hir that was of bewtie well,
In cace thairof ſcho ſould take diſpliſance,
Quhairfor thay maid ane mirrie countinance.
Unto the King thay told all privilie,
That he was hurt, bot 3it not hevilie;
Of quhilk Meliades tuik perſaving,
And was affrayit into mikill thing;
Scho ſwounit neir for inwart paine and wo.
Dame Romaryn, that hir perſavit ſo,
Unto hir come, and ſate doune on hir knie,
And quhat hir aillit ſoftlie ſpeirit ſche.
Scho ſaid, I dreid my Lord Clariodus
Be hurt, quhairof my heart is dolorus;
3e ſall unto him go but tarrying,
And in ane taikine beir to him this ring,
And cum againe and me the maner tell.
Romaryn then no longer ſcho did dwell,
Scho went to the chalmer of Clariodus,
And on hir kneis ſoftlie ſaid ſcho thus,
My Ladie, Sir, hes me unto 3ow ſend,
And unto 3ow dois heartlie hir commend,

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For ſair ſcho dreidis that ȝe hurt [may] be;
Quhairfor ſo full of hevines is ſche,
That ſcho uneis may keipe hir countinance,
So woundit is hir heart with diſperance;
And this ſcho hes ȝow ſent in tokening,
Thairwith anone preſenting him the ring.
Romaryn in armis he did imbrace,
And to hir ſaid with glaidſum cheir and face,
Ȝe ſall my Ladie thanke richt heartfullie,
And ſay unto hir verallie that I
Do aill nothing bot that ſcho may amend,
The quhilk alſweith ſall unto hir be kend.
On this ilk night ſcho ſalbe medicyne
Unto my wounde, for ſcho is leich full fyne;
And in ane tokine gif hir this roobie bright,
And ſay, ſcho weill confortit hes hir Knight.
Romaryn lewch quhen ſcho hard him ſay ſo,
And undertuike for to remeid the wo
Of hir Ladie, Meliades the Queine,
That did of painis the hevines ſufteine.
Scho tuike hir leave, and to hir Ladie went,
And unto hir the tokin hes preſent,
And ſaid as he hir bad, but variance,
In mikill thing quhilk lowſit hir pennance;
And hir rewairdit with the roobie cleire,
That hir ſik tydings broght in this maneir.
The Conſtabill, [richt] wyſe and componabill,
Raillit with mirrie wordis amiabill,
And ſaid unto the King Clariodus;
This day I ſaw ane Ladie dolorous,
Quhois cullour changit ſumthing for ȝour ſaike,
Get up, and be alſe ſtrong as onie aike;

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Be all in joy, and thinke not of no paine ;
Ane ſight of ȝow might make ane Ladie faine.
Then lewgh the King, and ſaid, My brother faire,
Ladies in heart beine pitious ever maire.
With that King Philipon, that was worthie,
And eike the King of Spaine, com to viſie
Him in his chalmer with ane freindlie cheire.
The King of Galice on the ſame maneir
Com him to viſie, and Earl Eſtur eike,
Him to comfort with thair wordis [ſo] meike.
Ane chirurgiane, that ware was and expert,
Him tuike in hand to heill of everie ſmart
In fyvetine dayis, that he might ryde and gang.
He was ane grit maiſter chirurgiane.
Thus raillit he with King Clariodus,
Sir, unto ȝow it ſalbe nothing noyous,
Gif on the night ȝe juſt alſe weill as day.
He ſmyllit then, and ſaid, Maiſter, perfay
The trewth ȝe tell ; bot I have eſperance
Of my pairtie, to have ane ſoverance
Mair in the night nor in the day had I :
For I am ȝoldin ellis right verallie
Alreadie to my nichts pairtie traiſt perdie ;
Whairfor I think ſcho will more gratious be.
The cumpanie then lewgh, and maid gud ſport,
And to the hall they went agane at ſchort,
All bot the Conſtabill and two chalmerlanis,
Quhilk ſtill abaid with the chirurgianis,
Whill viſit all and tentit was his wound,
And bundit up with ſawis that war ſound.
Of purpur velvote he put on ane goune,
With mertrix furrit curious of faſſioun.

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He gave ane uther of the ſamyn ſorte
To the Lord Conſtabill, doing him exhorte
Thairin him for to cleith; and thay anone
Both in ane ſuit into the hall is gone.
He put the goun on him at his requeiſt;
Syne hand in hand thir two went to the feiſt,
Quhilk lovit uther ay full tenderlie.
Of Knightis followit them grit companie.
Unto the hall thay went without delay,
Whair all devyſit was this mirrie play.
Thay halſit have the mightie Princes hie,
And thay reſavit war full joyouſlie.
Meliades raiſe off hir mightie ſeate,
Upliftit freſchlie with two Earlis great.
And this [fair] Prince full humbillie did inclyne,
And hir he did imbrace in armis ſyne,
And kiſſit hir and ſet hir in hir chyre;
Then minſtrells playit with ane mirrie fayre,
And thair the dance thay have begune againe.
Clariodus his Sifter tuik in hande,
The Conſtabill the Queine of Galeice toke;
The ȝoung Knightis for joy thair heartis quoke,
And cheiſit Ladies to go into the dance.
Thus thay diſportit with mirth and grit pliſance;
Full royallie the feaſt of joy began;
Meliades ſcho danſit not as than.
What ſould I tell ȝow of thair grit delyte,
Quhilk to rehearſe almaiſt war infinit.
When redie was the ſupper, then anone
This luſtie ſorte ar to thair chalmeris gone,
And changit thair arayis pleaſantlie,
And them abuilȝeit new and luſtillie

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In licht clethings, all ordanit for the dance,
That for to ſie it was ane grit pleaſance.
Of thair robis royall diſpuilȝet them the Kings,
And on them put hes uther licht clethings.
Then Ladies war arrayit full richlie.
They enterit all togidder right ſeamelie
Into the chalmer of Meliades;
And ſcho, the flour of bewtie moſt to prais,
Was cled in kirtill of claith of gold moſt deire,
And of the ſamyn hir mantill ſchynit cleir.
The croun of gold ſcho changit on hir heid,
Whilk caſt ane light of ſtonis blew and reid.
Hir madinis all war in the ſamyn gyſe,
In glorious mantillis gudlie to pryſe,
Save that thay wore of claith of ſilver ſcheine.
When Lordis and Ladies thus arayit beine,
And everie wight, that pleaſour was to ſe,
The Maiſteris of houſhald, grite of dignitie,
Unto King Philipon thay com and ſaid,
The ſupper readie was and on him baid.
Than he commandit the Frenſche Conſtabill,
And the wyſe Count of Eſtur honorabill,
Unto the hall to fech the gudlie ſpous.
Then followit Knightis gudlie and famous.
To hall thay broght this ȝoung and luſtie Queine,
As the hie deice anone up raiſit beine;
And ſcho was ſet with honour triumphand,
With mightie Kingis upon ather hand,
And luſtie Queinis freſch and amiabill.
And ſcho of bewtie flour incomparabill
Surmuntit all the Ladies in the hall,
As rubie hes renoun imperiall

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Of everie ſtone; as right as Phebus bricht
Beine Lord and Prince of all etheriall light,
Blinding the ſtarrie hevine with his bewtie,
Richt ſo hir bewtie, angel lyke to ſe,
And blyth aſpectis glaidis all the tabill,
As parradyce of joy ineſtimabill.
The King Clariodus and his companie
Unto thair chalmer paſſit joyouſlie,
And ſowpit thair with royall feiſt and cheir.
The ſound of trumpits mirrie was to heir,
The courſis come of number ineſtimabill,
With inſtrumentis glaid and delectabill;
The wynis ran, that wight war of meaſouris,
From horribill monſturis and fearfull of figouris;
And other liquoris mightie and pretious
Of dyverſe wynis mightie and mervellous
Ran out of virginis papis quhyte as ſnow:
All kynd of fleuris in the hall thay ſlow:
By incantatioun of grit practitioneris,
By aſtrologis and art magicianis,
Grite ſortolegis with thair enchantments
Of thair artis gave ſik experiments,
That thay appeirit lyvelie and viſibill:
Strong furious lyonis and dragonis horribill,
Gaiping as thay the peipill wald devoure:
Thair was hunting of all griteſt pleſoure,
The hardie hundis of full grit quantitie
Chaſing the heartis with thair heidis hie:
Richt pleaſant war the courſis of birds above,
Etheriall foullis in air might mak na rove
For luſtie falkonis that was gentill of kynd:
All joy was, that man might have in mynd

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Everilk pleſour that might revert in ſpreit:
Freſch nightingells thair ſong with notis ſweit,
With blythfull birdis in the blomit ſpray,
Befor dame Natur in hir freſch array.
I can not tell zow in ane houris ſpace
The grite excelling pleaſoure in that place,
Nor of the joyous feiſting infinit,
Nor of the inſtruments of grit delyte,
With dulce muſicianis of princis chappellis ſeir,
Quhilk ſong with curious craft and [wondir] cleire.
It war ouer long heir for to declaire
The intermeiſis that war playit thair
Amongs the courſis moſt delitious,
Quhilk war of proces ſuperſtitious.
The heralds and minſtrellis that thair wes,
Thay all full loudlie did thair cry Lairges
Of the moſt royall Prince Clariodus,
That gave them gyfts mightie and pretious.
The ſupper long induirit on this wayis;
[Clariodus then joyouſlie upraiſe,]
And Maiſters of houſhold gart raiſe the tabill hie.
The grace was ſaid with grit ſolemnitie,
About and ouer the Palice circuleir.
The noyſe of miniſtrells mirrie was to heir,
And everie wight [grit] joy and mirthis hade.
Anon began the dance but more abaid,
Increſſis ay of mirthis more and more,
With gritter preis of peiple nor before.
Long war the proces [all] now for to tell
Of thair diſporte and joy that did excell,
Quhilk till midnight [I wote] induirit ſtill.
The Maiſteris of houſhold then ſchew them till,

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That it was lait and tyme to go to reſt;
Then everie wight thair unto bedis dreſt.
The Kingis of Ingland and [eik] of Spaine
Hes tane this roſe of bewtie ſoverane,
Meliades, and to hir chalmer gois.
Clariodus, of knightheid flour and roſe,
Unto his chalmer convoyit beine with Kings;
Syne tuike thair leave with humbill inclynings.
In chalmer thair with him abaid no mo,
Bot the Lord Conſtabill that he lovit ſo,
That he could not be but his companie.
Four Knightis beine his chalmerleins worthie,
Ane was Sir Broun de Lamour [full] wight,
Ane uther Gilzeam de la Forreſt height,
Sir Richard de la Forreſt was in feir,
The ferd was Sir Penant de la Careire,
Quhilk four to him ſo tender was trewlie,
That he to them gave treſt of his bodie.
And quhen anon with them he was uncled,
In furrit mantill he ſet hes on his bed,
And him beſyd he ſet the Conſtabill,
And with him fell in ſpeiking delectabill,
Whill that Meliades in bed was gone,
Whair Ladeis as than was with hir none
Save hir awin Mother, and the Queinis two
Of Spaine and Galice; thir wald not fra hir go,
Whill ſcho in bed was brocht, and then anone
Thay tuike thair leave, and to thair bedis gone.
Then Romaryn, bening and gratious,
To chalmer went to King Clariodus,
And ſchew to him that the Queine was in bed,
And he anone to [hir] chalmer him ſped,

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And the Conſtabill into his compꝫnie,
Quhilk then at his bed [ſide] richt privalie
Tuik leave and bad guid nicht on humbill wayis.
Clariodus to fair Meliades
Enterit in bed quhom Venus did convoy,
Not in his bed bot in his hevin of joy.
What is thair mair, bot that the floure of armis
Ane roſe of bewtie lapit in his armis;
And ſo thir two thay enterit in thair bliſe,
Whilk with thair meritis weill deſervit is;
And thay, that lovit uther above all things,
Paſſit that night with joy and thair lykings,
Quhilk joy doubtles full deir was coſt befor,
Whairfor thair joy ay multipliet the more.
I will not tak in hand for to indyte
Thair joyis all, for them I can not wryte;
For in ſik thing I am not prakticate,
Quhilk never my Ladie had in ſik ane ſtate.
Termis I want ſik materis to prefer,
Quhairfor ȝe loveris to ȝow I it refer,
That taiſtit hes of the ilk ſamyne tune,
And on ſik wayis ȝour Ladies now hes wone;
For to conſider thair joy is ouer meaſoure,
Of love they have now fund the theaſoure,
Whilk long thay have with pane and pennance ſoght.
I know the paine, the pleaſoure know I nocht;
The wo I felt, thoght I the blis not bruike.
O ȝe my Ladies that luikis on this Buike,
To ȝow I me compleine on humbill wayis,
That ſhe nocht bot diſdaine for my ſervice.
Wald God gif [that] ſum pairt of ȝour pitie
War mixit with my Ladies [rare] bewtie;

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For war ſcho mercifull as ſcho is faire,
In all this world ſcho had non [to] compaire;
In everie vertew naine micht hir amend.
My mater now no longer to tranſcend,
Thir loveris two full litill felt of ſorrow,
Whill bright Phebus them helſit on the morrow,
In at the windo and on the courtines ſchone,
And everilk wight adreſſit up to gone,
With Kingis, Princes, and Ladies of honoure,
And everie Ladie hir dreſſit in hir boure,
And did thair bodies luſtillie array,
Lyk to the Mayis bloſſome on the ſpray.
Clariodus, as on the day before,
In clothing that was pretious and decore,
Is veſtit, and quhen tyme was opportune,
For the Lord Conſtabill he ſent full ſoune;
Syne to King Philipon [anone] he went,
Whair all the Kingis togidder war preſent.
The Queine Meliades did freſchlie hir attyre
In cloath of gold bright twinkling as [the] fyre,
In kirtill quhilk was glorious to ſie,
Of purpure velvot ane goun on had ſche.
Ane luſtie huid ſcho had upon hir heid,
With pearlis quhyte and rubies luſtie reid
Sternit ouer all, quhilk Earle Eſtur hir ſend
Into the morrow with ane recommend.
Scho thus arrayit I let in chalmer dwell,
And quhat betyde in Court now I will tell.
The King Clariodus, on fair maneir,
With the Lord Conſtabill, his companioun deire,
Is to the King of Spainges chalmer gone,
And unto him thir wordis ſaid anone,

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My fair Brother, [now] harkin unto me,
Ze have ane Sifter mariet for to be,
Whilk is right fair, benigne, and gratious;
And I ane Coufing have and Prince famous,
Whilk is ane valiant Knight, as weill ze know;
War it zour will, I wald that it war fo,
That our alyance might togider go
[By mariage of thir richt nobill two.]
The King anfweirit and faid, My Brother faire,
I will as ze will, fchortlie to declaire,
We think that alway it war convenient.
He thankit him with wordis reverent;
And fyne he paft unto King Philipon,
And fchew to him all haill how it was gone;
And he was glaid. Thair is no more to tell.
Arayit beine this luftie damofell
On gudlie wayis, alfe frefch as fould a bryde.
King Amandur, upon the uther fyde,
Abuilzeit him in frefch and regall weid,
As he that was ane Prince of nobilheid;
And King Palexis on the fame maneire,
Whilk handfaft was with Ladie Cader cleir;
All for the mariagis dreffit them anone,
And thay all four ar to the chappell gone.
Within the mightie Palice of renoune
Up gois the trumpit and the clarioun.
Convoyit thay war with nobill companie
Of Kingis, Princes, and Lordis royallie,
And mightie Queinis upon ather fyde.
I bid not on the proces to abyde;
Thay mariet war with full grit dignitie,
And halie confecrat efter thair degrie.

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The mes was ſong with note full curious,
With organ ſound and thimphand melodious.
Efter the mes was donne upon this wayis,
And finallie compleitit the ſervice,
The ȝoung Quenis war led from [the] chappell
With Kingis that in honour did excell;
Then to thair chalmeris thay went them to recray,
And alſe to cleith them in ane new aray;
And ſyne diſcendit into the triumph hall
In the grite cloſe that ſtuide imperiall,
On lenth and breid, [on] height and [on] lairgnes,
Of riche apparralling and luſtines.
The tabill up raiſit richlie was anone.
The two ȝoung Queines to the hie deice ar gone
With grite eſtait and regall dignitie;
On ather ſyde ſat Kingis freſch to ſie,
And Quenis alſe [full] luſtie to behold,
In rich apparrall and regale cloath of gold,
Whois radious rich apparrall brightlie ſchone
With emerand and pearle but compariſon
In corronalds, bright jeſpe, and diademes.
Bot if ane wight of death war in extreames,
It ſould him comfort and reȝoſe to ſie
Thair excellent and imperiall blyth bewtie.
When everie King and Prince of nobilnes,
And everie Princes, Ladie, and Duches
Beine ſet at tabill efter thair degrie,
The trumpits ſoundit with ane noyſe full hie,
Whill that the royall Palice did reſoun.
Anon the courſis come with ſik fuſioun,
That I wald irk for to report them heire,
And ȝe ſould think it tedious for to heire;

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Or if I told 3ow all the circumſtance
Of them in Ingland, Ireland, and of France,
Galice, Garnat, and [eik] of Caſtalgie,
Of Spainge land, and of Eſtur cuntrie,
How thay war marchellit, or quha maid them cheir,
Or of the diverſe intermiſis ſeire,
Or of the dulce and hevinlie minſtrallie,
Or of thair muſike and diverſe melodie,
Or of thair diverſe playing inſtruments,
Or of thair pliſant and trim abuil3ements,
Or of thair mirrie cheir maid at the tabill,
To tell or to report it war ineſtimabill;
The ſweit luikis and amorus beholding
Betwix the Knightis and the Ladies 3ing,
Or of the heralds in thair coat armouris
Of ſyndrie Princes of grite honouris;
Upon ſik thing war long for to abyde,
Whairfor as now I will let it ower flyde.
King Amandur and King Palexis
Rewairdit heralds with gold and grit riches;
They cryit Larges all the hall about.
And quhan all dynit had this nobill rout,
Buirdis on loft beine raiſit by and by,
And graces ſaid be Biſchopis devotlie;
And all the Lordis that in chalmeris dynit,
Whois grite eſtait can not be [heir] defynit,
Unto the court of nobilnes diſcendit,
Quhilk unto nothing bot to honour tendit,
Larges, jentrice, and [eik] nobilitie,
Trewth, manheid, juſtice, and liberalitie;
Away was falſit, away was wretchitnes,
Away was nigardie and all ſkarſchnes.

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None covitice let them of thair diſport,
Thair heartis gevin to all glaidnes at ſchort;
Nor naine invy at utheris dignitie
Might them depairt from thair cheritie;
More grace amongs them wald aboundand be.
[Full oft has beine ſik royall companie;]
Bot not alway exampillis, for to wryte,
For ſo inſatiabill beine thair apetite,
That all the world micht ſlokin not thair thriſt,
Whill daith of clay ingraſe them in ane kiſt.
Into this hall triumph and paleſtriall,
Up gois the joyous ſound inſtrumentall;
With dulce, melodious hermonie and ſweit,
Raiſing the breiſt with curage, and the ſpreit
Of them that luſtie beine and amorus.
Two Earlis, that beine worthie and famous,
Thir two ȝoung Queinis leidis to the dance,
Whom matrimonie hes donne ſo advance.
The Conſtabill leidis Meliades.
Thir Kingis two full freſch at all devyſe,
King Amandur and King Palexis,
Hes taine two Queinis of grit luſtines,
And danſit on [maiſt] fair and gudlie wayis
Danſis that all men [ever] could devyſe;
Knightis and Ladies full gudlie for to ſeine,
And virginis in thair dreſſit hairis ſcheine,
The dance continuing with bening countinance.
Thus they diſportit them with all pleſance,
Whill that the ſupper was redie at all;
Then unto chalmer went this court royall,
And freſchlie thair thay changit thair rayments,
And pat on them for playis abuilȝements.

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And Ladies hes thair gounis laid aſyde,
And taine on mantillis that war large and wyde
Of cloath of gold, purpure, and cramoſie.
The fair Meliades debonarlie
Hes hir diſpuilzeit of hir goune velvate,
And put on hir ane roſey of dew bewate,
Ane goune of gudlie hewit cramoſie;
Upon hir heid ane croune of gold mightie,
Whairin was ſtonis pretious and decore,
That worth ane Kingis ranſoune war and more,
With goldin chainze about hir halſe ſo quhyte,
Whom to behold ane hevine was of delyte:
Her proper perſoun glorious was and gay.
When everie Ladie hade changit hir array,
To the triumph hall aſcendit thay anone.
Kingis, Princes, and Ladies everie one,
War ſet at ſupper efter thair degrie.
The ſilver trumpits maid a noyſe full hie,
The pleaſant courſis come abundantly;
And buirdis beine [all] ſervit by and by,
The minſtrellis ſang with curioſitie,
Sweit as the marmaid in the orient ſea.
Full long thay ſat and maid right mirrie cheir,
And ſoune anone thay raiſe from the ſuppeir,
And newlie gois to thair abaitments
With joyous ſound of pleaſant inſtruments.
Then all the nobilleſt King Clariodus
For Emayne ſent ane Ladie gratious,
Of the chalmer of the Duches Bellavoy,
Quhilk was of Spaine ane verie flour of joy,
And hir delyverit to the Lord Conſtabill,
To go in dance; and he right honorabill

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Thankit him lowlie and tuik her be the hand.
Thir two ȝoung Queinis, luſtie and pleaſand,
Led with two Kingis danſit thair ane beaſe.
Meliades be worthie Palexis
Was led in dance as goddes Apolleine,
Quhilk to behold was lyke ane thing devine.
Thus thay diſportit quhill it was neir midnight
Syne unto beddes thay paſſit everie wight.
King Philipone and King Clariodus,
With countinance mirrie and joyous,
Convoyit unto chalmer luſtillie
Thir young ſpouſis; and ſyne on wayis gudlie
Thair leavis tuike and ſyne to chalmeris went.
Thir two freſch Kingis, freſch in thair intent
War of thir Ladies fair and weil beſeine.
Syne everie King taine hes his awin Queine,
And gone to bed with thame with all pleaſance
Bot now it war ower long ane circumſtance,
To tell thair grite pleaſance and all thair joy;
Glaider war never Sir Troylus of Troy,
When he had Creſſed in his arms windin,
Nor war thir Kingis quhen thay to beds cumin
[To] thair luſtie Queinis quhom thay loved lon
Bot now the tyme me liſt not to prolong,
For to declair ȝow all thair mirrines,
Or into lovis the nights biſſines.
In joy and bliſe in armis ſtill thay lay
With glaidſum night, quhilk cumin was the day
Apollo reſtles and unfatigabill,
Cleir in the eiſt devoid of habite ſabill,
Upon his courſe was cumin in the hevin,
Twentie degries large and thairto ſevin,

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Quhen everie King and Prince of nobilnes,
And everilk Queine, Ladie, and Duches,
Adreſſit them full gudlie in thair weid.
Meliades the flour of womanheid
Was cled in goune of velvote luſtillie,
Furrit with greice right fair and [full] ſeamlie;
And of the ſamyne ſuite ſcho gave alſo
Unto the new maid Quenis gounis two,
And to the Queinis of Galice and Spainge
Two gounis of the ſamyne ſort gave ſche;
And ſcho that wes of bewtie crope and rute,
Did them beſeik to go into ane ſuite
With hir that day; and thay with cheire bening
Hir thankit, and did grant to hir this thing.
To mes thay went, and ſyne diſjunit all;
Syne to the ſkaffalds in luſtie apparrall
Went everie Prince and Princes amiabill,
And everie Lord and Ladie delectabill.
King Philipone with monie ane auncient Knight
War ſet on ſkaffold to conſave at right
What Lord or Knight did beſt in the aſſay.
The Knightis com all luſtie in array
In cloathes of gold full fair [and] ſchyning bright.
Unto the rinke com monie ſeamlie Knight
So weill at poynt that wounder was to ſie.
Of trumpits ſound full noyis rais on hie.
The French Conſtabill com firſt in the aſſay,
On gudlie wayis in right knightlie aray,
Servit be the nobill King Clariodus,
Whois wound to him was git ſumthing noyous,
And for that cauſe he juſtit not as than.
Thair might be ſeine monie ane ſeamlie man.

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The Conſtabill was in the range with him,
Whilk than was [the] maiſt liklie for to wine.
Of Bellavoy the Duike was [then] without,
[And] ſervit be King Amandur full ſtoute,
Weill accompanied with knightlie companie,
For he all tyme was nobill and worthie.
The Duike of Briſland enterit in the feild,
In knightlie faſſoun both with ſpeire and ſcheild,
In his inarming cleire as ony ſonne,
Quhilk as I traiſt ſall not be lightlie wonne;
And he was ſervit be King Palexis,
Becaus he of [the] Galice natioun was.
The freſch Knightis com far to the juſting,
Sir Charles de la Careir as ane lamp ſchyning,
The nobill and duchtie Sir Ame de Valeir,
Ane gratious Knight Sir Gorius de Grampeir,
With monie uther luſtie pleaſand Knight.
Knightis of Ingland ſchone as angellis bright,
Sir Broun de Amouris criſtalleine of hew,
And nobill Sir Hewmon de la Mantigue,
Sir Richard de Maianis of grite renoune;
Sir Gilzeam de la Forreſt of Scottis regioun,
Ane Knight he was of fair conditioun;
Thair was Sir Hew de la Bas of that natioune.
The Knight Lumbard, Sir Ame de la Pleaſance,
Com to the preiſe with manlie countinance.
Of Portingall Sir Porus of renoune
Was thair, the Knight quhilk was the [weird] lyoun.
It war forſuith ane grit prolixitie
To tell thair namis all in thair degrie;
For thair was both within and eik without
Aucht hundreth Knightis that war [ſtark and] ſtout,

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Zoung, ſtrong, [and] freſch, and alſo amorus,
Antrus, ardent, and [alſe] richt deſyrus
To do thair deidis valiant at thair might,
In preſens of thair Ladies and thair fight.
Or onie Knight encounterit with ane lance,
Thir Lordis heralds heighlie did advance
In thair coat armuris of gold, ſtiffe and cleire;
And with hie voice that all the feild might heire
Cryit the heralds of the Lord Conſtabill,
POURE LAMOUR DELE; [and] with grite joy thairtill
The Duike of Briſlandis heralds cryit hie,
SANS POYNT FALTRE; and ſo with royaltie
Thair maiſteris wordis thay pronuncit loud.
Syne to the ſcharpe aſſay of knightlie ſchroud
Addreſſit Lordis with thair ſpeiris joynit;
The cleirlyke trumpits and clariounis tunit.
Thus Mars his ſonnis chevalrus and bauld,
In bright arming and triumph to behauld,
Leiming of jeſpis wounder glorious,
And provit in armis ſo victorious,
That it war mervell for to be rehearſit;
Thair hie valour with pen can not be verſit.
Thay brayit on utheris lyke lyounis and bairis,
The air all rumblit with the crake of ſpeiris,
The earth about all dynnit and it ſchoke,
The reike up raiſe [like] as ane ſmodie ſmoke;
The trenſcheons of thair ſpeiris up gois on loft,
Doune gois the Knightis with ane fall unſoft;
With ſpeiris ſtrong ſo upon breiſt thay beit,
The ſteidis wox all quhyte with ſame and ſweit;
Cheildis lay ſcatterit in the feild full wyde,
The bright helmis did from thair heidis glyde,

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The cleir ſcheildis beine all in ſunder brift,
Knightis beine out of thair ſadillis thrift;
The grit ſteidis togidder gois with gronis,
Whill giltin ruifis rattillit all at onis,
And bukillis brekis and birneis gois to ground,
Whill with the reard thair breiſtis did redound.
The grite Conſtabill of France regioun
That day wan mikill honour and renoune;
He did grit worſchip to the realme of France,
For monie ane Knight he drave doun with [his]
He fairis alſe wode as lyoun in ane rage,
Whois ardant heart deſyrus might not aſſwage
The thrift of knightheid, governance, and name;
For ſcho was thair that maid him to eſchame
Of cowardyce and of ſlewthfull curage;
He did ſuithlie full nobill vaſſallage,
His knightheid ſcho enforcit with hir luike.
Full weill then provit of Bellavoy the Duike;
For he that was right famous of thir deidis
Stronglie buire doune both Knightis and thair ſteic
And did full valiantlie and lyke ane Knight.
Sir Charles de la Carere, bold and wicht,
Full weill he provit, as myne Author tellis,
In fame of knightheid and chevalrie excellis.
Rycht weill him held Sir Richard de Mayanis.
The Knight Lumbard, Sir Amé de Pliſance,
Sik wounderis wroght, that wounder was to ſie,
Throw his grite force and magnanimitie.
And eik Sir Porrus de la Portingall
On him that day [did take] ſo grite travell,
And weill atchevit to the letter end.
The Knights of Ingland wan full grite commend.

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And right ſwa thay of Spaingie and [of] France,
Thay rewlit [thair] with knightlie governance.
For to behold it was ane nobill fight
So monie ane valiant and ſo luſtie Knight
Into ane feild, [and] dought ſo long contine.
The pepill had grit pleaſance them to ſeine.
To ryn at other did thay never fine,
Whill bright Appollo waſtward did declyne,
And him iſcherowdit in his mantill reid,
And quhill the goldin traces of his heid
Men might behold ſtraught and lyneall
Abone the earth, with beames colaterall,
With ane deaureat ſupperiall light
Leiming the grund; and whill he out of ſight
Bening deſcendit from his hemiſpheire,
And Lucine of the hevine had the impyre,
And luſtie Venus ſchew hir luſtie face,
And let hir goldin traces out of leace,
Glaiding the hevinlie ringe imperiall,
And everie blythfull ſtarne celeſtiall
As roobie twinklit in the firmament.
And quhan that nature maid impediment,
And them denyit had the light of day,
Thay moſt neids twine. Thair is no more to ſay,
The King hes gevin command out of his ſeit,
In trumpit ſound to blow up the retreit;
The quhilk command thay let no tyme ouerpas,
The ſound gois furth of ſilver and of braſe,
With ſik ane noyſe, whill all the liftis rang;
Men might of mettall heir ane hevinlie ſang,
When all the trumpits tonit up at onis;
Then fra the preis the Knightis them diſponis.

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Bot or the King wold off the ſkaffald diſcend,
He aſkit quha the honour and commend
Deſervit for to have of the juſting.
The antient Lordis long war advyſing,
Full grit commend gave to the Knightis all,
And them right hie did praiſe univerſall,
Saying, in thair tyme thay never had ſeine
More valiant Knightis under ſcheildis ſcheine,
Nor better provit at juſting nor tornay;
Bot moſt the laud and the triumph they lay
Upon this Lord the mightie Frenche Conſtabill,
And on the Duike of Bellavoy honorabill.
The King diſcendit from his ſcaffald doune;
Kingis, Princes, and Ladies of renoune,
Unto the Palice went full royallie,
With the victorious ſound of minſtrallie;
And everie Knight unto his ludging went.
Clariodus, the Knight armipotent
The Conſtabill led to chalmer royallie,
Quhair he alſweith unarmit was haſtillie,
And put on him ane goun of velvote thair,
Furrit with mertrix pretious and fair.
King Amandur led the Duike of Bellavoy
To chalmer with all melodie and joy.
Be this the ſupper was alreadie dicht,
The ſex freſch Queinis, in attyre [full] bricht,
Com to the hall arrayit nobillie,
And at the tabill ſet with royaltie,
With monie ane Ladie, Countes, and Duches,
And monie grit Maiſtres and Barrounes.
The Kingis in ane chalmer ſoupit all.
And all the Knightis went unto the hall,

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That war all day with travell fatigat;
The Lord Conſtabill gritteſt of eſtait,
And Duike of Bellavoy ane buird begane;
Syne eſter thair degrie right everie man
Was ſet at tabill, and ſervit honorabillie.
Anone the trumpits blew up mirrillie,
They maid grit feiſt with joy and melodie.
Then buirdis beine [all] ſervit by and by,
As thay in midis of the ſupper wer,
Aucht Heraldis come in coat armour cleir,
And aught Knightis [full] valiant and worthie,
And aſkit at the nobill companie,
Quhilk of the Knightis ſould the honour have
Of the juſting and praiſe ouer [all] the leave.
In hall they had diverſe opinioun
Amongs the Kingis and Princes of renoune
What Knight ſould have the lawd and the honoure,
Them all thay praiſit to be of grite valour;
Bot to the Conſtabill thay gave grit loving,
And to the Duike of Bellavoy conding.
When this was ſaid, Clariodus the King
Sent to Meliades the Queine bening,
And bade hir ſend unto thir Lordis two
Rewairdis fair. The meſſage furth can go,
And ſchaw right as [that] ȝe have hard devyſe.
And then the luſtie Queine Meliades
Baid Romaryne feche unto hir of gold
Ane firmaleit and chaine fair to behold;
And with fair Emayn of Bellavoy them ſend,
And gart ane uther Ladie with hir wend
Unto thir Lordis two. And quhen that thay
Unto thair preſence com, thus can thay ſay

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To the Conſtabill that worthie was and wyſe,
Our Soverane Ladie Queine Meliades
Requyeris 3ow this chaine for to reſave,
As 3e that at the juſting ouer the leave
That war within hes won renoune and praiſe:
Bot he alway that courtes was and wyſe,
Laith was the chaine for ſik caus to reſave;
Bot nevertheles he moſt neidis it have,
At the requeiſt of Princes him about.
He thankit them and courteſlie did lout,
And gave [to] them two diamantis faire.
The Ladies kneillit with cheiris debonair,
And to the Duike of Bellavoy the firmaleit cleir
Thay have preſentit ſyne on this maneir,
Saying, The luſtie Queine 3ow ſent this gift.
He it reſavit withouttin ony ſchift;
The Queine he thankit, and gave the Ladies gent
Two royall rubies bright and redolent.
Thir Lordis two hes taine thir Ladies bricht,
And to the hall them led, whair everie wight
Had ſoupit and up ryſin from the tabill,
And enterit in ane dance full amiabill.
Thair thankit they the Queine Meliades,
And ſyne begouth the dance in humbill wayis
With thir ilk forſaid Ladies in thair hand.
Full glorious wox the feiſt and triumphand
Of glaid diſport: bot it did not long left,
The mirrie Knightis miſter had of reſt,
And went to bed anone and ſleipit ſtill,
Whill bright Phebus ſchynit ouer holt and hill.
And be [that] it was fullie houris nyne,
Full gudlie Knightis cleir and criſtallyne

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Enterit againe into the luſtie meid
With ſcheild and lance enarmit upon ſteid,
And juſtit all the day continuallie;
Whairof the hie renoun and victorie,
As [that] myne Authore tellis for certaine,
Wes gevin to the mightie Duike of Briſland,
And to the Duike of Bellavoy thir two.
The feiſt triumphall glaidlie induirit ſo
The tyme compleit of monethes two all out;
Grit was the joy amongis that bliſſull rout.
Clariodus, the beſt and nobilleſt [King]
That levit then efter Mars his ring,
Gart make ane generall Proclamatioun
In everie province of his regioun,
That every vailzeand Knight [thair] under ſcheild
Compeir ſould on ſik ane day and feild,
And for his Ladies love to rin ane lance,
And for the luif, and uther circumſtance.
The day is cumit, and eik the Knights alſo.
Grit was the preis that in the field can go;
Thair might be ſeine monie ane luſtie Knight
Of countries ſtrange, inarmit ſchyning bright
Againe the face of Titan, leiming cleire
Of redolent ſtonis pretious and deire.
All Kingis, Queinis, and the Ladies fair,
War ſet on ſcaffalds pleſand and preclaire,
Beholding all the maner and the gyſe
Of everilk Knight and of his interpryſe.
Thair namis dar I not diſcryve at all;
For of this haill world univerſall
Thair beine the choſe of all [of] hie renoun
Of Knightis of all ſyndrie natioun.

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The juſting was begun with triumph ſound,
Whill it redoundit from the cludis doun.
Knightis of Ingland, Galice, and of Spaine,
That day did not all thair deidis in vaine,
For monie ane Knight and horſe doun thay buire,
Nobillie thay provit, and did long endure;
So did the ſtrong Knightis, the ſuith to ſay,
For monie ane fair courſe was run that day:
Bot he that beine the patron of all Knights,
The ſone of Mars of bodie and of mights,
I meine Clariodus enarmit bright,
This potent Prince, as planeit caſting licht,
Schynit all of ſtonis and of carbunkellis deire.
As Jupiter ſurmounting in his ſpheir,
Or Lucifer in pairting of the night,
So all in gleime and glorious as angell bright,
He enterit in the field and that anone;
For then all noy of his wound was gone.
His mightie ſpeir he faikit in his hand,
And on his ſteid he glydit ouer the land,
And buire the Knightis from thair horſe alloft,
And on the grund maid them to fall unſoft;
Might none reſiſt his ſtraikis of ſik force,
Befor his face to grund went man and horſe.
Him to behold it was ane ferlie ſight,
For he was of ſik ſtrenth and of [ſik] might;
Right as the agill in the air at will
Devoris the terreſtriall volateill,
And dantis the etheriall birdis ſmall;
So the terreſtriall fame victoriall
Ringit in him of knightlie governance.
Nocht can my pen diſcryve, nor ȝit advance

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His valiant deidis nor his chevalrie,
So far as might be reaſoun ſatiſfie
Him that in French hes red this hiſtorie;
To ſik ane rethorik nather be laud and glorie,
As unto him that did this buik compyle
In French, illumining with his goldin ſtyle;
And he, that did it out of French tranſlait,
Hes it depaint of langwage full ornate,
And luſtie termis richt poeticall:
Bot I, the third and ſecundeſt of all,
Can not ſo meitter as thay put in proſe;
Full oft I put the nettill for the roſe,
And oft the bindweid for the lillie quhyte.
The god armipotent might have delyte
To ſie his knightlie fair and governance,
His hie regall victorious importance.
His mightie corpis ſtark and unfatigat
Maid monie ane Knight to ly on face proſtrat.
From ſum he ſtraike the helme, and ſum the ſcheild,
And ſum he laid on grouſe upon the feild,
And ſum he ran doun fearſlie and eik his horſe,
To leive the place behuifit them on forſe.
The Conſtabill, that on him followit ay,
Sik wounder had to ſie the grit deray
Amongs the Knightis hurling on the feild,
He did huiſe ſtill long tyme, and him beheld,
And mervellit on his ſtrenth and hie curagis,
That as ane furious lyon on them ragis.
King Amandur and King Palexis,
Wha fillit war of manheid and nobilnes,
So weill them held, that wounder was to tell,
Full monie ane Knight befor thair lanſis fell.

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The royall houſhold of King Philipon
So nobillie thair lanſis did diſpone,
That monie ane Knight befor them ȝeid to grund.
Was never hard in all this eard ſo round
Of fairer jufting and nobiller tornament;
For then under the ſtarrie firmament
Of knightlie fame and lawd was Britan bauld,
As ȝit us tellis the Chronicles auld.
So hapinit then ane Knight in feild to be
Of grite vigoure and [eik] ſtrenuitie,
That he in diverſe landis was victoure,
Feill Knightis war conqueiſt be his valoure.
Of jyant corpis was this grit campioun,
Out throw the feild he playit the lyoun,
With mightie ſpeir as Mars he did furth ryd,
Defoylȝeand Knightis foullie in his pryde.
To ſie his bright enarming was delyte,
Correſpondent to his corpis perfyte,
That fair it was to leuike on ſike ane Knight,
Fulfillit of ſik vertew and ſik might,
Quhilk radious was, and redolent of hew,
Of Leſſay he height Sir Leonard Perdew.
Melancholike he brunt of pure invy,
That Sir Clariodus the King worthy
So far in valiant deidis did excell;
Quhairfor alſe wod as ony tiger fell
He ſet on him with mightie lance in hand.
The nobill King him mightillie gainſtand.
Thay fruſchit thair ſpeiris freſchlie in ſunder
So fellounlie, to ſie that it was wounder.
And quhen he ſaw he could him not vincus,
Then he requierit King Clariodus

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Him for to draw apairt, and to aſſay,
Quhilk of them two vinqueis [the] other may.
Clariodus him grantit hes this thing.
And then withoutin ony tarying
They drew them to ane ſyd, and hes anone
From thair ſquyeris two mightie ſpeiris tone,
And raid at uther, ſchortlie to conclude,
Right as two dragonis that war fearce and wod;
Thair ſpeiris brake and ſprang into the air,
The royall Palice reardit with the rair.
And ſyne with all thair courage and [thair] might
Thay ſtrake at other with thair ſwordis bright.
As two wyld boaris irouſlie thay faught,
From both thair helmes the low zeid as fyrflaught
Throw dintis fers on [the] hard forgit ſteill,
Thay did aſſay if it was temperit weill,
Quhilk rang full loud and gave an awfull ſound,
Thair brandis cleir wantoun up and doun
Againes the ſonis fervent beamis bright;
Unto the pepill terribill was the fight.
Thir cruell Knightis with thair feirfull cheir
Ruſchit on uther ay in ſik maneir,
Whill helmis [and] habrigis all to briſt;
Out throw the ſteill full faſt thay [ay did] thriſt.
So ſad ſtraikis thay [did] on other ſet,
Whill both thair brandis bloodie was and wate.
Sir Leonard for ire almoſt grew wode,
That he ſo long in feight againis him ſtude,
And him micht not vinqueis in no maneir.
In ſcheith he put his ſword of mikill cleir,
And trowit with his vigour and his force
To draw the nobill Knight from [off] his horſe.

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Clariodus perſavit him anone,
His ſteid he ſpurrit and toward him is gone,
And in his forcie armis wight and ſtrang,
He did the Knight out of his ſadill ſwang,
And laid him on his hors nek him before,
And to the barras magrie him full ſore
Him buire, and ſet him doun curagious.
They cryit on height, VIVE CLARIODUS!
The ſtalwart Knight full ſoune on fute he wan,
He ſaid, Thou art ane quike devill and no man;
For I have beine in Spaingie and Itallie,
In Denmark, Duchland, and throw all Germanie,
Zit fand I never thy peir into no land.
To blow the retreit the King gave command;
For than Phebus had put his courſe to end,
And bright Venus did in the eiſt aſcend.
I may not tarry all the proces on;
Kingis, Lordis, Knightis war warnit anon,
And ſchortlie cled into [full] rich array,
Syne to the hall they went the neireſt way;
For thair the tabillis war richlie beſpred.
Then Kingis, Quenis, Ducheſes them ſped
Unto the deice to thair ſeats honorabill,
Whair thay war ſervit with courſis ineſtimabill;
For to diſcus thair is no man on lyve,
That can the twentie pairt thairof diſcryve
The grite triumph and feiſting beine and cheir,
Whair that ſa monie Knightis beine in feir.
Right as the latter courſe come in the hall,
Then Heraldis in cote armours royall,
And twelf Knightis that aigit war and wyſe,
Quhilk in thair tyme [richt] mikill was to pryſe,

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Unto the hall they ar all went in feir,
And cleirlie the opiniouns did ſpeir
Of everie Prince and Lord of grit renoun
Whois was the laude for [the] concluſioun
Of all the Knights that in the juſting wer,
And who moſt valiantlie did perſeveir,
And who the helme [had] conqueiſt and renoune;
For it the maner was in that regioun,
That who at juſting or at tornament
The honour wan, thair was to him preſent
Ane mightie helme circulat with gold cleir,
And circumferat with ſtonis that war deir.
They ſpake of monie [grit] and diverſe Knight,
Of worthie King Palexis that was wight,
And of his brother Amandur the King,
And the Lord Conſtabill nobill and conding,
Sir Charles, Sir Porrus, Sir Amé de Pliſance;
Thay ſaid they beine all worthie to advance.
Grite worſchip ſpake they of the Duikis twane
Of the cuntries of Bellavoy and Briſland,
And of Sir Leonard de la Pardew,
Whom King Clariodus out of his ſadill drew.
Bot King Clariodus they moſt commend,
And finallie they all did condiſcend
To give him all the lawd and honour hie,
To quhom no uther wight was ſo worthie;
For thair might Knightis be of [full] grit fame,
Bot nothing all to his imperiall name;
For he in grie ſtude [ay] ſuperlative
Abone all uther Knightis [fair] in lyve,
In fame of Knightheid and of fortitude:
Whairfor the companie did all conclude

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The helme of honour to give him onlie,
That pryſit beine the flour of chevalrie.
Be this was ſaid, aucht Virginis fair to ſie,
In tracit hairis of ferlifull bewtie,
Four of Spainzie, and four of Galice land,
Com in the hall with countinance pleiſand,
And broght with them the helme deaureat bright,
Owerfret with mightie ſtonis caſting light,
And ſet it doun before him on the tabill,
Saying to him with wordis amiabill,
Sir, be advyſe and counſall generall,
Of Kingis, Princes, Lordis, ane and all,
This aureat helme is maid for to be zouris,
For the grite worſchipe and the hie honouris
That ze have won with mightie ſpeir and ſcheild
This day at tornay, be juſting in the feild.
Clariodus thankit the Virginis zing,
And alſo he remerſit everie King,
Saying, thairto he was not dingne nor abill,
And offerit it unto the Lord Conſtabill,
Quhilk it refuiſit, and ſo did all the leave;
For he himſelfe moſt neidis it reſave,
Conſtrainit be the nobill Princes all.
Then he upon ane Armiger did call,
And gart ane Maiſter of houſhold come him till,
Quhilk callit was Sir Henrie Gordonill,
To quhom he rounit and ordanit ſecreitlie,
To have the Heraldis with him quyetlie
To his wairdrope, and thair rewaird them all,
And give them gouns of cloath of gold royall;
And bad him give of ſilver and of gold
To everie ane ane thouſand merks doun told;

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And to the Knights he gave twelf courſers fair,
[Into this world none might with thame compair.]
Richt as he bad this Lord hes donne anone.
Syne he commandit two ſquyeris for to gone
To chalmer with his helme; and ordanit eik,
That thay ſould take with them thir Virginis meik,
And tak aught goldin chaingeis avenant,
And put to everie chaine ane diamant,
And [ſyne] put [thame] about thair throttis quhyte;
The quhilk was donne, ſchortlie [for] to indyte.
Thir Knightis and the Heralds all in feir
Enterit againe unto thair ſuppeir,
[All] remerſing the King Clariodus,
In preſence of the companie famous.
The Heralds cryit Larges upon hie
Of the grit gentrice and liberalitie
Of the moſt hie, excellent [and] mightie
Clariodus, the flour of chevalrie.
Thus ſoupit thay with joy and mirrines;
And ſyne [thay] from the tabill can them dres,
And enterit in the dance full luſtillie
With hevinlie ſound of hevinlie minſtrallie.
Clariodus hes cauſit the ſtrange Knights
With Ladies dance; and ſo the luſtie wichts
Weill long diſportit them on this maneir;
Syne ſpyce and wyne was broght with mirrie cheir,
Depairting ſyne the companie with joy.
Clariodus full glaidlie did convoy
The ſtrange Knightis unto the Palice 3et,
And gart be given to them giftis grit,
Robis of ſilk gudlie [and fair] to ſie,
With gold and ſilver in grit quantitie.

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Thay tuike thair leave and to thair lugings went.
At morrow as bright Phebus did up bleat,
Thay raid into thair cuntries everie one,
And ſchew unto thair Princes thair anone
Of all the feiſt the faſſioun and the cheire,
Of all the juſting, alſo the maneir,
And of the fredome of King Clariodus,
And of his knightlie deidis [and] famous.
The nobill Kings of Spaingie and Galice
Bad ordane thair eſtaits in gudlie wayis,
To pas at morrow hamwart but delay.
The night ower went, and cuming was the day,
The Kings did them addres in thair array,
And maid them redie with all heſt thay may,
And thair two Queinis; and ſyne went in feir
And tuike thair leive on gudlie fair maneir
At Philipon [the King] and at his Queine,
And ſyne [anon] at his Court all bedeine.
In the meine quhyll Sir Amé de Pleſance,
The Knight Lumbard but longer tariance,
Sir Fortun de Amouris, and nobill Sir Porrus,
They ſchoupe to ryd; to quhom Clariodus
Gave grite theſawre [of] riches and monie,
And cloathes of gold moſt pleaſant for to ſie,
And gart convoy them with fair companie
Of Knights that beine [richt] nobill and worthie.
Thaireftir ſoune thir Kingis excellent,
And eike thair Queinis, in maner reverent
Thair leave hes taine at all the Court royall,
At everie Lord, Ladie and damoſell,
Bot at Clariodus and the Lord Conſtabill,
Whilk them convoyit with Court moſt honorabill

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Unto thair ſchipis quhilk did on them abyde,
Whair mony royall gyfts on everie ſyde
Was gevin and taine with monie rich jewell,
With cloathes of gold, that was [ane grit] mervell
To be rehearſit to ȝow in this place.
Then to the ſand diſcendit thay in peace,
Reddie to enter all into thair ſchipis,
Lordis in armis each other thair beclipis.
The King Clariodus, that was worthie,
Imbracit thir two Kingis tenderlie,
And eik the Queinis two he kiſſit ifeire,
And thay in barges enterit aſe the peir.
And laſt of all his leave tuik pitiouſlie
At his Father the Earle full tenderlie,
He him imbracit and eik his Mother ſyne,
And reverentlie to them he did inclyne.
God waite thair was ane ſorrowfull depairting,
They weipit all with teiris diſtelling.
And Mandonat with ſorrowfull effeir
Hir bright viſage bedewit all with teir,
Thus with hir onlie Brother to depairt.
The ſword of dollour did glyd throw hir heart.
For to behold the fight was dollorus,
And the depairting ſore and pitious,
Betwix the onlie Siſter and the Brother,
And more betwix the one Sone and the Mother.
I will not longer tell ȝow of thair ſorrow,
Anone they twynit with Saint John to borrow.
And be the ſameine houre the nobill King
His leave hes taine with heartlie imbracing
At the two Kings, and right ſo at Palexis,
Syne at the Earle Eſtur of worthines,

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And at the Queinis, and at the fair Countes,
On ather ſyde kneilling with humbillnes.
The guid Lord Conſtabill tuike leave alſo
At Kingis, Queinis, Ladies; and ſyne did go
To ſchipis ſweith quhair ſaillis went on heicht.
They go to ſeawart as [ane] foule on flicht.
Sa weill of winde ſervit them Eolus,
And ſo the flude temperit Neptunus,
That to the land approachit thay belyve,
And into helthſum portis did arryve;
And everilk Prince and Lord in thair degrie
Ar paſſit hame in gud proſperitie,
Whair thay reſavit war with [all] blythnes,
And leiveit in joy and in mirrines;
And ofttymes heartlie greating ſent betwine
To King Clariodus and to his Queine.
The King Clariodus that nobill was,
King Amandour and [eik] King Palexis,
The Conſtabill, and all thair companie,
Returnit hamewart ar full mirrillie,
Whair that thay fand the King with his Court all
Diſporting them with triumph royall;
With joy and pleaſance pat thay afe the night.
And on the morn as Phebus gave the light,
The Conſtabill anone did him addreſe
Unto his ſchipis with all biſſines,
And tuike his leave at Philipon the King,
And at the Queine and at hir Ladies zing,
And at the [luſtie] freſch Meliades;
And this he did upon moſt humbill wayis,
Whair monie [ane] rich gift and jewell great
Was gevin and taine, quhilk I will not repeit:

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Bot treſt ȝe weill that wo was everie wicht
For the depairting of the gentill Knight.
On horſe he hes aſcendit ſuddanlie,
And furth he raid with all his companie.
Clariodus he fand without the port
Abyding him with ane [richt] luſtie ſorte
Of Kingis, Lordis, and Knights of honour;
Both King Palexis and King Amandur
War in the Court with all thair companie;
And furth anone thay raid full mirrallie,
Whill [that] thay com to the ſea ſtrandis cleir,
Whair that the ſchipis all [full] redie wer.
The King Clariodus and the Lord Conſtabill
With friendlie cheir and wordis amiabill
Imbracit uther they have tenderlie,
And thay that lovit uther heartfullie
Uneis might hold them from weiping then for wo
When that thay wiſt they wald fra uther go,
Promitting other with humanitie
For evermore treuth and fidelitie;
Syne tuik thair leave at uther pitiouſlie.
The nobill King, that could weill courteſie,
Tuike leave [then] at Sir Charles de la Careir,
And at the worthie Sir Amé de Valeir,
And [ſyne] at the French Knightis everie one.
Full monie ane jewell of gold and pretious ſtone
Amongs them gevin hes the nobill King.
And ſyne his Couſings two, thir Princes ȝeing,
Thair leave has taine at the Lord Conſtabill,
Imbracing uther with wordis confortabill;
And efter that he went into his barge,
Quhilk pullit up anone hir ſaillis large,

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And ower the fluid [then] freſchlie did he fair,
Alſe ſwift as dois the Eagill in the air;
At Calice thay arryvit eſilie,
And thair alſweith [thay] tuike thair harborie.
And on the morne as cleirit up the day,
They all prepairit and put them on the way,
And biſſellie they ſped them day and night,
Whill [that] of Parice walls thay gat ane ſight;
And ſo withoutin reſt this Court furth raid
Straight to the Palice quhair the King abaid,
And ſyne diſcendit from thair horſe anone;
And the Lord Conſtabill to the King is gone,
And helſit him on knies full reverentlie,
And he reſavit him full joyouſlie.
This Lord apairt [ſyne] went with him but mo,
And ſchew at lenth or he wald farther go
The pleaſant cheir of the triumphall feiſt,
And all the intermeiſis moſt and leiſt,
With all the grite diſport and abaitments,
And of the royall juſting and turnaments,
And of the commendatiouns ane and all
Whilke war unto him ſend in ſpeciall.
Glaid was the King his wordis for to heir,
And bad that he ſould on the ſame maneir
Go ſchaw the Queine the tydings delectabill.
At his command [ſoun] went the Lord Conſtabill,
And helſit hes the Queine and hir Ladies.
Scho him reſavit in ane joyfull wayis.
He told hir all the maner mair and les,
How treitit him Clariodus of nobilnes,
With all the heartlie commendatiouns
Of Kings and Princes of full great renouns;

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Of quhilk ſcho was [richt] joyous for to heir,
And ſo was all hir luſtie Ladies cleir.
The King for joy gart cry ane grit juſting
Into the honour of his hame cuming.
In mirrines and joy I leave them thus,
And ſpeik I will of King Clariodus.
Returnit is the King Clariodus,
And his two Couſings nobill and famous,
Unto the Kingis Palice of renoune;
And he, that was imperiall under croun,
Obeyit was with ſik eſtait royall,
That in this warld King was none mortall
Whome to was donne more worſchip and honour
Nor to this Prince, of chevalrie the flour;
And this was donne ower all Britane ſo braid.
When he aught days thair ſojornay had maid,
He for his four Maiſters of houſhold ſend,
And them he hes commandit then to wend,
And ordain richlie for his hie eſtate,
Arraying all thing that beine pertinat
For him and for his Queine Meliades,
That all ſould redie be on gudlie wayis
Within aught dayis for to take the ſea;
For he his Couſings with all royaltie
Wald put in thair realmes, and them convoy
And leave them thair to ring as Prince and Roy.
Thir four Lordis paſt [furth] without demand,
And in all heaſt fulfillit his command.
When all was readie as him lift devyſe,
He tuike his leave, and eik Meliades,
At Philipon the King, and eik the Queine,
And prayit God thair keiper for to beine

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Into the realme whill thair againe cuming.
And he anone hes taine in hand this thing.
King Amandur and eik King Palexis
Thair leave hes taine with all grit humbilnes
At King and Queine, and all thair companie,
And on thair horſis aſcendit royallie,
With more triumph nor I can zow defyne;
And thay anone raid to the port marine,
And thair anone went to thair ſchips ifeir;
Bright was the hevin and Phebus ſchyning cleir.
Thay raiſit ſaillis bent unto the height,
And fuire ower fluide as falcon fair on flicht;
And in fyve dayis, as Dame Fortoun wald,
Toward the land [full] luſtilie thay hald,
And ſaiffe arryvit into Garnet land,
And into ane toun callit Varrogand.
The Thrie Eſtaitis of that regioun
Full glorioufflie them met with trumpit ſound,
And with ane nobill and luſtie companie
Them all [out] throw the cuntries fair thay gy,
Whill thay com into the toun of Durant.
The tounſchip thair with maner richt pliſant,
Met them with ſound of diverſe inſtruments,
With intermeiſis and blyth abaitments.
In Palice regall, with feiſt and grit honour,
Anon reſavit was King Amandur,
And thair as Lord thay maid to him homage:
Thus Fortoune hes him ſet in full hie ſtage.
The King, quhilk had reſignit him the croun,
Was then profeſt into religioun.
Ane moneth out thay ſojornit in that land
In feiſtuall joy and pleaſance triumphand,

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And ſyne Clariodus his leave hes taine,
And eike Meliades his ſoverane,
At Amandur and Donas eik his Queine,
So did Palexis and luſtie Cadar ſcheine:
Bot nevertheles they haive done thame convoy
Unto the ſea; bot thair was litill joy;
At thair depairting pitie was to tell.
Whan thay had done full long in armis duell,
King Amandur and eik his luſtie Queine
Hame to thair Palice againe returnit beine,
Whair thay full long did leive in joy and blis,
Joyſing the realme in peace as thay wald wis.
The King Clariodus and his companie
In ſchippis enterit hes, and ſuddanlie
They drew up ſaillis and ouer the wavis ſchare.
They glyde anone alſe ſwift as onie fyre,
And day and night thay ſojorne not nor reſt;
Bot furth thay held ower fluid with ſaillis preſt,
Whill towards Caſtalgie Eolus them draveit,
Whair thay ſtruik ſaill and ſuddenlie aryvit;
And ſyne on horſe full royallie aſcendit.
The Lordis of the land on them dependit,
And throw the cuntrie them convoyit with honour.
And he that was the realmes governour,
He met them in the toun of Gandaleyis,
And feiſtit them on [the] moſt gudlie wayis.
On morrow furth thay raid with royaltie
Unto the principall toun of Caſtalgie,
Quhilk callit was the toun of fair Vallance.
They enterit in the Palice of pliſance,
Whair that the antient King did them reſave,
Both Lord and Barroun, Knight, and all the leave,

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Them welcoming and feifting with great cl
And to them gart be maid ane grit dennei
Thair courſis all to tell zow it wald cumer
Thair intermeiſis ſo war out of number.
When thay had dynit, the King of grit ren
In both his handis he tuike his royall crou
And put it on Palexis heid richt thair
Befor the companie condigne and fair,
In his rob royall alſe he did him veſt;
Syne King of all his realme [he] him poſſe
And he him ſelf of heigh devotioun
Anone did enter into religioun.
Thay ſojornit ſtill with pleaſant abaitments,
With feifting, jufting, and with tornaments,
Whill [that] ſex oulkis war out worne ilk
Syne tuik thair leave withoutin more delay.
Palexis them convoyit to the ſea,
Bot the depairting pitiouſe was trewlie
Betwix him and his Eame Clariodus.
To twin with other thay war dolorus,
The quhilk never twinit for weill nor wo,
Uneis thay might depairt utheris fro.
On everie ſyd they tuik Saint Johne to bor
Agane to meit, quhilk levit hes thair ſorrow
Ather did uther imbrace and ſaid Adew.
This King Palexis hameward did perſew,
Unto his Palice into fair Vallance,
And with his Queine thair levit in pliſance.
The land he rewlit as ony wald devyſe,
And keipit it in peace and in juſtice.
When that the nobill King Clariodus
Now ſchipit beine and all [his] Court famou

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In Irland thay did ſuddanlie arryve,
And thair on horſe aſcendit they belyve,
And throw the toune of Gargaly [thay] raid,
Ane fair village, with wallis heigh and braid,
Whair two mightie Duikis of that regioun,
With diverſe utheris Lordis of renoune,
Him met, and to the toun him did convoy
Full pliſantlie, with honour and with joy,
And him reſavit in ane Palice fair,
And royallie that night him feiſtit thair;
And as thair King thay made to him fewtie,
And ſwore to him the aith of fidelitie.
Alſe ſone as he the morrow did eſpy
To horſe he went, and all his company,
And raid out throw the cuntrie at his will,
Whill he com to the toun of Marmavill,
Surmunting all the tounis of Irland,
Whair that the auld King was [as ȝit] livand.
He enterit at the ports of the toun,
Quhilk was arrayit of ane rich faſſoun.
The ſtreitis ſtintit war full royallie
With arras and with ſilkis moſt mightie,
The minſtrells playit on diverſe inſtruments;
Full monie ſports and monie abaitments
Devyſit war before him on the ſtreit,
And full of joy was all the toun repleit;
The mirrie ſound of trumpits did out thring,
And all at onis did the bellis ring;
The tounſchip met him in thair beſt array,
Him doing all the honour that thay may.
He enterit in the kirk full royallie,
And thair he lightit and his fair Ladie;

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And quhen [that] they had maid ane oriſoun,
[And meſs was ſingin with an hevinlie ſound,]
Unto the kirk he liverit grit theſawre;
Syne to the Palice raid with grit honour,
And thair anone from horſe they did diſcend,
And up the gries unto the hall they wend,
Whair that the antient King into ane chyre
Was borne with Knightis them abyding thair,
Whilk grevit was with age, and febillit ſo
That he might not into thair meiting go;
To quhome the King Clariodus is gone,
And heartillie in armis hes him tone.
Thir Kingis two imbraicit uther thair
With pleſant wordis that war ſweit and fair.
Now am I glaid, this aigit King can ſay,
My deirreſt Nevoy that ſie now I may
Within my realme in ſik proſperitie,
I cair not now quhidder I leive or die.
Then off his heid he tuike his croun pretious,
And with it crounit King Clariodus,
And to him did reſign his regioun.
When of this thing was maid concluſioun,
His chyre to chalmer was borne royallie;
The ſyd of it buire two Duiks honorabillie,
The uther ſyde Clariodus the King
Up buire, and ſo to chalmer did him bring,
And on his bed him ſet [then] full ſoftlie.
Then King Clariodus full courteſlie
Tuike leave as then, and to the hall is gone,
[Whair that the dinner readie was anone.]
Grite was the feiſt, and pleaſant was the cheir
Within that hall of diverſe courſis ſeir.

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When thay had dynit and ryſin from [the] tabill,
Lordis begouth and Ladies delectabill
To dance anone, and minſtrells gane to play.
The portis oppinit war, the ſuith to ſay,
And thairin enterit everie luſtie wight,
That liſt to dance, to ſing, or to have fight
Of that glaid feiſt, ſurmunting in pleſance,
And everie wight maid pleſant countinance
At the cuming of thair new Prince and King;
For ſong and play the long hall [all] did ring.
The feiſt was great and leſtit inteirlie
Ane monethes ſpace, it leſtit larglie
With glaid diſport, juſting and tornament.
Clariodus the King moſt excellent
Of Lordis he had diverſe mariagis,
For to inforce with Irland his linagis.
He maryit thair the ſex Virginis cleir,
That winit with the Ladie de la Careir,
With potent Lordis of Irland cuntrie,
That nobilleſt war and griteſt of degrie;
And Romaryn he wadit honorabillie
Upon ane Count of Irland right mightie;
Sir Gilzeam de la Forreſt he mariet alſo,
And Sir Richard de Mayanis they two
With two grit Counteſſes of that cuntrie,
With all the feiſtis and grit royaltie;
And fynit war the mariagis all
With juſting and with tornament royall.
When he ſex monthis had maid ſojorning,
And was obeyit both with auld and zing,
And conqueiſt all the heartis of that land,
Then under him he maid ane Livetenand;

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Syne he his leave hes taine at the [auld] King,
Wha was ſorrowfull at his depairting.
Diverſe Lordis and Ladies of renoun,
He tuike with him to Inglands regioun.
When he his leave had taine at everie wight,
Then to the ſea he ſchortlie hes him dight;
Heralds greatlie of gold and of money
He left behind him into that cuntrie;
Syne with his Court he raid out throw the toun
With ſound of trumpit and of clarioun.
Convoyit him to ſea his Luiftenand.
And quhen thay war diſcendit to the ſtrand,
Firſt at the King he tuike his regiment,
And ſyne he tuike his leave and hamewart went
Unto the King with commendatioune
From King Clariodus of grit renoune,
Saying, that ſoune againe he ſould returne,
And longer then into the land ſojorne.
Blyth was the King to heir of his rehearſe.
Up gois the ſaillis preiſit in the maſe
Of all the ſchipis of King Clariodus,
Whilk be ſupport of the god Eolus,
And be the help of him and lord Neptune,
Thay war aryvit in the cuntrie ſoune.
Thus quhen Clariodus arryvit beine,
Both he and eik Meliades his Queine,
Went to the land with all thair companie,
And on thair horſe aſcendit royallie,
And throw the cuntrie raid with Court royall.
The tyding ran out throw the cuntrie haill
Of thair hame cuming, both to more and les;
And unto Belvell firſt thay can them dres,

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And thair they hard how that the King anone,
And eik his Queine, war in religioun gone,
Nocht fra the toun two mylls in ane Abay,
To quhilk they did returne but more delay;
And thair this nobill Prince [hes] lichtit doun,
And eik his Queine Meliades of renoune,
And enterit in the Abay in feir.
This auntient King and Queine advertiſt war
Of thair cuming, and com in thair meiting.
They helſit uther with tender imbracing,
And kiſſit uther on ane freindlie wayis.
And quhen the King and Queine Meliades
Had commoned long with them on this maneir,
He tuike his leave, ſo did this Ladie cleir,
And ſaid thay wold againe right oft returne.
When thay had long tyme maid with them ſojorne,
On horſe thay have aſcendit, and furth raid
Unto Bellvilladoun but [mair] abaid,
Whair all the piple him met with trumpit ſound,
Crying, Welcum our Prince of moſt renoune,
Uneis for throng he might thring in the ſtreit,
All circumſtance I omit to repeit.
Then at the Palice portis of renoune,
He and his royall Court all lightit doun,
And unto hall aſcendit, and that anone,
Whair he reſavit Lordis monie one,
That wounder glaid was of his hame cuming,
For thay him lovit ouer all uther thing.
The Lordis of Irland, that war with the King,
Seing the joy maid at his hame cuming,
And how he was lovit in his cuntrie,
Thay thoght in happie tyme choſen was he

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To be thair King and alſe thair governour,
Whilk of this world was Prince of moſt honour.
The King gart mak ane Proclamatioun,
And ſend Heralds in everie regioun,
That thay, that wold renoun in armis win,
Sould ſchaw, and thair ane tornament begine
In the realme of Ingland on ſik ane day;
And quha deſyrit knightlie to aſſay
His nobill deidis, thair ſould he ſervit be.
And ſoune the tyding ſprang in ilk cuntrie,
Of quhilk the King of France was blyth to heir,
And all his Court both Lord and Bacheleir.
So happinit quhen the Heralds com to France,
The Lord Conſtabill with royall ordinance
Was makand war furth into far cuntrie;
Whairfor the King, full valiand of huntie,
Send threttie Knightis to the tornament
In right knightlie and fair abuilȝement,
Led be the Knightis thrie of nobill fame,
The firſt Sir Charles de la Careir to name,
The ſecund was Sir Charles de la Valeir,
The third Sir John was de la Barneir.
Thir threttie Knightis war ſo diligent,
That two dayis befor the tornament
They com to preſence of King Clariodus,
That glaid was of thair cuming and joyous.
Then ſpeirit he of the King, and how he fuire,
Thair ſpeirit he of the Queine of luſtie figure,
Then how the Conſtabill did eik aſkit he.
They ſaid all war in gud proſperitie,
And that both King and Queine did them commend,
And heartlie greating to his Hienes ſend;

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And ſaid the Conſtabill in Bethingham is went,
With men of weir at the commandiment
Of the nobill King, quhilk chargit him ſo.
Then was the King Clariodus full wo
That he not cumin was with them, for he
Him lovit for his wit and his buntie.
Quhen thay had ſpokin long upon this wayis,
He bad them pas to Queine Meliades,
And ſchew to hir the novelties of France.
Two Knightis them convoyit with pleſance
Unto the Queine, quhom thay full courteſlie
Helſit, and everie thing did ſpecifie
To hir as thay did to the King before.
And ſcho, that was of bewtie ſo decore,
Glaid was to heir of the proſperitie
Of the gude King of France and his meinzie,
And of the Queine that was ſo honorabill,
And of hir Ladies fair and amiabill.
In chalmer war thay put for to recray,
Syne efter war in joyis all the day.
Upon the morne, from monie far cuntrie
Com monie ane Lord and Knight of grit buntie.
King Amandur, and eik King Palexis,
Hes Knightis ſent of full grit nobilnes.
The King of Spainze and [the] Earle Eſtur
Send luſtie Knightis of [full] grit valoure.
The Count of Gloceſter, with fair meinzie,
Cumin is from the cuntrie of Spainzie,
Not with Clariodus zit ſeine is he;
For quhan he was into Spainze cuntrie,
This nobil Count of manlie effeiris
Upon the Saraſeinis lay at the weiris.

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So monie Lords and Knights is gatherit thair,
That fillit was the royall Palice fair.
What is thair more to tellin of this thing,
When cumin was the day of thair jufting,
The Knightis com all armit in the feild,
Whair thair devoir they did with ſpeir and ſcheild,
That grit pliſance it was them for to ſie.
The Ladies ſat upon ſkaffaldis hie.
Anone the trumpits blew ane mirrie tune,
And ſo with lancis did the Knightis june;
Both heir and thair to grund gois horſe and man,
The earth dinnit as thay togidder ran:
Bot all the nobilleſt King Clariodus,
The floure of knightheid, fearce and chevalrus,
Inarmit ſchyning as ane angell cleir,
Sik wounderis wroght that ferlie was to heir;
From ſum he ſtraike the helme and ſum the ſcheild,
Sum men and hors he dryves doun in feild
Throw his grit vigour and ſtrenuitie,
Quhilk was in deids of arms ane A per ſe,
Might none him ather gainſtand nor abid;
Whairfor in feild thay maid him roum to ryd.
Full long the jufting induirit on this wayis,
The Knightis all war nobill for to pryſe,
In all the feild was naine of them that feinges;
Full loud the heralds cryit thair ancheingeis
Of all thir Lordis worthie and famous.
Heraldis eik of King Clariodus,
With voices cryit, ELU COUNT A LA BELL!
And he, that ſo in knightheid did excell,
In feild that day hes conqueiſt ſik renoune,
That it was hard in everie regioun.

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Of his victorious deidis triumphall,
Whairthrow his honour did ſo far excell;
Ower all the world quhile that he was on lyve
His knightheid ran in grie ſuperlative.
This tornay duirit quhile the bliffull ſun
His courſe diurnall had compleitlie run,
And did his purpur viſage all ſcheroud
In the occident under the noxiall clude,
And quhill that Venus ſchew hir criſtall light;
Then from the feild thèy go for falt of ſight.
Ane moneth out did left this [grit] tornay,
That the Knights did him counter day be day;
Bot King . . . . . .
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